Nicolae Steinhardt

Diary of the Happiness

- On the Human Condition -

(Manole) on three phenomena of the time: the vertical invasion of the barbarians (expression belonging to Rathenau), the rule of the stupid, and the betrayal perpetrated by the nice people.

First: there are rushing in not the barbarians from other continents but, from down upwards, the rascals. These barbarians take over the leadership.

Second: there have arrives – simply and in the most categorical sense – the stupid and the illiterate in power and despite all economic and political rules they commit stupid things, as they are ignorant.

Third: instead of resisting, the nice people adopt benevolent stances, they pretend of not seeing and of not hearing, briefly: they betray their duty. The impartial and the trustful record and keep their silence. They are the guiltiest.

Nicolae Steinhardt

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Editor's Note to the Romanian Version

The first version of the *Diary of the Happiness* was finished around the beginning of the seventies. But almost immediately after being finished the manuscript was confiscated in unfortunate circumstances. Only a few friends got to know about the existence of that manuscript.

Being of a courageous and tenacious nature, N. Steinhardt proceeded to write the second version, one even ampler and more detailed than the first version. At the end of this difficult toil a new and - this time – a pleasant surprise was waiting for him. After reading the first version the state's representatives got convinced that that manuscript did not pose any threat to the "state's security", so that finally, as result of the influence exercised by D. R. Popescu - then the president of the Writers Union - the state's representatives gave back to its author the blamed diary.

Feeling the pressure of a possible mind change of the authorities, N. Steinhardt revised, completed, and corrected both version and then he immediately hid them in safe places. The present edition has had at its basis the manuscript of the last version. Our printing enjoyed the author's approval, fact attested by his words told by him to us when entrusting us with the publishing of his manuscript, as also by the fact that he wrote on the sealed package the label: *Literaty Testament*.

Among the multitude of significances of the mentioned subtitle we are only mentioning here that one hinting at the conviction of N. Steinhardt related to the posthumous character of his work. This is attested also by the fact that some of the ideas comprised in the present work were reiterated in other works published during his life.

In order us not to diminish at all the epoque perfume of the original text we have left unchanged some lexical innovations or particularities. On the same purpose, we have proceeded to decipher the names of the characters mentioned by author only using their initials. Thus, the reader can find at the end of the book (after our own notes-apparatus) a list of the onomastic abbreviations. The few undeciphered cases represent either persons whom we haven't been able to find information about, or persons whose identification hasn't been important. The reference of other name-abbreviations or appellatives can be deduced out of context.

The political testament of N. Steinhardt was entrusted to a few close friends. We think that it would be too risky to say that author's gesture aimed at preparing a collective protest action, though in our opinion all arguments would lead to such a conclusion.

Virgil Cândea

Diary of the Happiness

THREE SOLUTIONS

Political Testament

In order to escape a concentrationary universe – and it is not absolutely necessary that to be a concentration camp or a prison or any other form of imprisonment; this theory can be applied to any type or to any product of the totalitarianism – there is the (mystical) solution of the faith. This is what is going to be all about in the following pages, for the escape is the consequence of the grace that is essentially selective.

The three solutions we are going to refer to are strictly worldly, they have a practical character, and they appear to be accessible by anyone.

The First Solution: of Solzhenitsyn

In his book *The First Circle* Alekzandr Isayevich briefly mention that what we call the *first solution*, and then he developed it in his book called *Gulag Archipelago*. This *first solution* consists of one telling to himself, assertively, when crossing over the threshold of the state-security or of any investigation agency: I am really dying right now. Such a person is allowed to talk to himself for solace: so bad for my youth age or woe to my old age, or woe to my wife, or woe to my children, or woe to my talent or to my goods or to my power, or woe to my lover, or woe to my wines which I haven't drunk yet, too bad for the books I will no longer read, too bad for the strolling I haven't done, too bad for the music I will no longer listen to etc. etc. etc. But something is certain and irreparable: from now on I am dead.

If the individual unhesitatingly thinks so, he will be saved. No one will be able to do anything to him. There will be nothing him to be menaced with, or blackmailed, or deluded, or fooled. Once he reckons about himself that he is dead, there will be nothing left which to scare him or to fool him or to attract him or to entice him. One will no longer be able to *trigger* such an individual. This is because such an individual no longer has – because he no longer hopes for anything, because he has exited the world – what to aspire to, what to keep or what to regain, or what him to sell his soul for, or his peace, or his honor. There is no longer any currency which him to be paid with for the price of his treason.

It is required, though, a *firm* and definitive decision. You declare yourself as dead; you accept to surrender yourself to your death, so that you abolish any of your hopes. You can feel sorrow for yourself, as madam d'Houdetot did, you can regret, but this moral and anticipated homicide won't fail. So that the

risk of a giving in or a consent to write a denouncement or to admit a fantasy-guilt, they all have totally vanished away from you.

The Second Solution: of Alexandr Zinoviev

This is the solution found by one of the characters of the book called *Hollow Heights*. That character was a young man called by his nickname *The Trouble-maker*. The solution consists of the total inadaptation to the political system. *The Trouble-Maker* was homeless; he had no id-card; he didn't work; He was a bum, he was a parasite, he was a destitute, and he was a hobo. He lived from today to tomorrow by taking alms or by finding who know what. He was dressed up in rags. He occasionally worked when and if he came across the opportunity. For almost the whole his life he was an inmate or he slept in the streets. He was wandering around. There was nothing in the world to convince him to enter the *system*, not even for at least the most insignificant or for the dirtiest or for the most unengaging job. Not even a pig-herder he didn't want to be, so that he refused even to follow the example of the character from a novella written by Arthur Schnitzler: that character, because of being obsessed with his fear of responsibility, he ended to be a pig-herder. NO, *The Trouble-Maker* designed himself (in an existentialist manner) once-for-all as a stray-dog, as a mangy-goat, as a beggar-Buddhist-monk, as a lunatic, like an *insane-for (into) freedom* one.

Such a man living at the skirts of the society, he is immune too: neither upon him can one exert pressure or to deprive him of something or to offer him something. They can lock him up, they can harass him, they can despise him, they can mock him: but he evades them. He has consented once for all to live his life according to the example or to the model of a perpetual nigh-refuge. He has made a creed out of poverty, out of mistrust, and out of flippancy; he resembles to a wild-beast, to a mangy-beast, to a highway-robber. He is Ferrante Palia of Stendhal. He is Zechariah Lichter of Matei Călinescu. He is a lay-wandering-monk, and unbored traveler (and Wotan descending on this earth what name does he bear? *Der Wanderer*), a wandering Jew. And he is loud-talking, he is much-speaking, he voices the most-dangerous stories, he doesn't know what respect means, he talks his mind openly, and he utters with a loud voice truth which other people fear to whisper. He is the child from the story of the naked king of Andersen. He is the buffoon of King Lear. He is the wolf form the fable of La Fontaine: he has no idea what a dog-collar means. He is free, free, free.

The Third Solution: of Winston Churchill and of Vladimir Bukovski

In short it is this: in the presence of the tyranny, of the oppression, or the misfortunes, or the disasters, of the dangers, you won't only refuse to give

up but, quote the opposite, you will draw out of those your insane lust for living and for fighting them.

In May 1939, Churchill told Martha Bibescu: "There will be war. The British Empire will collapse. Death will stalk all of us. *And I feel that I get twenty years younger*".

The worse the things are for you, the harder the things get for you, the more you are hit, the more you are surrounded sand submitted to attacks, the less you can hope probabilistically and rationally, the more the grey and the darkness and the viscous intensify and rot up and meander inextricably, the more directly you face the danger, the more will you be eager for fighting and the more will you experience a (growing) sentiment of inexplicable and overwhelming euphoria.

You are besieged from all quarters by forces which are infinitely stronger than yours: you fight. They defeat you: you defy them. You are lost: you attack. (So spoke Churchill in the year 1940). You laugh, you sharpen your teeth and your knife, you are getting younger. You are thrilled with happiness, by that happiness of delivering blows at your turn, even though you can do that infinitely less. You not only refuse getting despaired, you not only refuse admitting yourself to be defeated and destroyed, but you even fully taste the joy of the resistance, of the opposition, and you experience a rushing-in and demented sensation of gladness.

This solution, of course, it supposes an exceptionally strong character, a military conception of the life, a formidable *moral* hardening of the body, a steel-will, and a diamond-like *spiritual* health. It probably supposes also a sports spirit: you must love the battle as such – *the skirmish* – more than you love the success.

This solution too is salutary and absolute because of being based on a paradox: as the hit you and as they harm you so badly and as the impose to you increasingly unjust physical sufferings and as they corner you in increasingly-without-exit places, you get gladder, you get strengthened, and you get younger!

Churchill's solution matches Vladimir Bukovski's solution too. Bukovsky said that when he received his first summoning to KGB's headquarters, he couldn't sleep for the whole night. That's was a natural thing, will say the reader of Bukovski's memoires, an as natural as one can get thing; the incertitude, the fear, the emotion. But then Bukovski continued: I couldn't sleep *because of excitement*. I couldn't wait for dawn to be before them and to tell them what I thought about them and to collide them like I was a tank. I couldn't imagine a greater happiness than that.

Behold why he couldn't sleep: not because of fear, not because of worry, not because of emotion, but for the impatience for shouting out the truth to them and for *colliding them like he was a tank*!

I think that such extraordinary words haven't been uttered or written yet anywhere in the world. And I am wondering – I do not claim that the reality is like I am presenting it, no, by any means, but I am only asking, I cannot but asking myself – if not this universe, despite containing millions of galaxies each one having billions of suns and planets gravitating around those suns, if not all these spaces, distances, and spheres measured in light-years, parsecs, and quadrillions of miles, if not all this stew of matter, stars, comets, satellites, pulsars, quasars, black-holes, cosmic dust, and all the Newtonian or relativistic astrophysics, if not all of these have come to existence and if not all of them exist only in order they to be expressed by these words of Bukovski.

Conclusion: All three solutions are certain and guaranteed to be effective. I don't know if there are other solution for exiting such an extreme situation, of for escaping a concentrationary universe, or for escaping the trap of a Kafkian process, or for escaping a domino-like collapse, or from escaping this labyrinth or this investigation chamber, or from escaping the fear and the panic felt like you were caught in a mouse-trap, of for escaping such a phenomenal nightmare.

Take heed at the fact that: Solzhenitsyn, Zinoviev, Churchill, and Bukovski. A consented, assumed, anticipated, and caused death; the valiantness accompanied by a rabid gladness. You are free to choose. But you ought to take heed at the fact that – worldly speaking – another way to face the iron-circle – a circle having a good portion made of chalk too (see *Siege State* wrote Camus: the ground of a dictatorship is a *phantasm*: the fear) – I doubt very much that you can find.

You might protest that the mentioned solutions suppose a life form that equals death, or a life even worse than death, a life implying the risk of physical death on every moment. And this is true. Are you amazed? If you were amazed that would mean that you didn't read Igor Safarevici, because otherwise you learnt that the totalitarianism is not so much the coagulation of some economical, biological, or social theories, as it actually is the manifestation of an attraction to death. And the secret of them who cannot fit themselves in the totalitarian abyss is simple: they love the life and not the death. But who has defeated the death by himself? Only Him Who trampled on death with death.

I believe, Lord! Help my faithlessness! (Mk. 9: 24)

January, the Year 1960

- A glass? I didn't break any glass… I can't remember…

This is my answer… and I truly can't remember. Or, did I break it, after all? In August, on her birthday and on mine? I do not know. But yes, I do know. Of course, I broke that glass. In August, on an evening, sitting as the table, while the doors were widely opened towards the porch. But, in the same time I feel like actually not remembering it. I remember it and, in the same time, I don't remember it. Everything in in this unreal and subtle and carefully contrived *mise en scène* urges me to seek refuge in confusion and I to get lost into disturbance: and *her* warm and compassionate gazes, and *their* skillful and falsely-friendly looks. The slide of the consent smoothly unveils in front of me; I only have to let myself slide down.

I could swear – in full good-faith; despite not realizing that the things happened as she keeps telling me – a crystal nice glass – with the precision of a computer, with the fidelity of a tape-recorder, with the hypocritical shyness of a zealous student who knows the lesson by heart. I am looking at her – it is her, but I see her like in a dream; she does unexpected things, she talks *differently*; and, synchronically with her, the world too is *different*, it is surrealistic. So, *it can be that too*. Now, yes, the kettle is a woman, the stove is an elephant… Max Ernst, Dali, Duchamp… But, also Munch's *Shouting*… I feel the need for shouting out in order I to wake up from my nightmare, so that I could be able to turn back on our good and gentle earth where the sapient things are that what we know they are and they answer the purpose we have been attributing them since ever… I would want to get out of this restless city of Delvaux, from this field of Tanguy, with split and soft limbs reunified according to bizarre affinities, according to pairings *others* than those we are accustomed to… *here* on earth. This cannot be the earth. This is not her. This Dostoyevsky-like and expressionist *mise en scène* cannot be real… I deceive myself, and *I get haughty*: I behave whimsically… I imagine this scene, of course, for the sake of a character I would like to play…

Actually, I don't even know well if I broke that glass or not. Made of thick crystal. If I admit that I broke that glass I will say the truth (the *objective* truth) and, once I will have uttered the truth, I will be forced to go further and to admit everything, including the fact that Nego talked to me with enmity. (This is the entire purpose of this investigation session which she defends me against with so much care that seems suspicious to me, and during which she stretched me so amicably a salvation pole; this is because her, worthy of a maximum score for memorization and incapable of forgetting anything, lo that she *lets aside details* regarding me and my words from back then and she

keeps her silence and she quotes my words in a truncated manner, answering: "Who told that? I cannot remember. Somebody among the invitees… I know only that those words were uttered…". This impersonal and neutral "were", as in logistics and as in structuralism, it is so accomplice to me and it demeans me so much).

- Therefore, by speaking into clarity and into truth, there is not corner left where I can hide myself, so that I am being forced to step into the light area, so that any hiding places instantly disappear. Or, if I do not remember, if I psychically make the gesture of relaxing, I will get myself lost into the confusion's smoke, I will get myself strayed in non-remembering, I will give myself prey to the sweet evanescence's delirium, but then too I will *admit it*, I will admit it because of becoming totally equal to me, because of being everything grey and identical to me, because of nothing having importance or precision. I am entering the world of the new novel belonging to a literature without characters: namely belonging to *ONE WOULD SAY*, to *THEM* and to *OTHERS*, where *ME* and the *SELF* they vanish away and are confounded to the undifferentiated crowd. The personality (what's that?!...) is thinly being sifted, it is crumbled down, it is being whole past through the sieve.

Either way, I am lost.

You are lost, you are lost, it swings me the gentle ricking-chair of the ceding and of the tiredness, of the disgust, or the bewilderment, or the grateful friendship. (She is doing *everything* she can. She *wants* to help me. In the facets of the crystal glitter the candle-lights from the festive dinner).

I am lost also because this ought to be my fate, and no other. Am I not a filthy, a loser, a man aged in concessions and in ceding, in shameful anger, in grotesque upset, in envy impulses, in bloody pride, in always awake lusts satisfied but never greatly and fully, but always incompletely… isn't my natural place among filthiness, among lukewarm individuals? Isn't this resting cesspool of the renunciation and of the obedience and of *confirming the true truth*, a logical end to some long-lasting purulent wounds? To what avail should I continue deceiving myself on the far away and inaccessible roads of the pride and of the dignity? My path if definitively barred.

What matters whether I broke that glass of not? It actually matters. Something keeps telling me that that matters; perseveringly but with a low voice. I am understanding well – increasingly well as the long-standing confrontation goes ahead with soft boxing-gloves – that now is being made the decision, that from here will everything get triggered. And the curse is that regardless how I am twisting the things I will still remain trapped. Either on the way of the truth or on the way of the sliding into the fog of the vanity, I will be

lost, I will have to confess. Only that the way of non-remembering or the way of confusion where all the things are equal and meaningless and unimportant allures me more dizzying and seemingly more mercifully.

I am lost!

Lost? Oh, no way! Lo that from the deeps of the Pantelimon and of the Clucereasa – of the city's outskirt and of the village – it suddenly occurs another thought, a *third solution*.

Oh, no! The humiliation of the ceding is from the devil. There's not mist around me, there's not delirium and I am in plain reality and that what I see is true. Pantelimon and Clucereasa are whispering to me like some trustworthy colleagues *breathing* precisely: why do you allow yourself to be caught by phantasmagory? Get back into your senses. Yes, she. Yes, everything is true. You must be calm and cynical and clever. Repeat, clever. Yes, there is also a third unthought solution. Your duty at this moment is you to be vulgarly calm and clever and indifferent. Be a peasant, you little Jew. Be a suburbanite. *Matache* whom his maid stole from; *Pană the quarreler* who wanted to fool his neighbor; *Ionică* who is not cheated by his wife; *old Pandele* whom all the people stumble on; *old Urcan the elder* whom one cannot sell any bullshit to. I am not on Venusberg and this isn't the night of Walpurgis. I am in an investigation bureau of the Secret Police on Plevna Street (it was to no avail that you covered my eyes with those black eyeglasses and you have driven that car around in the courtyard of Malmaison), and this is T. who has changed sides… Why? How could he? This cannot be! Why, I don't know and I am not interested in it either, and regarding the impossibility behold that is actually possible. Let's not be myself a scholastic, the oil; freezes no matter what Aristotle would tell.

The glass? Of course I know. Of course, I broke that glass (A clumsy gesture and how ashamed I felt myself. And, the shards do not bring luck except in the German language). But my only duty is I to remain calm, clever, and stubborn. Taught. Hardheaded. Grumpy. Laconic. Upset.

The third solution. I won't admit that I broke that glass, neither will I allow myself prey to dizziness. Neither the stupidity of the fear, not the charm of the confusion. But something else: the lie. The tranquil and clever lie.

This is what remains to me: the third way; I to be a smart peasant and a cunning suburbanite. Calm and assertive. On their level. Hers and theirs. And not higher. I cannot remember that and that's it, period. I do not know. I am keeping my silence. I am mute. I don't admit that. I don't cede to them. I don't know *mister*. I can't remember anything. I am as an engages goat. Neither in bed, not under the bed. Neither in the carriage, nor in the cart. As the cooked

beans on an Easter Day. *Lache* in the market place: he doesn't discount even one dime from the price; *Simache* in trial: he doesn't allow to be fooled. *Gruia* when haggling: no and no and no.

Lo the third solution – unexpected and eerie -: the lie. The blessed lie, whispered by Christ. (Christ: Is Him, He hasn't forgotten about me, all the bells ring. I will be His. I am His. I have been always His. In the most infima second-fraction I am becoming forever His). The shameless lie, calm, as clever as possible. *The son of Tache the publican*. My father when they took me away: *do not be a fearful Jew, do not shit your pants*. The surrealism is from Paris, the delirium could be good in Zürich in coffee shops. But we are here not there. Here the train stops in the station and not the station comes to the train. This is *John*'s country, of the Phanariotes, and of the *Soupe-Sipper*, here Vlad the Impaler impaled the Turkish envoys, he didn't tell them "You shoot first, misters English", and Petre Carp showed to King Carol that the corn is hold in hand when being eaten, here is a life-or-death struggle, here is not a sophisticated and supremely frisky *mise en scène*, here aren't curtains nor delights, here's not a Paradise nor an artificial hell, here is like at a liquor store, here is like at a bar, here is like in the market place; here is like at a succession trial; here isn't with jewelries, here is with boulders (and suddenly my thought brings me to Brâncuşi, and assertive peasant who carves the material with wide gestures of grass-mower). Here is Bethesda pool: either you throw yourself in or not. Here, now, now, now. *Here you are confessing*, my boy, here, on an instant, you must choose.

Not I must *choose myself, I must project myself*. Should I jump forwards? Can I, do it? Do I want it? Do I know how that? What a curious thing: I see that if I want to start walking the road of the Christianity I will have to lie. As this people too has lied (amid whom I was born and whom I feel myself always attracted to) – and this people was right when bowing their heads in front of the Turks, in front of the Germans, in front of the Muscovite. I must lie like in mathematics the solution cannot be found except by firstly complicating the data and by going around the problem's core. I must lie. This means that the things aren't so simple. The world isn't simple. This means that Julien Brenda was right saying that he hated those who complicate the things, but nonetheless he hated also those who simplify the complicated things.

Christianity, my boy, isn't the same with stupidity. The water of the river Market and of the river Lady do not flow for stupid people, and the bells of the Capra Church do not ring only for pious elderly women. And regardless how deaf those elderly ladies are, they still can hear those bells.

She sits on a chair at about two meters distance from me, on the left had; she sits at the desk. You would want me to allow myself to be engulfed by the spell of the semi-dream, by the dizzying smoke of a surrealistic scenography… The intellectuals may be weak, but accumulating knowledge form books isn't useless because it can provide one with the acute sensation of a *déjà vu*, or at least with a *déjà image*… So, behold that reading books can be of help. Neither the culture is useless. No! I know that I am a Jew and a sensitive man, but you have forgotten (and *you* too have forgotten, when you have been calculating together with them; because what can your benevolence be except a means for attracting me next to you, for easing up my trip, for gilding up and for sweetening up the gall pill that is made of shit – now look that I have started to talk dirty as I never do, but how invigorating this is! and hos wonderful I feel myself – this might be the reason why the surgeons and the military curse, so that they won't lose the contact with the deed by being stollen away by indifference, *in order not to be that deed indifferent to them*), you have forgotten that I was born in the city's outskirt and I live in the countryside. Pantelimon and Clucereasa. Tough. Simple. Full of wise cunningness. *There still is time*. The Christianity isn't necessarily weak. Therefore:

- I cannot remember anything. I do not remember about breaking any glass. I didn't hear that man sitting next to me at the table saying anything hostile to the communist regime.

- Hey, did you sit at that table? And didn't anybody say something against the communist regime?

- I sat at that table, it was my birthday, and the day before it had been her birthday. But nobody said anything against the communist regime.

- Don't you remember anything like that?

- I don't.

- But you remember that you broke that glass!

- I don't remember that.

- Hey pal, she is your friend (and he points at her dramatically, ceremoniously). Do you admit that she is your friend?

- Yes, I admit that.

- And then? Why would she say that you heard something that you didn't' hear? What do you mean: is she a liar?

- I don't know. I don't say that she is a liar. What I am saying is that I cannot remember anything.

The kettle is a kettle. The stove isn't an elephant. The wheat sprouts out in the field. They make houses and statues of stone. Christ isn't a God of the disorder and of the masques. *Lord Slacker is boneheaded*.

And she? She is on their side- as simple as one can get. She is on the other side. Yeah, they have brought something new in the world. Before that, if you wanted to destroy somebody you appealed to his former friends: his wife whom he divorced from, his friend whom he broke apart with, his associate whom he had a lawsuit in court; but now the main innovation they have brought is that in order to destroy an individual they do not appeal to people whom he is at odds with, but they appeal to his friends, to his wife, to his children, to his lovers, to those whom he loves and whom he placed in, humanly and stupidly, his trust and his thirst for affection.

Dizziness. The dizziness sensation is the most tormenting. There is not a more awful pain that that. The dizziness. The world swirls, it is breaking in pieces, and you too are being broken in pieces. The objects swirl; I saw an expressionist movie done after the novel *Crime and Punishment*; all objects in it where crooked: the roofs, the fences, the lampposts. The torment was atrocious. The overthrowing: your friend is accusing you. The blocks are collapsing. She is *beyond*; she starts getting increasingly bored (Lo, what do you say? This is your merchandise) and increasingly crouched. The earthquake splits up the soil and it splits up your being like on a median line.

Now, now, Dostoyevsky didn't preach dizziness, but he preached Lord Jesus. Come on, understand and realize what you don't want to believe: you are not too fearful and you are not sophisticated. It has penetrated you something of the rough cunningness of the suburbanite, something of the peasant's stubbornness. Com one, you know what you must do, come on *do not delude yourself*, you have already chosen; you can bear this and you are fully awake, come on, understand – regardless how much they bewilder or scare you – and realize that *you have won*; keep saying *No*, it belong to you, the surrealism is only a theory, the live isn't the same with the dream, here is not teashop of opium; neither is here a salon of suave fragrances, but here is a wicked investigations bureau; the statistics proves that the life isn't a dream: Valery was right. You would want to seek refuge in fear, in nightmare… you would want that… It would be easy - what sweet would it be like for you to be able to find shelter between dream and life, into confusion and incertitude, among delicious corpses or on the operating table, between umbrella and the sewing machine, into Marat's tube transformed in a flying balloon, at Samarkand in a palace of a thousand and one nights, into *delirium*: the delirium, the spring of all compromises. You can no longer recuse yourself.

Who would offer you shelter? You are finished, you little Jew, you intellectual, you townsman: you have put on the reality's sandals and they are going to grow wefts on your soles. Now on are coming to an end the delicacies and the comforting illusions and the closing of your eyelids upon lascivious, resting compositions from other gentler and more ductile worlds. You can no longer refuge yourself in imaginary: you are good for battle, you are good for resistance, you are good for holy and carefully contrived lies, you are good for stubbornness. You are good for fire. You haven't succeeded to avoid the war. Forwards, march!

Nae Ionescu says that somebody who has not Romanian blood can be a "good Romanian", but by no means can such a foreigner be "fully Romanian". And that's would be right, if the things were let into the care of the human capabilities. But that what is impossible to people it is possible to God. On a human way, on a usual way, on an according-to-nature way, one cannot cross from the feature of being a "good Romanian" to the state of being "fully Romanian". But what about doing that through the blood-baptism, as my cousin Theodor did at Mărăşeşti; what about accomplishing that through transfiguration? How comes that Nae Ionescu didn't remember Mathew 19: 26 or Mark 10: 27 or Luke 18: 27? How comes that he couldn't understand that here too there is a road covered with jasmine flowers and with wonders, a road of the renewal making all things to become possible and easy? To him who believes that the wine can be transformed into blood it won't be too hard to admit that the spirit can perform semiotic mutations with the blood. Biologically, ethnically, yes. Mystically, the problems are put totally differently and that what is impossible on a certain plan it will become rather totally possible on another plan.

(Matthew 19: 26: But Jessus, looking at them, He told them: To people this is impossible, but to God all things are possible; Mark 10: 27: Jesus, looking at them, He told them: To people this thing is impossible, but not to God. For to God all things are possible; Luke 18; 27: And He said: The things which are impossible to people are possible to God. – Take heed at that *looking at them*, for that shows how much importance Jesus granted to these full of **meaning** words, words which may be not difficult to understand but to assimilate.)

28th of August, the Year 1964

Nobody *is made* Christian, eve n by receiving his baptism as I received it later in my life. I thing that is not different either in the outstanding conversions. The calling is always anterior – regardless how deeply, how subtly,

or how cleverly hidden it be. Paschal: *Tu ne me chercherai point*... Thers is always the twisted logics: you are searching for what you have found; you are finding what has been prepared to you and that has been already given to you.

I am drawing here two conclusions:

First, the true grounds of the Christian conception: the absurd and the paradox. Then, the divinity works in details and skillfully both when rewarding and when punishing. They are bitterly wrong who think – and they are not always stupid – that they can *trick* God, that they can deceive Him. By any means. God bestows or beats with an untold refinement. And from here comes that God isn't only kind, righteous, almighty etc. but God is very smart too.

29th of August

Thousands of devils thrill me when I see how the Christianity is confounded to stupidity, to some sort of stupid and coward piousness, a *bondieuseries* (expression belonging to aunt Alice), as the Christianity's purpose wouldn't be other but to allow itself to be mocked by the forces of the evil, and the Christianity to facilitate the lawlessness given that it would be by definition condemned to blindness and paralysis.

Denis Rougemont: Let's not judge others, but when our neighbor's house is in fire I won't stay and pray and spiritually improve myself; I call for the firefighters, I run to bring water. If not, I would be proud and I wouldn't love my neighbor. Macaulay: it is right that we aren't allowed to rebel against Nero because any power is given from Above, but neither must we run to help Nero when he is attacked. (Eisenhower and Foster Dulles in autumn of the year '56).

Something else means one to rebel, and something else means giving your approval. When Jacob the II fell, there were Anglican bishops who followed the filo-Catholic – or maybe Catholic - king in exile, only because he was their legitimate sovereign and, no matter what, he couldn't have been replaced.

The helpless Christianity is a heretic conception because of disregarding the Lord's urges (Mt. 10: 16: "Be you therefore wise as the snakes and innocent as the pigeons") and it overlooks the words of Saint Paul: "That's why, do not be mindless" (2 Tim. 4: 5); "you be awake" (Eph.), and especially 1 Cor. 14: "Do not be children in your mind; but be children in your evilness".

Nowhere and never did Christ ask us to be stupid. He calls us to be kind, gentle, honest, humble in heart, but not stupid. (Only about our sins they say in *Paterikon* to "make them stupid"). Hos would have extolled the stupidity Him Who gives us the advice to always be awake so that us not to allow to be surprised by satan? And then, also at 1 Cor. (14: 33) it is written

that "God isn't a God of the disorder". And the order is in the first place opposing the confused clumsiness, the undecided weakness, the obtuse misunderstanding. God loves the innocent and not the imbecile. I love the naiveness, says Leon Daudet too, but not in bearded men. The bearded men ought to be wise. Let's know, both them and us, that sometimes the stupidity causes more harm than the evilness does. No! It would be so convenient to the devil's servants if we were stupid. God, among other things, he commands us to be intelligent. (To him who is endowed with the gift of the understanding, the stupidity – at least from a point forwards – it is a sin: it is a sin of weakness and of laziness, of not using the had talent. *And when the heard the voice of the lord God… they hid themselves*.)

You can avoid committing sins because of your fear. That is an inferior stage, but still a good one. Or, you can avoid sinning because of your *love*:" as the saints and the superior consciences do. But one can avoid sinning also because of his shame. A terrible shame similar to that felt when doing something indecent in front of a delicate person, or felt when saying something inappropriate to an old lady, or felt when cheating somebody who trusts you. After you have known Christ, it will be hard to you to continue sinning, because you will feel a terrible shame if sinning.

Prison Cell no. 18

Why does Jesus Christ kiss the chief inquisitor in the apologue from Karamazov Brothers? I am answering to doctor Al-G in his language, namely in Indianist style: in order Him to cross him from *avidya* to *vidya*, in order Him to shatter *maya* away, namely to scatter the smoke, to remove the veil, to scatter the magic away. After being kissed, the great inquisitor finally saw the reality. The kiss, *on the mouth* acted like a *shock*, it shook him and it woke him up. The artistic masterpiece has a similar effect: it too un-spells you. The life gives us joy because it suddenly places in in accord with what is real. From where it turns out that the reality – that non-corrupted reality – it is beautiful and the resonance is a fundamental law. The Mossbauer generalized effect.

After Paul Dim. Was arrested, at the beginning of the year 1955, Yolanda St. – from Eminescu's family, a granddaughter of captain Matei Eminovici from his son (until around the year '54, before she married, she was signing Eminovici) – told T.: "They were right to lock him up. I hope they will give him at least ten years; to him and to the others." (She said so, but one could see she was actually upset about all of that). "And why your Nicu thinks that is suits him to act like a legionary?".

We were rebuked then and later because we talked too much, because of not knowing how to keep our silence. But we could answer to that: "We believed, and for that we lived too – and we too, we believe, and for that we speak too" (2 Cor. 4: 13), or: "We believed and that's why we spoke too" (Ps. 115). Or we could cite here a newer author: Brice Parain, according to who speaking or keeping your silence are the same with living or dying.

We were accused also by a young man whose opinion I cherish a lot. This one (Toma Pavel) invokes Wilhelm Tell. In the style of the new generation; Tell knew how to keep his silence, he kept his mouth shut for a long time, and in order him to avoid any provocation he didn't cross even through the marketplace where Gessler's hen lived. But when he had had the occasion, he didn't think too much and he acted quickly. *Blow him!* (I mean Gessler, and not the symbol: the hat). And this is true. The argument is valid and it actually summarizes the Romanians' history. I am confessing that the wise words of this young man stung me. But, don't we have, at our turn, the right for defending our past, our feat? Maybe, because of having nothing else, the speaking too is not so useless. Anyway, the speaking values like a confession, it is appeasing. This is such a poor *apology*; but what if this is the only one? In connection to this it emerges also the terrible problem of 2+2=4.

The example of Tudor Vianu and of others like him, who held serious lectures and instructive conferences, or who uttered harmonious and thoroughly composed phrases, it was always invoked to us, if not even thrown into our faces. But, don't they speak vainly? we were asking. No, we were answered, because the affirmation of the eternal truths is always welcomed; it is always healthy and useful to show that 2+2=4. (Two plus two equal four represented the formula of the common sense of the natural law, of the incorruptible axioms).

This story with two plus two equal four, I knew it from long time ago. I for instance knew from Camus that "there always comes into history a moment when they who affirm that two plus two equal four will be punished with death". And from Dostoyevsky, in another manner, I knew that two multiplied with two equal four it is no longer life but it is origin of death. The man, says Dostoyevsky, has always been fearing this rule; the man searches for this rule everywhere, for its sake the man crosses the oceans, he sacrifices his life for this search, but the man actually dreads the fact of finally finding this rule. This rule is a death principle, and it is a good thing that two plus two sometimes equals also five. Orwell, though, he thinks that the liberty means the freedom to say that two plus two equals four, and that immediately this thing is admitted everything will follow by itself.

But how can we reconcile all of these among themselves, especially because of the silhouette of the scholar who, in the middle of the torrent, he calmly enunciates simple and eternal truths, it is a silhouette that doesn't lack its greatness?

I was confused, but then it became clear to me; I was so satisfied with the explanation I found that I immediately sent a letter to madame Lenuţa, the mother of Alecu, a staunch reactionary, a tall and beautiful woman, a Moldavian mastering upon a direct and non-edulcorated speech. Madam Lenuţa, I wrote to her (this mania of sending epistles to one another, *in the same locality*, was harshly criticized too, because of being reckoned as a pure indulgence, and because of removing any possibility of finding excuses), the tyrannies do not forbid the use of the truths, but they only forbid the use of some truths, better said they only forbid *one specific truth*, namely that truth that *harms* the respective tyranny. The man too bears you to tell many harsh things about himself, but he gets shocked when you expose him that what the English people call "the cadaver from the wardrobe" or "the truth from home", so that you start unveiling that what himself doesn't dare to confess, when you risk to touch the fragile and vulnerable spot which the esoteric literature says about that it exists in any building erected on the face of the earth and that spot can cause the collapse of the entire building. *The skeleton in the cupboard* and *home-truth* are expressions which are untranslatable in Romanian, but by joining them and by passing them into the Mioritic space, I somehow see them as an equivalent to the wife of Craftsman Manole, a wife embedded into the wall and into memory and who prays for the poor (or the wicked) creator-man with *untold sighs*, as the Holy Ghost does to the sinner.

The French Revolution was ready to allow many truths to be proclaimed, but it was punishing with death that one who dares to whisper that the fact of being born noble isn't enough to be you beheaded without following other procedures except the simple identification. (*The Law from Priar*, year II). Also, during Cromwell and Puritans' time were said many well-intentioned things, but woe to him who doubted the absolute validness of the moral principles from the *Old Testament*, in their absolute literary sense. Also, in the beautiful cities of Geneva, Münster, of Florence, during the time of Calvin, or of Thomas Münster, or of Johannes von Leyden, or of Savonarola, there were heard full of truth things and there were expressed worthy of being remarked ideas, but on each time, there was *one* truly scandalous truth – a blasphemous truth – that was totally forbidden to the public use. The payment for using that: the death.

So, madame Lenuţa, behold the secret: two plus two equals four it is an algebraic formula: our duty is on each time to make it arithmetical.

Saying that two plus two equals four doesn't mean declaring as Tudor Vianu did that Goethe wrote *Poetry* and *Truth*; or that Voltaire died in the year 1778, or that Balzac, gentlemen, it is a romantic realist. It doesn't mean either to hold, as George Călinescu did, admirable lectures on the life and on the works of Eminescu. When next to you the people are cut asunder with the chainsaw, if you want to enunciate that two plus two equal four you must do it as loud as your voice allows you to: it is a shouter to heavens injustice the men to be cut asunder with the chainsaw. Under the rule of Robespierre were affirming that two plus two equals four those people who rebelled against the fact that some other people were sent to guillotine because of the simple fact that they were born nobles. (Beaumarchais foretold something about that, but he hit aside, as Jeremiah did too!). Under Calvin, likewise did they who were unable not to be shocked by the fact that were sent to death people who didn't literally agree the theologoumena issued by *maître* Calvin. He who had exposed to Caligula his doubts about the possibility of conferring to a horse the quality of a consul, he would have made healthy mathematics. And further on, it is similar on each case. On two times two equals four, people like Vianu, Călinescu, or Ralea could made it arithmetical, by speaking, for instance, about the Canal gulag, namely about the *dustless road*. (And they should have done it back then, and not after the very people who initiated the humongous work renounced to it, and so they defied the very oath made by the workers at their workplace: we won't leave until is finished! That would have been similar to somebody saying, without waiting for Stalin -the greatest coryphée of all sciences - to be dead, that $E=mc^2$ isn't an idealistic formula).

Each time, the general algebraic equation needs to be made arithmetical, namely it needs to be embodied in that very truth hidden and condemned by the tyrant who is in power. It is the story of Andersen, of the naked king. To what avail you affirm that the union of the Orthodox with the Roman Church has been done forcedly, or to what avail you rebel against the Ottoman occupation from yore, while *the burning matters of those days* were: the political imprisonment, the trials in court accompanied by obtained by torture admissions of guilt and self-accusations, or the insanely harsh condemnations of innocent people; if one had denounced those burning realities it would have meant uttering that two plus two equals four. The underscoring by Father Stăniloae of the awful abuses committed by Catholicism under Habsburgs, or the harsh accusations brought by professor Giurescu to the Turkish occupation took – no matter how well-intended the two scholars were – features which were very tightly related to the satirical works of Caţavencu and to the

Farfuridi's Europe, if I could say it without being disrespectful but still without the conventional softening.

I needed a long time to download my heart in that letter sent by me to madame Lenuța; I was deluded and impressed by the figures 2 and 4, by their so concrete and arithmetical countenance and serious and (as Manole worded it) honorable; until, in the end, I started to understand that this apparently numerical formula was actually abstract and algebraic, and it needed to constantly be interpreted, exemplified, framed within time; namely, to be uttered on each time in accordance to the truth forbidden at that time. Ah! poor us, we still are slaves of the history and submitted to time.

31st of December, the Year 1959

On the other hand, though, the quality of Roman senator doesn't seem to be tied to a specific historical epoque, just like Schelling showed that the Romanticism isn't a literary school belonging to the revolution of the fashion, but it is one of the permanent propensions of the human soul. The 82 years old Jew, the short pensionary from Bucharest, he proved himself to me as being once more, in the simplest manner, capable of authentic senatorial feelings. After I recounted him what the things were like, he told me:

- Why have you still come home, you miserable? You have given them the impression that you hesitate, that there can be the possibility that you will betray your friends. When doing businesses, if you say "let me think about it" it will mean that you have already accepted. You won't accept for the whole world you to be witness of the accusation. Get back there right now.

I remember him as he was turning back home, in the evening, to Pantelimon, in a chariot – martially; as, during the social unrest from the year 1919 he visited the factory's workshops dressed up in his military uniform and wielding his sword, but I am still thinking that he is a little theatrical to himself and to me too, at least slightly. I am secretly looking at him, I am fearing that is a simple bravado. I am telling him that at that hour there won't be anybody and what would be purpose of me sitting at the gates of the Secret Police with my valise until Monday, such a heroism being actually something risible. And I am feeling exhausted. And I need to eat my dinner. And I am telling him what the prison really means, and I am telling him that he is old and that he will remain alone living on a very small pension; and that he cannot expect mercy form anybody; and that I won't see him anymore; and I have already been causing him troubles for the whole my life and at least now, at the end, I want to sweeten his days even for a little; and, to say it directly: the perspective of

the prison, or the sufferings, and in addition to those the thought at his misfortune, they are making me dreading.

(The imminence of the pain softens us up and the repentance, as a docile puppy, it follows it).

In the well-know parody, the mother of Stephan the Great in the end felt mercy on her son and she opened him the gates of the stronghold and she took care of his wounds. But such a parody is so little aware of the human soul's meanders and of the surprises which a studio-apartment from Bucharest can provide one with. (Even stronger that *The Mysteries of Paris*). Listening to my dad I no longer doubt the fact that madame Oltea behaved in reality as Bolintineanu's poetry says. Once the little old Jew can talk to me as he is doing it, why won't be those cases too as real? The artificial is equally spread as the natural is, the theater belongs to the life's essence, Corneille described the people as they are, and at the end of the school-year the recitations of the pupils from the primary grades (I for instance recited at the end of my third grade the verse: *You had faith, King, and that's why you have won*) they utter banalities.

It is true, my father is saying, the you are going to have very harsh days. But you are going to have quiet nights (I must repeat exactly what he told me, I have to; it not I will be punished by God), you will sleep well. Until you will accept to be witness of the accusation, that's right, you are going to experience acceptable good days, but you nights are going to be awful. You are not going to be able even to close your eyes. You will have to live rather on sleep-pills and on pain-killers; brutified and dozing for the whole day, at night you will be tormenting awake. You will suffer like a madman. So, hit the road. Do not hesitate. You must do your time in prison. My heart is broken too, but you have no other choice. Besides, don't be stupid! even if you accept now to be accusation witness, in six months they still will throw you in prison. That's for sure.

And my dad, increasingly like a Roman senator, he continued:

- Therefore, prepare your stuff for Monday. Take heed, take with you only some worn-out things. (Here he was totally wrong). And during these three days we still have together you won't say any word about process, about the Secret Police, or about prison. I want us to spend these three days together, pleasantly and quietly.

And we did so. Curiously enough, I slept quite well and I even ate quite well (but the condemned too was eating, from Kafka's *Penitentiary Colony*, even while he was on the torture apparatus) too and I behaved enough sapiently.

I left from home only on the first day after the New Year, at noon, for I was invited by advocate D. P. whose wife was a good friend of mine – and the first and only love from my youth. They all told me (they had two children) that they participated the day before to a New Year party where one of the guests dropped dead, during the party, while dancing. That's a good beginning of the year! they commented. Only if they knew, in addition to that, that in the first day of the New Year they invited to lunch somebody who was to be an inmate in three days… I asked the advocate, seemingly casually (despite that was the reason why I wanted to accept their invitation and I left my dad by himself), what was his opinion about the article no. 209 form the penal code. He raised his shoulders, thoughtful, sullen: the condemnation is certain, and it is very harsh…

3rd-4th of January, the Year 1960

I don't believe they will give you a too harsh condemnation, my dad told me. They will probably give you eight years. I will arrange to give to Gică the money I will take for selling the radio, the cooker, the gas cylinder, and the books – so that you will find some money when getting out from prison. (He had no idea about the total confiscation of the material goods of the political inmates).

On Monday morning I felt calm. I washed myself, I shaved, I dressed up, I checked my little valise (full of rags). I wasn't allowed to cry even once, during those three days. My dad staunchly forbad that.

On the day before, I met professor Al. in the street. I was able to tell him, who was a spiritist – I got so emotional that I caused him to wonder – that there were also Jews who truly loved Romania. There is no doubt, he answered me politely, and not only politely. I spoke to him declamatory. He looked at me oddly.

I got ready and I took a good bye from my dad. I was very upset, my dad though – wearing his pajamas, short, a little fat, glad – he was all smile and he gave me the last advices, as a coach before the game starts; quickly, as the person who accompanied you to the train-station, barely catching his breath, keeping talking until the last moment:

- I told you not to let me die like a dog? Well, I am not going to die at all. I am going to wait for you. And take heed not to dishonor me, he told me. Do not be like a fearful Jew and do not shit your pants.

He kissed me on my cheek, he led me to the door, he stood steady and he salute me military-style.

- Go now! he told me.

A went down stairs stepping normally, without looking back. I got out the apartments block's door. There are destinies, there are foretellings, there is telepathy. In the empty street – though it wasn't so early – suddenly appears a police officer. I got thrilled.

There were two worst moments during the periods spent by me at the Secret Police. One night, very late, while I was stubbornly denying – I was denying a totally secondary thing, regarding who brought from Parid the novel of Mircea Eliade and the theater plays of Eugen Ionesco: Marietta or Sadova? (I ascertain that to a fearful man like I am the stubbornness is the only shore) – I was menaced: I was to be confronted with the main individual among the people arrested in the same lot as I was.

First of all, I didn't understand why the confrontation was presented like a menace. (I still was a greenhorn). On the contrary, I was thrilled to see Dinu again. The perspective of that meeting in the middle of the night, in the Secret Police's bureaus, with an important representative of the "pro-legionary" intellectuality, it carried me on the nimble and stupid wings of the teenager-like imagination, of that candid and disarming imagination which the old men experienced in banality, rolled over in mediocre, and discolored by renunciations still bear it somewhere in the hidden corners of their souls, there where the stupidity too nests and fortifies definitively, similarly to the way which *treponema pallidum* chased away by *Bismuth* hides in the depths of the internal organs: it will be something dramatic and noble and heroical. We will compete in denials. We will compete defending on one another. We will smile to one another. We will shake our hands. We will suffer together.

- Mister investigator, let the confrontation begin.

The investigator made a phone-call, he whispered an order, and after a long silent waiting Dinu Ne. was showed in. I was given the strongest possible order not to say a word, so that many of my previous heroism elements were shattered before starting.

I was sitting quietly at the desk from the other corner of the room and I was watching; I was focused, attentive; I was all eyes and ears. (I was wholly an eye, as Mihail Strogov, when looking at his mother, Marfa).

What was dreading me and depressing beyond any possibility to express it, it was the physical countenance of Dinu and his posture. He looked slim, yellow, unshaven, dressed up in worn-off clothes too big a size for him which hang on him; it was only a hear and a few months since I didn't see him, and what unknown slopes of the world (of the other world) he reached on! And those black eye-covers, which were my nightmare, and which – ads I was to understand later – they symbolized the darkness as opposite to Chrit's light.

(*Come and take light…* says the priest at the resurrection mass… *He was the life and the life was the light of the people. And the light lightens into darkness*). Thos dark eye-covers were not a simple police's contrivance, they weren't a simple intimidation tool used in the investigation phase. They weren't even a simple means for hurting the most vulnerable superior nervous centers. They were way more than that – and that's why they were so scary to me (*Surrender me, Lord, with the unlimited and of-life-giver power of Your cross, and shun me, Lord, from all evil! Amen.*, says the short prayer of the investigated individual: uttered on the road from the prison-cell to the investigation bureau, or during the silent periods of the interrogatory, or as an obsessive uninterrupted mental-ground: *ceaselessly pray*) -, those eye-covers were the sign and the seal of the beast, of the father of the lie and of the prince of the fears, and of the prince of the darkness. The countenance; this skinny and dressed in rags ghost, immediately he was showed in and placed by the guardian in front of the investigator's desk, he took the military stand up. His eye-covers weren't removed, I was not allowed to talk to him, so that he wasn't aware of my presence there.

The whole my previous script was shattered away. Now we are in the same room but we float on different orbits – actually, he is on Alpha from Centauri – as the electrons which are the most less soul, as the hostile nations in the frame of who knows what Asyrian Empire based on conquests, as the animal species – ducks, turkeys, chickens, cats, dogs, goats, calves – which live their lives parallelly and indifferently in the same corral, like all those animals whose only common geometrical place are we the people, we too being so different from them and so reduced to interjections and onomatopes in order to enter the contact with them, so that all of us are on circles which never intersect with one another.

Dinu spoke with a submissive, prompt, focused tone, one evoking a long and painful dressage. That was the condition we all were to end in.

He didn't deny anything, he confirmed everything, he uttered my name indifferently. (From the dossier, in the day before the trial, I found out that my name was the first on the list of the friends *whom he frequented*). The exam was brief and the candidate answered briefly and quickly and correctly. The candidate even bowed for a few times. The black eye-covers gave to the candidate a countenance of a humble, poor, resigned, and obedient beggar, as the beggars and the needy were – and the ought to be – in the moralizer novels of the past century, when the powerful and stable society was flourishing, when each individual sapiently was staying at his place and he behaved according to his condition, when the calm and not-chewed-by-doubts rich men

were calmly distributing the alms, and the destitutes, because of knowing their purpose, they were overwhelmed while receiving those alms; when the lords were wearing only dress coat in the evenings (a poetry dedicated to Anetta: *often, when raining / I think at what beautiful was like / in the year of one thousand nine hundreds and nine*); when the people who were condemned to be whipped, in Russia, they called the executioner, necessarily, as your lordship.

Your lordship, your honorable, seemed Dinu to call the first-lieutenant who had his real name Ones (who adopted, at his turn, a virtuous countenance as sitting on his chain), while mee too didn't was better than Dinu; I kept a deep silence, according to the order given to me, I didn't shout out: Dinu, I am here, Dinu, hang on, Dinu, I too decided to behave well. I didn't shout out because I too was afraid, and because I felt also disgust and I was upset like a child whose toy had been taken away: grumpy, boiling with rebellion, shivering in disappointment, burnt by deceit, I looked at Dinu and at the investigator as a toddler would look at fully grown up people who only promise and then they don't keep their promise, who change the theme of the discussion, who trick you and who send you, smiling and cruel, to bed.

The second moment, even more awful: I was again confronted, this time with T., much later, when I was brought back from Gherla, first at Jilava, and then at the Secret Police, in order I to be witness in a trial. T. had then some sort of statute of professional witness: she wasn't sent to a penitentiary to serve her time because they kept her at Malmaison (*What was the name of that Belgian engineer who built up the forts… did it start with B? No way, Bartholdy was the guy who sculpted the Statue of the Liberty from New York…)* and they used her to all sorts of trials as accusation witness.

That time – and the accuser threw it to me from the first moments – I was no longer the same with myself entering the prison.

I got wiser, I got smarter, it was called that I was a seasoned inmate, grinded in investigations, dealing with me was more difficult, I knew how to defend myself, I learnt a lot. I caught some of their tricks, I heard them laughing. (This is the difference between us and the people from Occident, the unknowing: we *heard them laughing* and, willy-nilly, with maximum difficulty, slowly, against ourselves, fighting, resisting, we had to wake ourselves up and to get access to this so difficult to understand and to achieve condition of the smart-guy). When Nego's trial took place, they couldn't get anything from me, except anodyne declarations (*Hey, are you giving me certificates of democratism, you funny guy! And you are telling me that those were banal conversations!*) and so they couldn't use me as a witness. I paid so much for that and later on I asked myself whether it was worthed. There were people upholding that it is

not necessary for you to resist: you have to sign everything they ask you to, and at the trial, orally, you declare whatever you want, namely you say the truth in trial and so you appease your conscience.

But that was a wrong calculus. Sure, you were able to say everything you wanted, in trial. But did those people ask themselves why? Why could you say regardless what and why could you retract and say that you didn't know anything and that you didn't hear anything and that the defendant was a nice guy and he was an old progressist and so you unloaded your conscience and you made peace with yourself… But why? That was because no matter what you had said publicly (if the trial sessions are not secret as in our case) had no value because it wasn't recorded or the records were only formal and without processual consequences. The declarations held in front of the tribunal *weren't put in the dossier* except in case those declarations limited to conform and uphold the things declared during the investigation. The conviction was issued only based on the written pieced already composing the dossier, where the written and signed declarations were, you smart-guys! The things said in the courtroom were like speaking via a disconnected phone, and they were recorded as in a mute-movie.

That time too T. declared something satisfying for the investigation. But it wasn't me the only progressing; she progresses too. She filled up a declaration so perfect, so typical, so corresponding, she spoke so accordingly to what they expected her to say – *so attuned* -, the officers were talking to her on such a familiar tone, a benevolent-despising tone, so that I felt dizzy and this time intestinal spasms and some sort of enemy-lucidness accompanied that. It might be that moment – I was forty-eight years old – when I was to cross from childhood to matureness, from dreaming to knowledge, to *awareness*. I "clarified" myself. This is the world and we are like the world is. Eating the cake and still having it. If the crone had had wheels, he could have been a tram. If the crone had had a helmet, she could have been a minister. Back then, for the first time, I too was truly fanatical. All my old and vague attractions towards legionary doctrine, chocked up, unconscious, all of them sprang to life. And I was engulfed, contradictorily, by both a mercy and an emotional watery dread.

How much perseverance on details! It seemed to me that the keys of the typing machine were jumping and clapping. And that man told me… and I told him… and he told me and I answered him… I mean, it couldn't be so. Had I got deaf, had I had auditive hallucinations? I don't think so… And why couldn't that be so? It could be so. Anything could be so. Everything is possible. (She even declared that madam Brăiloiu was doing monarchist propaganda extolling King Carol the II. Madam Brăiloiu was a widow waling rich men's children

through the Icon's Garden and teaching them French; she was a lonely, she was a destitute of the fate, and above all she even was hating Carol the II, not less that I hated him). The combinatory power in the moral domain has no limits.

You spoiled Bucharest-smart-ass that you are, a ready-made-money son, an old trickster, you Frenched-little-Jew, you Christian because freshly nested in your faith due to your need for a den, for a shelter, wake yourself up and look at what you have got yourself into: you are in the shadow of the cross, you are under a torture tool which the blood flows down on, on which there is one whose lungs, whose entrails, whose all organs get shattered, and he is not only tormented and killed slowly, but he is also mocked, especially mocked – and especially killed like a sacrificed animal, like a corpse chopped up with the cleaver by a certain butcher. Torn apart guts, sweat, blood, mockery, nails. This is the Christianity, my boy. Not the ringing bells of the church form Pantelimon on Sundays and on holidays, not the Christman tree form the beautiful house of Şereteanu, not the crone wife of general Zossima, not the candies of the old lady Eliza Boerescu the widow of Costică the brother of Vasile the minister of Alexandru Ioan Cuza, not the wise jokes of the witty priest Georgescu-Silvestru, not the baptism from the prison-cell no. 18 – so humble and therefore so majestical, so secret and therefore so illustrious, no. not the ecumenism so hastily promised (and, anyway, one evoking the Rome's glitter and the Italy's splendors and the refined Latin topology), not the so facile gestures of reconcilement and, as such, springing peace, quietude, and subterraneous pride, but this: the true, enormous, stinky, indifferent cross; filth and disgust…

I hear and in the same time it seems to me hearing: *Here's your stuff, look where you have brought us at*. It is but an echo, a reverberation, a phantom-pain as that one from an amputated limb. Anyway, the stuff is me, now getting myself harder for I am knowing for the first time what the pain is capable of by starting working intendedly and thoroughly and no longer being cushioned by the shock of the surprise, when no longer the pain is sweetened by the strange extolling accompanies within us the first disappointment – and when the pain start being that what it knows how to be - (Camus: From a certain point of a suffering and of the injustice further on, nobody can do anything for anybody and the pain becomes ascesis) -; I who now know so little to talk as the all languages in the world would be Algol, Cobol, and Fortran, I who am starting now to get far form the place where I am with speed close to the light-speed: this time I have embraced the NO since the beginning and I am holding it tight, manly. I am lying to them peacefully. I have become a smart-

ass. I have heard them laughing, and I would want to tell to my dear Londoners: *you didn't hear them laughing* – and I would want I to be able to cite them from Brice Parain: the dialectics is the same with the hell, and I to show them that neither the two bearded rascals are better – the same is everywhere – two wicked ones, two jewelries as Onea loves to say. Would the Londoners hear me? Would they stop and listen to me? Finding out the truth will make you lonely. Crossing from the pain that crashes your head to the cool calm it is, at its turn, occult and quasi-instantaneous, as the light is as well. The light which Stephane Lupasco believed about that at the moment of the final entropy of the universe will reign everywhere because then won't exist any other material particles except the photons. Everything will be luminous light. *He was the true light. Light out of light, true God out of true God…*

February, the Year 1962

And nobody will take away your joy from you. Jn. 16: 22.

I too must stand! In order I not to lose my soul. Paul Claudel.

The prison cells from *Reduit*, at Jilava penitentiary, are especially gloomy and they have the reputation of a more severe regime than that from "the sections". I arrived the cell no. 34 coming from "secret" where I have been held as long as I was in hunger-strike, in a cell that hasn't been heated up since the fort has been built – at the same time with the inutile ring road of the Capital – by engineer Brialmont. The cold, more terrible than the hunger and the thirst (but the worst is the sleep-depravation), penetrated me to the bones.

I must have looked pitiful, because the famous prison warden Ungureanu who takes me into custody at the gates of the *Reduit* almost smiled to me (as for instance a foody would be impressed by some tender venison) and he hands me over to the room-chief recommending him to place me single in a bed and to take care of me. I am placed in the bad that was closest to the door, as a suspect, and I am examine thoroughly by the room-chief, who is a from Bessarabia and he wears a Russian name, a gloomy giant casting harsh gazes; I soon will find out that he was a dangerous man; they told me about him that he was an unfrocked priest. The cell no. 34 is some sort of a darken and long tunnel, having numerous and strong elements of nightmare. It is a den, it is a sewage, it is a subterranean gut, cold and hostile, it is a depleted mine, it is an extinguished volcano, it is an enough good image of a discolored hell. In this almost unreally sinister place, I will experience the happiest days of my life. How absolutely happy was I able to be, in that room no. 34! (Not even in Brasov, with my mother, in my childhood, not even in the streets of the

mysterious London; not even on the beautiful hills of Muscel, not even in the postal-card-like *mise on scene* in Lucerne; no, nowhere else).

In this room are also numerous young men who are submitted to a special treatment by the wardens and especially by the room-chief. (The hatred of the old men on the new generation; a hatred going so far to the getting allied with the bitterest wardens in order to forge the common front against the *dissolute and disrespectful*. A sort of solidarity of generation and of age, one very resembling to the class solidarity due to which, some of the peasants, of the workers, and of the owners of small-businesses come together in hating the co-detainees who are educated, who are former boyars or bourgeoises, and they hate these more than they hate the representatives of the prison administration).

I have ascertained since the first day that in the whole this prison cell there was a great thirst for poetry. Learning poetries by hart is the most pleasant and the most ceaseless distraction of the prison-life. Blessed are they who know poetries by heart. He who knows the most poetries by heart, he will be well off in detention, and he will owe the hours passing unnoticedly and in dignity, his will be the hole way of *Waldorf-Astoria Hotel*, his will be *Flore* coffee shop. His will be the ice-cream and the lemonades served on the little tables of *Florian* brasserie from San Marco Square. Abbot Faria knew what he was doing while preparing himself for Monte-Christo Island, by learning all his books by heart. And Nikolai Semenovici Leskov didn't even suspect how right was he advising: "Read and try to gain something useful. So that you will have a nice fun in your tomb". The prison being a tomb too, his advice proves to be excellent: he who likes learning poetries by heart, he won't ever get bored in prison – and he won't feel lonely either.

From this point of view, I am quite well off. I know by heart: *The Morningstar, the Letters* of Eminescu, I know numerous poetries belonging to Coşbuc and Topârceanu (the last one is very sought for), I know thousands (I think(verses belonging to Gyr and Crainic (swallowed at the beginning, together with the Morse code, from the veteran legionaries); I memorized a multitude of texts from Verlaine, Lamartine, and Baudelaire; the sonnet of Anvers, of course (*ma vie à son secret, mon amé a son mystique*), Samain – *Au Jardin de l'Liantes* – and when I utter it or when I teach it flies my thought to *Au jardin the l'enfant* from *La Medeleni* and to the Paradisiacal afternoon in the Pitar-Moşu Street.

I immediately have found a circle of young men eager to learn the poetry *Morning Star*. They have been boiling in waiting for somebody who knows it. In the chamber is also a young Lutheran pastor from Braşov, looking like Gosta

Berling; German is his maternal language and he is a poet at his turn. He is a fiery admirer of Reiner Maria Rilke which he translated from; and he knows countless poetries of the great poet, which he recites in a superb manner, with a vibrant feeling and with a special intuition; he has a steel-patience and a benevolence refractory to tiredness. Everything at him oscillated between demigod and saint. If he told us that *Mein Vater Parsifal trägt eine Krone Sein Rittesohn bin ich, Lohengrin gennant*, or if he confessed to us that he was Siegfried himself fallen after his *Rheinfarht* rightly at Reduit, everybody would believe him.

Bruder Harald Sigmund – this is his name, quite a Wagnerian name – he suddenly proves to be that wonder which the inmate can encounter only once, and whom the inmate can find out from what the joy is: courageous, proud, undefeated, polite as at the royal-court of a prince where it always is served *le thé a l'Anglaise*, always smiling and dignified as the characters depicted in the portraits of La Tour, Perronneau, or Van Loo, and in a good mood, never sleepy or gloomy, always wanting and ready to learn anything, to discuss, to listen to somebody, to recount a story, to communicate that what he knows: a gentleman, a noble, a hero. Such a man gives you, powerfully, the nostalgia for the Middle Ages, and you will be engulfed, in the presence of some human being like him, by a bitter enmity on the present days and on the democracy on the tram at rush hour. (*Stop pushing me! If you don't like it, take a cab! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? No, because the tram is way cheaper!*). But look at this: the live *may* mean something else than the supreme ideal of keeping the line or than expelling your neighbor in order you to extend your property.

The presence of the youth – incomparably more enduring (morally-wise, because almost all of them have tuberculosis), and gentler and more back-spined than the old men – and of the pastor, they initiated in that room an atmosphere of grandeur, or hieratic medievalism; there are being blown in the wind invisible purple cloaks, there are shining sharp Damascus edges. Each gesture unveils a smoldering Don-Quixote-ism. I don't know how, but my arrival – for I was disgusting skinny and impressive pale, stinking of frost, shivering even with my gazes, accompanied by an aura of hunger-striker, it is contributing, at its turn, to this atmosphere of noble defiance addressed to the reality. In this prison cell there are two physicians too, who are very kind people, and there are also some soldiers from the Lord's Hoste, and some sectarians who are beekeepers and craving for uttering psalms (I too know some psalms; I have learnt almost all of them from the bonhomous mister Hariton Rizescu, the honorary church-singer of a big church from Bucharest's downtown); and it seems that all of them compete to behave gently with one

another, and everybody is learning poetries, by heart, from early morning to evening, eagerly, and there are recounted serious books, and Bruder Harald surpasses on himself – he recites, he translates, he teaches – and he recounts in details – with modesty, with love, and with the ecumenical sense of the relativity – the life and the doctrine of doctor Martin Luther. From all quarters – as the mountain clouds – it occurs and it is condensed in the prison cell no. 34 that ineffable and unparalleled atmosphere which only the prison can create: something very close to what should have been at the court of Burgundy Dukes, or at the court of King Rene from Arles, or at a *court d'amour provençale*, something very resembling to Paradise, something very Japanese, chivalrous, something that would have made crazy on Henry of Montherlant, on Ernst Jünger, on Ştefan Gore, On Malraux, on Chesterton, on Soljenitin, something composed of courage, of love for paradox, of stubbornness, of holy madness, and of the will for transcending the miserable human condition at all costs; something that evokes the aristocratic names chosen as the most exalting by Barbey d'Aurevilly: Hermangarde de Polastron and Enguerrand de Coucy; something that, without being I able to understanding very clearly now, it recalls me the failed attempt from 20th of July '44 plotted by von Stauffenberg and by the German aristocracy. Something that recalls in my memory also these words belonging to Leon Shestov: "It seems to me that there are two theories, totally opposite to one another, about the origin of the human species. One holds that the man descends from ape, another holds that the man was created by God. They fight awfully. I for one think that both are wrong. My theory is the following: they who believe that the man descends from monkey, they really descend from monkey and they compose an apart race, a race outside the people created by God and who hold that they have been created by God". Something that sounds identically to the imposing rhythm of the verses of Gyr: "Where's Voivode Caragea? *Iancu wants* to see you!". Something that confirms me in a brilliant and tangible way the affirmation of Simone Weil: "Due to joy, the beauty of the world enters our soul. Due to pain, it enters our body". In the prison cell no. 34, the joy – springing out of aristocracy, or poetries, and of defiance – and the pain (because a dreadful cold reigns, the food is totally insufficient, the water is stale, the room is burdening like in a horror movie, and the beatings flow incessantly: any observation of the wardens is accompanied by punching you in your jaws and in your head) everything mixes so inextricably, including the pain, so that it becomes ecstatic happiness and uplifting happiness. The cow eats grass and the grass becomes beef, Likewise, the cat eats fish and the fish becomes cat flesh. The suffering

assimilated by us suddenly becomes euphoria… The verses of Georg Trakl, which I have learnt from father Harald, they too strengthen this sensation:

Wanderer tritt still herein Schmerz versteinerte die Schwelle,

De erglãnzt in reiner Helle Auf dem Tische Brot und Wew.

Yes, it seems that all of us are penetrated by the sensational joy from after the impartation with bread and wine, with the much-clean Body and with the all-cherished Blood. The Hasidic didn't get drunk with plain water only by invoking the name of Sabaoth? Aren't we able, therefore, to transform the misery of this gut of stone and humiliation, into enthusiasm? The lack of enthusiasm, says Dostoyevsky, it is the sure sign of the perdition.

But the very enthusiasm doesn't miss from the room 34, and if so, nobody and nothing will be lost. We do not feel shame either because of cold exaltations, or because of some kind of uninterrupted, courteous, and solemn enthusiasm, also according to the recommendation formulated by Dostoyevsky whose words - "The man doesn't exist except if there is God and immortality" - we repeat smiling meaningfully and which appear to us blindingly obvious.

And here, in the prison cell no. 34, it is shown to me again that what stroke me while being in the prison cell no. 18: the fact that the wonder is part of the real life, namely that the wonder is a component of the world. Adhemar Esmein, in the domain of the constitutional law, he of course ascertained the same thing when arguing – against the so-called realists of the juridical science – that the fictions are, at their turn, realities too. In the prison cell no. 34, the wonder is known and accepted as an undisputable fact. The wonder is also the way we behave with another, by competing with one another in being us helpful, in talking gently to one another, in making one's life as pleasant and possible. A perquisition has confiscated my only little bottle used by me for preserving that black liquid which – to my luck – we are served with, in the morning, instead of the more substantial porridge. Because I don't eat anything we are served with, that "coffee" is a precious reserve. The confiscation of that little bottle takes catastrophic proportions. The perquisition took place in the morning and because of having that little bottle I have been violently beaten and threatened. In the evening, at the bed time (nominal, because the lightbulbs never stop spreading that strong light), I have found under the blanket a little bottle, one bigger in size than the previous one. The benefaction is according to the strictest critical precepts, because I do not know who has placed that bottle there, I cannot ask anyone about that, and I cannot know who was. This benefaction (and how comes that this precious object escaped such a severe perquisition?) is a free act in full Gide-an meaning, it is even more free than the crime of Lafcadio. The absolute discretion recommended by

the Savior is here present in an undefiled manner. This gesture overwhelms me and the shivers of my pride cross through me; I am shaken and – how could that not be? – I water my so-called pillow with the hot tears of the happiness.

January, the Year 1960

In the first prison cell from the Secret Police: Mircea M., a former journalist at "Universul", caught in a net of dangerous entanglements. He looks at me with much – but also strived for – benevolence. One can see how grinded by harassments he is. Being I a new-comer, the wardens haven't confiscated my little piece of bread brought by me from home, and I am giving Mircea M. the occasion, for the first time in two years, to eat a little piece of white-bread.

I often come back beaten from investigation. First-lieutenant Onea, he preferred to apply on me the method of banging my head against the wall, repeatedly and for a long time, while on some other times he preferred to trample me (he wears long heavy boots). There is also comrade major Jack Simon, wearing a mustache and having a cold heart, having a crystalline voice, who is announcing me that he has decided, because of my quality of legionary Jew, to kill me with his bare hands. By now I am tied to a pole, a solution disproportionate in comparison to his menace, but that is equally unpleasant. When I am brought back into the prison cell, Mircea M. behaves very gently, he soaks both towels – mine and his – with a parental but a little embarrassed gentleness (because he is younger than me) and places those towels on my head, on my ribs, on my soles, depending on the case.

One late evening, when I am being brought back, Mircea M. is guessing my disturbance, though I am not physically harmed. I am recounting him – because of my despicable impulse to the talkative confession – what has happened. I have been again confronted with her. The officers manifested their discontent regarding the "stuff", but they didn't insist, and in the end – *mirabilis res* – leisurely lighting up their cigarettes and starting chatting with one another, they signaled us that we can get close to one another and having a free conversation. She came closer to me and she talked to me. I didn't answer her. Still, I was embarrassed, I wasn't hearing so clearly, and it seemed to me taking too long. The two officers continued their pseudo-conversation as two extras, while in the middle of the scene evolved the two main heroes of the play.

She kept talking to me for quite a long while, and then she told the officers that we finished our discussion. Taking her time, she kissed me twice, once on each of my cheeks, gently.

My little story seems sensational to Mircea M. and worthy of being recorded in the yearbooks of the Secrett Police. He is asking me to tell him that story again. He is enjoying what he is hearing, and he is not stopping from commenting it: “Women, mister, Women. You never know with them”.

It is more complicated than that. But the crisis of confession has passed away from me and I am renouncing to more elaborate explanations. Anyway, he has liked the recounted things, he has had fun hearing those, and he has got appeased. He is no longer under investigation, he is under narcosis, he is in the wonderful land of the gossiping, he hast hit the endless road of the manly bewilderment in front of the feminine sphynx. *Ich bin der Räuber Orbazan*.

Each evening my prison-cell comrade prays, briefly. (In the imprisonment at the Secret Police one was allowed to worship. I will find out, later on, that in the actual prisons worshipping wasn’t allowed). When my comrade stands, I too stand next to him, motionless, troubled that I cannot associate myself to his prayer except via a vague and inconclusive gesture of politeness. I do not mark myself with the sign of the cross.

I’m now in the second cell at the Secret Police. N. N. P., who has converted himself to Catholicism, he is encouraging me. He prays a lot; he recited the rosary of Saint Anthon. I am telling him that I would like to be baptized. That is rather an older dream of mine, a tendency, now without any chance of being fulfilled; I am staring realizing that by openly speaking about that, it is becoming a lasting desire reached to an impatience stage.

When I am brought back from registrar where they had let me know what I have been accused of (and I have been unable to stop a nervous rictus: *thirteen years of forced labor* have seemed so melodramatic to me), I am telling N. N. P. that is very unlikely I to resist to the end and that I better should be administrated the baptism. But how? Maybe my fate will not allow me do it. N. N. P. - who is an older inmate than M. M. – is assuring me that I won’t be kept for long at the Secret Police and I will doubtlessly find in the actual prison a priest who will accept to baptize me, of course clandestinely but still validly. All the prison cells are full of all kinds of clerics, but they actually fear to baptize, because of that being reckoned as a very grave deed; I am accepting this advice, once I have decided to use the first occasion I will come across to.

The impossible. This is what we are asked for.

Otherwise, there is no escape, neither exit, nor beatitude. (Neither the little quietude).

The juridical adagio isn’t applied to morals: on the contrary, *c'est á l'impossible qu'on est tenu. The precept of law (á l'impossible nul n'est tenu*) *has* a validity strictly limited to the synallagmatique domain.

Only that there are two sorts of impossible: there is the impossible impossible and there is the possible impossible. The impossible impossible – the physical impossible – has not importance at all and it lack any signification. The example provided by the old lawyers – though today is no longer funny – it is as conclusive as one can get: you cannot commit yourself by a contract to go to the Moon. Of course, that principle doesn't want to tell to much. But you are not required that. You are required something else. Youa re not required to go to the Moon. Youa re required – and that's totally different – the Moon from the sky. And it preferrable is about the blue Moon.

As long as we do not exit the possible, the bookkeeping, we neither can conceive nor can we claim the Paradise.

What could I do? is asking the executioner of the orders issued by a tyrannical political regime? What could I do? is asking the soldier who received an abominable mission. Nothing, of course, they couldn't do anything. And neither they must be condemned because they didn't do anything and because of obeying. That's why the trials from Nurenberg are a mistake and a shame. But they still could do something – and without risking anything: they could avoid committing the sin of being stupid, namely they could avoid being excessively zealous in committing those crimes and, on the opposite, they could execute their orders slowly and with disgust, they could postpone a little, they could take it totally slowly. They could do this, but, sadly, many of them didn't do it.

And if one had wanted (and if he had been able to) to be a saint or a hero or a Christian, he would have done just this: the impossible. He wouldn't have executed those orders at any costs! (And to an action that transcends and that brecks up the monotony of the automatic life, one could suppose that God won't answer that by indifference). It could be that the definition of the heroism and of the holiness to be this: achieving the impossible. You cannot – because you are a man in the street – to step on the Moon or on Mars, but you can conquer the Moon on the sky: it suffices you to do something that is impossible to the fearful prudence and to the logics that is characteristic to the bookkeeping. Executing without hurry, cunningly, reticently the tyrannical orders, for instance, it belong to the possible impossible and to the freedom of refusing. The world's laws, therefore, are not an impediment on the way that leads to Paradise: they are a harder impediment that can still be removed by reconsidering the notion (one superficially examined) of impossibility.

(The man in the street. As he wouldn't enter a church – whose latches knew how to say no to the Roman emperors -, or as he wouldn't have a house where he spends his night and where and when he can meditate; this is for the

owl stays sapiently next to goddess Pallas due to the fact that after the day's rush there follows the nocturnal and calm thinking).

The fruitless fig tree. I think this is the meaning of the so unjust – at a first glance parable, where Jesus rather recuses the fig tree, He tells to that tree "Leave from My sight", than He curses it. Christ doesn't require us to work according to terms and rules as in banks. This is a nice motif: it's not my time! The time for committing the good deeds is every time. And it is always the time to indebt Christ. And as the Kingdom of God will come unnoticedly, like a thief, likewise the deeds foretelling the Kingdom of God disregard the terms and the contracts.

As the friendships would consist of answering: and will help you *if I can*. Such a friendship… Friend is that man who helps you without the verb *to help* being followed by a circumstantial complement of time or of place or of mode. And the Lord loves so much calling us as His friends!

Out of the parable of the talents it turns out that that man who has left for far away destinations, he summoned his servants and he gave them his wealth, he is God Himself: on that servant who gave back the only one talent he was entrusted with and who answered: "Lord, I knew you as being a harsh master, who reaps there where you haven't sown, and who gathers there where you didn't scattered", the master doesn't contradict the servant but, on the opposite, the master even confirms that characterization by repeating it (Mt. 25: 26). And immediately after that follow the strange words: "For to everyone who had it will be given and he will have abundantly, and from him who doesn't have it will be take even what he doesn't have".

It turns out from here that one cannot apply to God the simplistic ideas contrived by us the people, about justice and that our relationships with God are not based on a *do ut des* from accountancy, which would make us always be creditors and passive beneficiaries.

God reaps also there where He haven't sown: this means that we ought to give from ourselves, we must strive ourselves, we must lend, we must have initiatives. The attitude of: I haven't done anything evil! I haven't hurt anyone! I do what I can! I cannot do more! Is – in *their* description – a passerby's attitude, it is in contradiction with the parable of the talents and it proves us not having understood what the sin of being lazy is and how concretely God reckons the urge: the heavens must be conquered. Such an attitude neither understands how perseveringly we are requested the effort and the aspiration towards impossible, it not even the impossible itself.

One cannot joke to God: “Get out of your country and of your kinship and of the house of your father”, “come and follow Me”, “Wash and clean up yourself!”, “Go and shout out”, “Stand up, take your bed and walk away”.

One cannot stay put; there is no place for lukewarmth, for comfort, for soft-dreaming; Oblomov is condemned; in laziness, in illness, and in madness nobody can invoke any pretext. (Not even in justice: the fig tree).

But then, why is Martha rebuked? That’s why because she is attached to unimportant things and she toils vainly and she loses the measure in her agitation. The lord summons us to serious things: *the death is upon us* and we are smoking in our bed (as Oblomov) or we toil for some meals as they would be essences (as Martha did)!

The most useful phrase in order you to come closer to Christendom and for you to start seeing a trace of light, it is composed of these few but astonishing words of Sir Thoman More (*Saint Thomas* More, as he is called– with justified care – by the English Catholics), words addressed by him to a friend whom he wanted to prove that he trusted him absolutely so that he told him with serious sincerity: *I trust I make myself obscure*.

One has never uttered more dizzying words, except: I believe, Lord! Help my faithlessness! – which I am saying about that even if out of the whole *Bible* only those words had remained, they would have been enough for proving the divine essence of the Christendom. Although Papini affirms that the *Blessings* are the text which the earthly globe and the mankind can invoke, in order they to justify their purpose in the frame of a cosmical contest, to me “I believe God! Help my faithlessness” sems even more apophatic, more ultimate. This text is paradoxical, and it is the mystery itself of the act of faith by the effect of which even the covalent connections of the genetic code – the mystery isn’t something that misses from there! – are left far behind. I don’t believe but I still am praying. I believe but I still am ware of not truly believing. I believe once I call Christ as “Lord”. But I am also not believing once I am calling him to come and help my faithlessness. (And whom am I asking for healing me of my faithlessness? Him whom I follow to believe in!). The causation is abolished, the law of succession in time – as also everything that is psychic material – disappears. I bot believe and not-believe, simultaneously. The doubling. The contradiction. The incertitude, the anguish. The conscience poisoning everything, it is poisoning the faith too, because on the very moment we realize our faith we transform it in disbelieve, because by thinking the faith we get the faith out of ineffable, or candor.

But the exit too, the hope, nothing has been lost: this is for, humbly, I am adding: help me, by taking heed at my human condition that is undeniably

tied to paradox and contradiction. The simultaneity of this text should lead one to despair if there wasn't that *help me* that – a grain of salt, and infinitesimal catalysator having humongous transformation powers and unsuspected combinatory consequences – it solves the quadrature and it transforms the shouting out of the bewilderment into the tears of the trust.

There in the prison cell where I met N. N. P. – the nephew of painter Gh. Petraşcu – it was my fate to experience the most atrocious unhappiness. The coincidences worked with an unabated precision. I was trapped in that snare, I was being tormented by something which I wasn't able to be *absolutely sure* about – but it seemed to me impossible to be otherwise -, I was in the situation of not having any confidant whom I could confess without endangering myself, not trusting even the nice guy whom I was in that prison cell with. And I was locked up in a room measuring only four of five square meters. The abyss was next to me: lurking, as in the Poe's story, with snakes, rats, stinky water, darkness, and worms. The space, or actually the time I had, unlike in Poe's novel, it was inexorably shrinking. And regarding the troupes of general Lasalle – which in Poe's case brought the solution by setting free the inmate of the Inquisition – they told me during the investigation I had been submitted to: even if your Americans had started coming with the wheelbarrow (maybe that's why in the prison slang the common-law prisoners – whom we were calling as pinguins -, they were calling us as Americans) and they still would have been already arrived, so that there were no general Lasalle's troupes by any means, because the miracles of the XIX Century vanished away. I met back then the dread face to face; I understood back then what the *wall* or Sartre means, and the darkness, and the derision, and the corner. So, I didn't escape. The head does it, the head suffers it. I was caught inside an oven. That what you wanted you had it, boy. In mud. And from nowhere. And the pit, and the abyss, and patience in the same place. And then I threw myself in the unknown water, without I knowing how to swim and with my eyes closed; into the hot oven. Believing only by half, or by quarter, or even less, or maybe not at all, but I was so miserable that the misfortune itself substituted the faith and I was entrusted. I felt no shame for that. *No, I felt no shame* for praying myself. And maybe that's why I was heard.

But I think I'd better recount you in details what the things took place like. I found out on 11th of December that Trixi got arrested (the "Marquise" answered my phone call and told me: she is not at home, she has got admitted to hospital), I knew that my turn was soon coming. A few days passes without anything happening, and that only made me wonder even more. Among all the people who had drank tea out of the *Rosenkavalier* tea set, I remained the only

one walking free. I soke to my dad. My dad encouraged me by telling me that there still could be the possibility to happen nothing to me, but we ought to analyze all the eventualities. We had consulted with one another and I reached in my mind the superstitious conclusion that if I was not arrested until the end of the year, that would mean that I was spared. I made out of the day of 31st of December some sort of magical landmark, something whispering from unknown depths that I wouldn't be wrong. Thirty and... Actually thirty, because who is making arrests on the New Year Day?

I am communicating this precise term to my dad. If they won't take me until then, we will celebrate the New Year together. My dad accepts it. He has now past eighty-two. He wants a little turkey and, mandatorily, some carp caviar.

You sometimes wonder hos the cancerous doesn't realize – despite him visibly loosing weight and despite him being warned for many times by the doctor consequently to performing blood tests and biopsy, and despite him experiencing excruciating pains – what illness he does have. But neither do I know better. The days continue dripping and despite I have no possibility for knowing perfectly well that it is exclude and unimaginable I to be arrested, I have started to nourish increasingly idiotic hopes. I am even visited by the insane thought that, who knows, *all of them* had really plotted and I was the only one whom they unveiled nothing. I play theater to myself, and I forge to myself a reality which the logics has been cast out with a kick. I taste, as usual, the charm of the Christmas days – which always are the most beautiful days of the year since ever; you could be made of stone and of snag and you still would get emotional – which passed away without any major incidents. On 24th of December I read, as I have been doing on each year until now, the *Christmas Carol* belonging to Dickens, and neither this time I have managed to avoid shading some tears.

And then my thought has started to carry me to the New Year Day; my thought hurries me up to finish up the preparations for New Year's celebration. This term chosen by you totally arbitrarily – my mind stings me – makes no sense; you could be as well arrested on the first, on the second, or on the third of January. No, I know what I know: something totally unnamable makes me sure that if the day of 31st of December passes, that's it, I won't even be arrested. I have been feeling the intense, imminent, stalking danger, until 31th of January.

During all this interval, I have been often seeing Madame Z., aunt Lenuţa, the mother of Al. Pal. Her simple faith, maybe superstitious, of the lady, it impresses me. She is from morning to evening at the church from

Batiştei, with akathists. Shen know, unlike her little-intelligent husband (her second husband) – *un ancient beau* – ("I don't think the investigators would be so evil. They are going to rebuke the inmates for a little while, in order they to get more sapient, and then they are going to set them free") – that the things got irreversible; but she still hopes. (She has and she hasn't cancer). This is my first contact with the wonder as a daily fact, asked for and waited for. Lady Lenuţa believes in miracles; the wonders can get materialized, otherwise she would' t be at the church from Batiştei waiting for father Cazacu in order to hand him over the akathists and she would be at the pharmacy.

Here comes father Cazacu arrives, tall, formidable, wearing a bishop beard, and having a voice of a communal heralder, of heralder of God. Of course I am marking myself with the sign of the cross, as I've been doing since my childhood. (Only in the prison cell, standing next to Mircea M., I was unable to mark myself with the sign of the cross: that was the last, the despaired, and the stupid opposition of the enemy. I bewildered madam Băl, who was so friendly to me, when I marked myself with the sign of the cross at the gate of the legionary cemetery situated at the entrance in Predeal city when you come from Azuga and Buşteni.

I hope and I don't hope. The 27th, the 28th, and the 29 have passed. So: caviar, turkey, fries, peas, fruits, and cake. I have a multitude of trips to make; the turkey if being roasted for us by a female neighbor who lives in the next apartments-block. Some sort of agitate pseudo-certitude takes me over, and later on it becomes a secret surety: if the 29th passes too, they won't do me any harm. The first of January falls this time on a Friday; on Sunday the 2nd is a legal holiday. Sunday is Sunday; Thursday evening will be the New Year's Eve – and everybody will turn back to work only on Monday the 4th. But Monday the 4th seems to be on another planet, in another eon.

(I found out later than the automobile crash and the death of Camus took place on that day).

My dad is very preoccupied with the preparations for New Year's Eve. He keeps asking me when will I go and buy bread. It would be wise to buy a little more than usual. And he keeps urging me not to forget about buying caviar.

The days of 29th and 30th flow away undisturbed. Nobody rings at the door, we sleep peacefully. My conviction is that nothing will happen to me. But that proved to be a stupid and animalic conviction. I very clearly know that I am the only one remaining at large and that *it is impossible* not to be I too taken away. And then, how would I look if I wasn't arrested? Couldn't one say that that was a curious thing, a suspect thing, a *devilishly fishy thing*? Among all the people who were seeing father Mihai only himself has remained free; and

how many things people say about that! Would I want the same for me? Why am I the only one non-arrested? It seemed to be that in the looks of Madam Lenuţa – who otherwise behaved to me always with an extreme gentleness – there was an apparent but still tormenting doubt about me. Couldn't I be the whistleblower of the group, the *rat*? (This argotic wording is now on the lips of the intellectuality and of the aristocracy, since their members are the main clients of the prisons). I know that I am clean, so that I am strolling haughtily together with madam Z. in the streets around the Baptist church, while I am explaining her the two etymologies of the name: coming from Gianbatista Vecelli, or Vevelli, the favorite of Mihnea the Great, or from a creek, Batiştea, an affluent of Colentina River – such a poor displaying of rudimentary erudition, but one still providing us the possibility for escaping a little the misery of the entire situation. I am reassuring her that I am resigned, that I won't forsake Dinu anymore, that… - and I am staring to use my poor French – I will stand with him (*dussé-je en avoir pour quinze ans*). I may be… no, not maybe! I surely am, consciously or not, exaggerating – though I feel so afraid (it is a fear stuck throughout all my body) of being condemned to even more time in prison. I am terribly afraid, I didn't know before how fearful I could be. This is an awful discovery and I cannot see any healing to it. I am afraid, that's it, totally, I am entering my fear like one would put his diver-suit on. I still am able – for now, at least – to control my fear, so hid it out. I am still not gnashing my teeth, I sill am not livid, I am still not vomiting green gall. But these too are going to come, judging according to hos fearful I am. For now, I am making some changes to the grocery-list for the New Year's Eve party I am going to throw for my dad, I am doing the shopping, I am parading the streets with madame Lenuţa, and I am seeking for a transcendental refuge in speaking in French; to some ears like those of madame Z. my French must seem so striving.

Autumn, the Year 1966

In the play of Arthur Miller, *After the Fall*, it is written a phrase whose absolute and prophetical value followed to be confirmed and amplified in time, during the years which the drugs, the hallucinogenic substances, the compounds of the lysergic acid (LSD) and the marihuana (*pot*), the mescaline, the peyotl, the olilouqui, the teonanacatl (I know all these names from Gigi Tz. Who copied them from an American review) or the narcotics – opiates, hashish, heroin – and all the products deified by Thoman Learey and by his countless followers, they have become mass merchandise and consumer goods: *but no pill can make **us** innocent.*

Yes, the pill can help us to sleep, or rather can make us drowsy, or they can provide us with a way to evade the reality through a disconnected indifference. But they cannot provide us our innocence. Only Christ can give it back to us and only Him can help us to preserve our innocence, on His paradoxical – as ever – way: by giving us the sentiment of our culpability.

Christ works so paradoxically on the sinners, on the life, and on the death.

Karl Barth: the grace of the justification is our life; the grace of the holiness is our death. And than means that, in the work of the justification the Lord tells to the dead one (namely to the sinner): live! Then, after He took the sinner out of his sins, in other word out of his death, an He has called the sinner to life, He is the same telling now to the living: die! The repented sinner – the former dead who has been called to life – he is going to die to all the worldly things. "Under these two determinations and under no other determination must be lived the Christian life".

Lo the entire dialectics of *mors et vita*: first it resurrects you and then it will kill you: in order you to truly be alive. Ah, is this is the life, then the life **won't** be easy because of being **some sort** of death. We say: the life is such a such… but maybe we don't even know what the true life is (as we don't know what death is either), because we lurk in the burdening heat of the penumbra belonging to a *limbus* and among the confusions of a vague language… because of us being lukewarm.

Out of the sentence formulated by Arthur Miller it turns out also that we are unable to create the happiness and the quietude by ourselves, on a material way, and that they *are given us from above*.

31st of December, the Year 1959

I am not at all surprised by the fact that my dad is waking me very early on the morning of the 31st. I am perfectly calm, I slept well, I jumped over the creek, I am not risking anything on that New Year's Eve. But why is my dad waking me up? Maybe he is worried about buying bread.

I am checking my wristwatch: it is five in the morning. I am assuring him that I have all the time in the world.

It is not about bread; he is telling me. You have business to do. You have been summoned somewhere at eight o'clock. And he is showing me a note written on a piece of paper. Yes, I am summoned for eight o'clock at the headquarters situated on Ştefan Furtună Street. As witness. I am understanding, but not entirely: why as a witness? Why haven't they come to pick me up in the middle of the night, as they did to all others?

I smile to myself bitterly and offended, looking at me in the bathroom mirror while shaving myself. It is not so much about fear but it is rather about feeling myself mocked, fooled: on the last moment! Grabbed, as they say, from the wagon's ladder. What irony; they play me without any hurry, as the cat does to the mouse. That's why the cat is devilish for it laughs at the prey before eating it.

I am madly pissed off. That ironical and sour smile of the pessimistic who know that everything can only end badly, it stays on my face even when I am ready, until the end. Mocked. As a mouse played by a cat.

My dad is short, rather fatty, having a shoulder a little crooked, and he walks with difficulty. He was an engineer and he worked until he was seventy-nine years old, in the year 1956, in a factory, in an office. (At Scăeni, lately, when I asked about him in the hall where the furnaces are, the glass workers answered me by nodding or by pointing up with their hand. I thought they were kidding me. No way, my dad couldn't be up there climbed on the oven at only few centimeters from the ceiling! But my dad told me: if the engineer is unable to replace any of his employees and if he doesn't know how to do their job better than they do, than such an engineer will be lost). He fought the war as officer. He was decorated. He was granted the citizenship by a special law voted by parliament before the year 1914. But, after all, who and what he is? he is an old Jew living in Bucharest, a very small pensioner, he has some memories, he has a few friends, he has a few decorations hidden in a little box, he has only one son. We live both in the same room. I caused him troubles for the whole my life; he always said: my son isn't a bad boy, but he is an old-child. It is impossible him not to see how afraid I am and how offended by my fate I am reckoning myself in this morning and how tormented I am. And what a danger stalks him too.

The shorty (I am calling him like that, and I'm not exaggerating) is showing himself very calm. He urges me to put some of my things in a little valise (it is a little valise belonging to Lilly's mother and I won't ever be able to give it back to its owner) and he is encouraging me. My dad's calm is being conveyed a little to me too. But I am still feeling myself very agitated and discontent. And especially tricked out. On the last day! On the las moment! On 31st!

The summoning citation came on the 30th evening while I wasn't at home and it was handed over under the signature of my dad. But he didn't show it to me when I arrived home, quite late, in order that not to disturb my night rest. (And I am experiencing for the first time, barely perceptible and very vaguely, a premonition, a first proof of the aristocratic and generous spirit which I

followed to encounter often and amply during my detention; for now, it is only some sort of subliminal image, a glimmer, a light tremor, but the gesture of my dad – whom keeping his silence and behaving like nothing happened wasn't an easy task to – it is making me emotional).

I heard in prison recounted – the versions of the story differ quite much from one another – the movie *The General from Rovere*. It is a production of the Italian neo-realism, and it is, in the same time, the recount of transfiguration case, one having a fragrance of Pirandello's plays. A wicked guy from Rome ends to be, due to some entangled circumstances, in the situation of playing the role of a count-general who was the chief of the Italian resistance from the South of the country during the German occupation. Some physical resemblance facilitates him play that tole which he gradually falls in love with, as he also falls in love with that environment so new and surprising for him, of the political detainees where the sacrifice and the honor are common things. Although the Germans use him only in order to uncover the true identity of the real chief of the resistance, he cannot make the decision for betraying the man whom he had identified even from the first days. This is so similar to the actor who no longer wants to get off the throne in the paly *The Emperor*; the wicked guy identified himself to the character he plays. Finally, he is asked to unveil to the Germans the identity of the person they wanted. The former crook, pimp, and falsifier, he takes his new identity seriously and he accepts to pay for his false identify with his blood. The prison's chief-warden, a German officer, sends him in front of the firing squad, but not without respecting him. The false general-count ends his life solemnly, tragically, and chivalrous. And maybe neither the true general-count wouldn't have died more courageously and with more fiery greatness.

The hero of the movie gets transformed, the play becomes reality to him; the embodied character becomes totally subsumed to him, but that character doesn't surpass him according to the Jean Genets' theory that says that the imposture can be sometimes more convincing than the authentic model.

The story of this movie conquers me and impresses me terribly (the magical attraction of the noblesse and the inciting possibility of the transfiguration): I am paying attention to the story, emotionally. It seems so wonderful to me the Christian-Pirandello-ist transformation of the hero, a miserable thief transformed in a noble hero!

Similarly, the example of the Spanish actress forms the XVI Century: she played the character of a nun. At the end of that show, she refused to change her clothes and she declared that she wanted to remain a nun for the rest of

her life and she immediately entered a monastery. The public, on their knees, opened a corridor for her towards her final destination.

The Roman actor who, after mocking on stage a baptized Christian, he declared himself a real Christian, he was loudly applauded by the crowd for his so natural acting, for he was touched by grace, until they understand that the neophyte wasn't joking and so he was taken to his death.

Alphonse de Châteaubriand, in his *La response du Seigneur*, says: The becoming is the general rule, anyone and everything can become anybody or anything else. The bird can become a rose; the man can become a saint or a hero.

After they clock up their shop, the young Japanese sellers do not hurry up home; they gather together to listen, full of reverent feelings and until late at night, to stories with noble samurais guided by Bushido principles.

(I wonder that in *The Myth of the Twentieth Century*, Alfred Rosenberg identified only the punishing value of the blood, or the blood as static seal of the unchangeability, while the blood is an irresistible elixir that can transform and wash up everything and everybody).

I am the general from Rovere. Anyone can make of himself, at any time, a samurai!

Christendom is transmutation, not of the chemical elements but of the man. *Metanoia*. This is the GREAT WONDER of Christ God: not the multiplication of the wine, or the fish, of the bread, not the healing of the blind from birth, or the palsy, of the lepper, no, neither the resurrection of the daughter of Iair, or of the son of the widow from Nain or of Lazarus – all of those being signs for the too-little-believers, or done in order the commandments to be fulfilled or for the glory of God to be shown or they were manifestations of the Lord's mercy (*I feel mercy for the crowd; And seeing her the Lord had mercy on her*), all of them were concessions of the divinity -, but the transformation of the creature.

To what extent can this transformation go: to the asked for crucifixion upside-down of Peter, who rejected the Lord before Lord's crucifixion.

31st of December, the Year 1959

I have with me the little valise, I have in my pocked a few tablets of vitamin C and of some analgesic, and a thick book. At the headquarters of the Secret Police I am immediately received, with much politeness, and invited into a big and beautiful room, and placed on a chair in front of a little table. At a long table, on the other side of the room, an entire commission composed by officers is being installed. I am being submitted to an interrogatory, starting

with my identification. Everything is going very ceremoniously and amiably. Despite my fury and my upset with my fate haven't left me, I am holding enough calmly the thick Book which I have placed on the table in front of me and, during the recesses, I read. From time to time, I smoke a cigarette (*of course, you are allowed to, you are not defendant, but you are a witness*), or I suck a vitamin C.

The interrogatory lasts until three o'clock sharp. Anyway, as ascertainment: I haven't been summoned in order I to be arrested, so I won't be detained, they are telling me. I am getting lost in vague formulations, but my partners know what they want. I don't like two things at all: the question: "What criminal connections did you have with C. Noica?" and their smiles and whispers which they met with my words when I have told them about my encounter with *at the river*. (I have convened with her that that was the way I will describe how I met in Al Pal. in Câmpulung; at that time, he was in clandestinity, wearing a mustache and he adopted the name Crăifăleanu). So, it mattered the fact that I confirmed an answer already known by them. The questions are starting flowing more rapidly, the tone is becoming colder. But I am not ceding. I do not admit the criminal character of those meetings. And to my immense surprise, I am persevering quite assertively in my refusal, and I am giving a declaration that is reckoned as totally unsatisfying and insincere.

There is following a whole "comedy": they draw the curtains (made of dark-colored velvet) in order to create a panic atmosphere. Strained recesses. The commission keeps getting in and out. There are also *false getting outs*, as in a theater play: the commission is stopping on the threshold, while getting out, and they are changing their mind and they are turning back in. They are promising me the Moon from the sky, some of those promises being quite pleasant. Then they are foretelling me the grave and sinister misfortunes consequences of my fanaticism. I am being advised to get into my senses. It is being invoked to me the old age of my dad whom I cannot leave – of course – to die like a dog. Otherwise, they all seem to have about my father the nicest appreciation. They are suggesting me that if I accept to become their informant, I will live a good life. I will be able to leave the factory whenever I would want, that being arranged in an instant. And what will I have to do? Almost nothing: once a month, or ever more rarely, or maybe more often – that will be eventually established – I will pay a small visit, not, not here, a very discrete visit somewhere, at a secret place, in a common apartments block. (Their proposals are being similar to the description of the Arnotenes, or verses of Muşatescu, of Toneghin, of Pribeagu). And, come on – they are saying -, it is impossible you not to understand, regardless how reactionary I would be (-

smiles-) I actually could not be partisan of the Hitlerisms or of the Jew-killers. I cannot be accomplice to some assassins having on their hands the blood of my coreligionists. I couldn't be so blind, so stupid, so insane. So that the only things they are asking me is an act of justice. And what are they asking from me? Only to say that in my presence hostile-to-communist-regime discussions were held and the people discussing there were plotting against the security of the State-order and that, because of my weakness, I allowed myself to be dragged into those discussions and I have not the courage to immediately announce the authorities, but now I am realizing it, and now I am regretting it, and now I am signing the things declared above.

That declaration that I am signing at three o'clock (maybe one minute past?) in front of a visibly impatient commission (now the curtains are allowing the grey light from outside to enter that room – and outside seems to be a little wet and that street is clothed in nostalgia – *this is the time urging me the most to drink* and to prepare for celebrating the New Year's Eve), that declaration is being sensationally unconclusive for the purposes of the investigation and it is providing me with an unexpected (I only transitorily experienced that before) feeling of elevation: not only that I haven't accused anybody of anything, not only that I haven't admitted anything, but also I have signed only after have been made – on the side of the papers – all the small rectifications which I have been insistently asking for. The notes on the edges of the pages are giving to my declaration the countenance of a thesis corrected by a severe teacher.

I cannot believe that that one has been being me. I can see that I have been playing my role to the very end. I am discovering myself for the first time as being stubborn. And I am noticing that I have been loving to play theater. But I am still afraid.

This is because that was only the first act of the play, if not only the prologue. They have given me three days for thinking, following that I'll be back here on Monday 4th of January, and I am being told that if I don't change my mind I'll see! Still, the politeness is not totally ceasing. I am both advices and threatened; the promised are not withdrawn. They are seeming to insinuate to me that I was granted the satisfaction of a first round for "saving my clean face", and so that on Monday we are going to do some thorough businesses and we are going to cross from whims to obedience.

Still, after leaving, I am feeling terribly eased and happy. A shadow: before I left, there remained alone with me the officer who restituted me my ID card, and he told me, gravely and with a cold voice: come into your senses! His tone was – how could I describe it? – fatidic.

It was, for almost all the time, about my dad. They valued greatly his persuasion force, his wisdom, his sapience, and his seriousness. He is going to show me what I should do. Without any doubt. I am offered three days in order to have a counsel with him. And what have you brought this little valise with you for? Ah! You have supposed that you will be arrested. This is a provocative gesture. We haven't summoned you here in order to arrest you. If we wanted to arrent you, we would proceed differently. (That's right). We have summoned you as witness free to declare true things, so that you to help the investigation, and you have come with your valise prepared for arresting. This is provocation! Finally, go home and have a chat with your old man for you trust him, and come back on Monday… we all are increasingly in a hurry…

These things of the faith started long time ago. Rudolf Otto taxonomizes: *mysterium fascinans* and *mysterium tremendum*.

Let me treat them one at a time. The fascination started for me almost from ever, namely in my childhood, while I was living in that commune bearing a thief name: Pantelimon. In order to reach there, you totally leave the city. No Bucharest's inhabitant dared to enter that outskirt after night's falling. The jealous and proud lads had their reserved neighborhood and they allowed no outsider accessing it. There were many drunkards, of course, how that could not be? there were big dogs barking in the night's silence at passersby, there were potholed roads, dust, and mud. But everything, and not only to the child who I was, it was projected on some kind of patriarchal peace, on everybody's belief that the world in its depths was still not hostile and evil; that, actually, the people won't leave you and that a piece of bread and a glass of wine you was still able to find somewhere; and that until your death – of course – you was not in danger to be thrown out from your place and from your nest; and that there weren't to happen dreadful things. (Some sort of *cover* of the Lord's Mother was guaranteeing to the good people – and we all are actually good people – the far away and improbable character of the tragedies).

At Capra church that was closer to the city, almost all the inhabitants of the Pantelimon attended the religious services on Sundays and on holidays; they at least stood outside the church. As factory owners and as invitees of the priest Mărculescu, my parents attended those religious services too. The church, lacking any beauty but being quite roomy, it had bells with prolonged sounds, with a grave beat, in contrast to the poverty of the place, and they ringed often, insidiously and nobly. Those bells, which I was limpidly hearing despite I lived far from the church, they constituted the sonorous and the emotional background of my first years of life. They defended me, at least for a while, and they too banished away the evil ghosts, the hails, and the cunning

witchcrafts; they sweetened, with their sound, the increasing hideous or bewildering traits of the reality: of the surrounding reality, of the inward reality (where the latent image coming out of unclear, crossing from negative to positive as a developing photography, started meeting me with a defying grin). Blessed be Saint Pauling of Nola the initiator of the use of the bells in churches. Blessed be father Gala Galaction for finding – so two-faced or three-faced as he was – for some of his books titles having a wonderful echo: *The Bells of Monastery Neamțu, Next to Vladislava Water*, *The Little Church among Cornfields*. (From Pantelimon to Fundeni there were stretching gardens, meadows, lakes, a greenery good for resting, and sapient weeds, and small vineyards – and you rather encountered flock of sheep than agricultural exploitations, and that was a Mioritic detail strayed beyond fences and pastures; they confirmed Eminescu's opinion that the gentleness of the Romanian people originates in their pastoral wellness that is always superior to that of the agricultural peoples).

Tere were also – I am remembering that quite clearly – the Easter bells which sounded differently: they didn't urge people to gentleness, as on Christmas, but they stirred you up, insistently, denying your peace.

(On Christmas all the things were good: the fir-tree and the cakes and the carols and the little baby Jesus. On Easter all the things were odd and burdening: the fasting and the burial service and the evil cross and the fearsome crucifixion of Christ).

Any human being has *a childhood street*. (A water well influencing the years of the beginning of the ancestral sin). Mine was there, in that so common Pantelimon, between Capra and Fundeni – and in the endless yard of a timber-factory, maybe the cleanest industry deeply impregnated by the smell of the hewn down wood and of the wood dust. (After raining a sharp perfume is spread out of the soaked wet wood). The fascination of a Romanian city-outskirt from the *good old days*. Is the soul fascinated for the place where he happened to be? To me that was a strong feeling – though accomplished with so modest means. What can be more unimportant, more perishing that the acacia tree from the destitute courtyards and the pubs of the smart merchants?

From the beginning, from my childhood's eternity. *Tremendum* came later, much more later, on non-gentle ways.

The Year 1961

At Jilava Penitentiary, on the first section, in the prison cell number nine, for a long time together with a Macedonian: Anatolie Hagi-Beca. He was

Macedonian and legionary; I was a Jew baptized Christian and a Romanian nationalist: we made friends immediately. (I am accompanied also by my fame of a Jew who refused to be accusation's witness in the law-suit of the mystic-legionary intellectuals. We soon reach conclusions which rejoice both of us. The thing realized by both of us is that we are in love with what we choose to call "Romanian phenomenon", in other words we are in love with the Romanian people, with the landscape, with the sky, with the customs, with the interiors, with the fields, with the mountains, with the onion, with the plum-brandy, with the hospitality, with the equilibrium from our space. We reckon that we are especially justified to love in a fully aware manner, for we are, each of us in his own way, half inside the Romanian-ism and half outside it, in the most appropriate situation for noticing, for understanding, and for suffering. Romanian by blood, Hagi-Beca came into the country from abroad, when he was twenty years old; at my turn, I was born and raised here, but I have a foreign blood. Together, who knows, we could compose a whole individual, like that character from *Napoleon of Notting Hill* of Chesterton, a character real only by the merging of the minds of the two heroes of that book. One coming from outside, one crafted inside by from another dough, we discover ourselves as being in an overmeasure manner charmed and in love with everything that is Romanian.

4th of January, the Year 1960

On Monday, sat eight o'clock, after three days of holiday, I found the gate of the Secret Police locked up. I haven't escaped the embarrassment of waiting in front of the prison (or, well: in front of the antechamber of the prison). With my worn-out valise, as at the rail-station: on an empty platform, in a small station, in order to get in a third-class train-carriage, waiting for a train that does no longer come. I am feeling the sadness of the conscript waiting in a station forgotten somewhere in a field, waiting for his train. Finally, a soldier is coming quickly, he is opening some lock-pads and some chains; I am let in and shown in the witnesses' room.

The same commission. My valise is again being perceived as a provocation – this time form the beginning – and it cause offended explosions. So, you haven't come into your senses? You have come again in a provocative style? Have you got contaminated by the legionary fanaticism? Well, we won't make you the pleasure of arresting you. You vainly want to become a hero. Haven't you spoke with your old man? What has he told you?

The first thin I am doing, pushed (as Alecu told me later on) by a demon of the pride and by my need for boasting myself (and for getting some courage),

it is that of repeating my father's words exactly, throwing in also some Regulus and Cambronne. Then I am getting a vitamin C out of my pocket and I am putting it in my mouth feeling, proud of myself and, yes, very calm.

Each member of the commission is addressing me one at a time. The play from the previous meeting is being repeated exactly, only that this time the hurry has totally disappeared and everything seems happening in a more accentuated manner, *more professionally*. Here I am being menaced, there I am tempted with a sweeter tone. Everything is being repeated. Are being repeated, in a torrent, the threats; this time the emphasis is falling on the threats. The phrase with the dad who is going to die like a dog is being invoked very often, despite the fact that all my dad's urges – which I have conveyed word by word – made their expressed mercy-feeling to lose their warmth, as their consideration for my "old man" and their trust in his wisdom have decreased as well. Again, they are pulling the curtains in order to create a dreadful atmosphere, and then they are letting the light enter again in order to cerate a relieving atmosphere. Despite this meeting being only the second show, the repetition impression is being strong enough for making me feel amusement rather than fear.

The tough tone is getting harsher, but not to such an extent that I to think they are not going to keep their promise of not providing me with the satisfaction of being arrested.

I am staying strong, increasingly stubborn, caught in this subtle and absurd game of the defendant who wants to be arrested and of the investigators who are doing everything they can in order not to arrest him. Actually, the accuser-defendant dialectics isn't disappearing, only that the signs of the equation are inversed. I have entered the enemy side too deeply – now I am imposing the fear to myself in order I not to tempt my fate – in order I not to understand (or not to experience that sensation) that I must be arrested.

Around four o'clock pm the arresting still seems improbable. Then, suddenly – has that moment planned in advance? – the things are turning worse. The questions are being repeated more quickly, the voices are working exclusively on higher -pitches, the words are becoming exclusively cruel. Around five o'clock I am finally hearing: you wicked, you donkey, you rascal. They are ordering me to stand up and to empty my pockets. My vitamins, my little notebook, my wristwatch, my handkerchief, my belt… are taken away from me. You are going to see, you fanatic, you rascal. I am being placed under arrest.

The Year 1969

And now, after my baptism, I am dirty. The pin still is in my eye, the thorn still is in my body, the angel of satan hits me upon my cheek (and it goes psychosomatically throughout all my body). It has been proven to me that getting rid of temptations has been only a haughty, stupid deceit. I have been disregarding the place from 2 Cor. 12: 7. But I am believing in an absolutely celebratory manner that Christ is the truth, the Way, and the Life.

Aiud Prison, the Year 1961

Plotinism.

There is a degradation.

In the beginning there is the Word, the Logos.

The people are destined to speak.

The word gets degraded in speech.

The words are transformed in automatic templates. This is the decayed phrase (rapid, *Kali yuga*) of the slogan. Heidegger establishes, at his turn, the difference between *Wort* and *Gerede*.

The character of Salticov-Scedrin (*Mister Golovliov*) who overwhelms everything under his avalanche of words. Duhamel's abyss in *Chronique des Pasquier*: *again,* a bedrock; the horrifying mystery of the stupidity and of the smallness. Ferdinand and Claire: the whispered and continuous commentary of the trivial. The undried multiplication power of the stupidity; the thicket of the trifles' exegesis. The egg and the chicken, the soma and the prison cell.

By words the people communicate to one another: ideas, sentiments, information. And that ecstasy in front of the good, of the beautiful, and of the truth which doesn't allow you to remain silent. (the counterpart of the eyes closed by orgasm). *In front of the beautiful, he explained, the loneliness becomes burdening. And this is an all-beautiful evening, mister…*

The much-speaking is no longer but a background noise. And the learnt slogan – frozen lava – conveys the lie in stable, frozen state.

The Year 1971

I didn't know.

I didn't know – this is the answer of those whom one speaks to about torture, about concentration camps, about prisons, about total admission of all accusations, about political internment in mental hospices – "that doesn't hold", that isn't a valid excuse. Nobody is forced to invent the gunpowder or to discovery the theory of the quants. Otherwise, though, the elementary smartness is mandatory. Especially to a Christian who must always pay

attention to temptations. But not only to a Christian – and this is because of an objective experimental ascertainment: nobody knows anything, but everybody knows everything.

The nescience, the getting stupid, the blindly crossing through life, or the indifferently passing by, all of those are from the devil. The good Samaritan wasn't only kind, but he was also attentive: he knew how to see.

Otherwise, why the Lord would tell to the people: *this is your hour*? or, why would Him urge the people to see with their eyes, to hear with their ears, and to understand with their heart? or, how could they possibly knew that the Lord is hungry, thirsty, stranger, ill, or in prison, in order they to be able to feed Him, to water Him, to receive Him, to dress Him up, or to come to see Him?

Jean Cau answers to Roger Garaudy (who says, at his turn, that he didn't know either) as well as possible: but I who I wasn't university professor and member in the Central Committee, how comes that I knew? Millions of people in the streets, how comes that they knew?

The truth is that one doesn't need who knows what secret information to know about such things; these are things which anyone can find out, only by wanting to know them. (Most often the spies convey information vainly, twice vainly: because it was already known, and because they are not believed). There are things you could feel if you didn't cover your ears or if you didn't close your eyes. He who has ears let him hear. But if the man is stupid? The stupidity isn't an excuse either, because no one is so stupid – (here's not about oligophrenics or about psychopaths; those ones, poor them, they are excluded) – so that not to be able to realize that two plus two equal four and not nine.

It is inconvenient to us to admit it, we hide ourselves behind the objectivity of the science, but there are elementary gifts which we have from our nature and which linger within our soul, within our heart, within our entrails, within our mind, without our lungs, within our cells, within our tropisms, and withing our synapses, of anyone of us. Everybody knows that Herod is a rascal, Robespierre is a villain, and Stalin is a wicked.

Lit matches thrown in benzine.

Did I know something? Did I know anything about that unparalleled world which I suddenly found myself in? about the hidden sufferings? About the unknown heroes? About twenty-four of twenty-four hours which they were preserving their dignity locked up in prison cells conceived especially to force them to accept to denounce, to accept the filth, to be they led to collapse and dementia? – in all prison cells, one of the predilect riddles was to analyze the words uttered by our Savior on the cross: *Elie, Eli, lama sabahtani*?

Once Christ could say: God, why have Your forsaken Me, that means He too was a man, and not God. Panait Cerna: "You groaned when the iron was piercing You".

I reckon this argument as totally valid and out of the words from the cross, on the contrary, I deduce the absolute proof of the crucifixion.

I have on my side Dostoyevsky, Simone Veil, Kierkegaard – and the entire Synod from Chalcedon. I also have as witnesses also two paintings representing the crucifixion, one by Holbein (in Basel) and another by Velasquez (at Prado Museum). In both of them are not present the *rays* of light coming from the sky, the tragedy is irreversible! without healing: *it has been done*: not only the torment and the prophecy, but also the entire happening, this is the end, the death is not clinical, the resurrection is banished away among delusions and vain-noble hopes, this twisted and bloody body won't even be living again as it is hemorrhaging, pierced, torn. The resurrection is totally impossible. So says Dostoyevsky – openly – that Christ seems to him as painted in Holbein's painting, and I have the same precise, and dark impression while watching Velasquez's painting that was exposed at Louvre, and when in the foreplan dominated than intense yellow – forget it if you can! – or a cloak; in the second plan there are the pitiful crosses, the poor bodies, and the led-like sky. The crosses seems to be thrown in the distance, already forgotten – as one would forget in a hurry (and the accusers really worked in a hurry) an unimportant and embarrassing thing -, Christ is totally alone and forsaken, a crucified among other two crucified individuals, somewhere at the dirty limits of a city, on a garbage pile, where there are stones and slag, in a torrid afternoon – a chocking afternoon too, because of the low clouds. There are not seen, as in the *Dictator* of Jules Romain, the powerful and melancholic walls of an ancient settlement, walls which are rather cold and evil than melancholic. *A closed system* as the physicists call it, when they foretell the inexorability of the entropy. Out of that dirt that seems to be slag, out of the heavy clouds, out of the faded gazes of the crucified, out of the grumpy acts of the executioners, there oozes out, as a brown wax, that wax that the seal is pressed on. There is no exit from that stretch that covers everything like a bell. The transcendence is only a theory, the resurrection seems or it even is a puerile belief. They searched for it. Poor them. Let's be whole human beings.

I am showing to them who put the problem of *Eli, Eli*: all the better that it is so, it couldn't be except thus.

The crucifixion couldn't be a hoax or a deceit, except if one ascertained that any miracle is possible; the resurrection is a fairytale. If the Monophysitism, if the Docetism, or if the fantasists had been right, I wouldn't

have converted myself to Christendom by any means. If they had been right that would have meant than the crucifixion was, in the best scenario, only a theatrical representation. Let that not be! Only the human despair on the cross proves the integrity and the seriousness of the sacrifice, and it impedes the sacrifice from being who knows what game or trick.

Our Lord came determined to drink the cup's content and Him to be baptized with the baptism of the cross, but in the Olivet Garden, when that moment was drawing near, He prayer to be Him spared from drinking that cup. Of course, he adds: Your will be done. Still, that hesitation was real. And on the cross, despite communicating the idioms, despite He had the full certitude of His resurrection, the human nature seems to overwhelm for a certain while – as, on the opposite, the divine nature predominated on Mount Tabor -, because otherwise He wouldn't have uttered the so natural: *I am thirsty*, neither the *allzu menschlich*: My God, why have You forsaken Me?

The crucifixion act was so serious, so authentic, so total, that even the apostles and the disciples were convinced that the crucified won't resurrect. If they hadn't been to shook up in their faith, Luke and Cleophas wouldn't walked gloomy, dragging their feet, on the road to Emaus, and they would have recognized their Teacher immediately, and they wouldn't have been amazed by the fact of not recognizing Him. (They felt themselves so lonely, so tricked, so that they begged a passerby, an unknown, to keep them company). Neither Thomas would have imposed so drastic conditions (openly speaking, so offending conditions) for him to believe if he wouldn't have sure, at his turn, that given the way the things had happened the resurrection couldn't have been possible anymore.

Nobody could believe it. The crucifixion was definitive in their opinion, exactly as it was to the scribes. And it was necessary, in order to prove the sacrifice as real, that the crucifixion to provide them with the impression of an end, or a done thing, of a closed affair, of a victorious common sense. It wasn't enough – in order the crucifixion to be what is ought to – the dread of the torture, the spikes, the spear, the thorns – as in the painting belonging to Mathias Grünwald from Unterlinden that represents the thorns pricking the whole body that has started the putrefaction -, it was absolutely necessary - for completion, for reinforcement – to seem like a catastrophe as well, as a confusion, as a *failure*.

Only the shouting out *Eli, Eli* proves us that the crucified didn't play tricks to us, and that He didn't try to comfort us with hypocritical diminutions. (As always, He treated the people as free and mature beings, capable of bearing unpleasant truths). Unlike Buddha or Lao-Tzi, He doesn't give us aphorisms or

parables, but he gives us flesh and blood and torment and despair. The pain without hope is like an unsalted food or like a wedding party without music.

(And if the thief is the first man arriving to heavens – before the prophets, the patriarchs, and the righteous of the Old Testament – that could be not only for his terrific conversion but also to the fact that he was colleague in sufferings with the lord. This is because it differs staying next to the cross and suffer souly, regardless how sincerely and tearing apart, and it is something else being *on the cross*. Another's pain doesn't belong to you; you only can impropriate his pain through an ideational process and not through your own senses. Only the good thief *felt* like the Lord did).

The embodiment was total, as the Synod from Chalcedon teaches us.

Well, total, but Christ didn't cease on the cross from being God too.

Me: one cannot deny the permanence of the communication of the idioms, but after a few hours on the cross the human must have become dominant; otherwise, the whole tragedy would have been counterfeit. I stubbornly hold: what would the Docetism, the fantasists, or the Monophysites – or the atheists want the Lord do: to wink to them? in order they to understand that the whole that show was to shut the world mouth up but, they were to see one another on Sunday morning?

What a horrible "show" presupposes, unwillingly, the Monophysitism!

Textual arguments: at *Romaan* (8: 32) Paul writes: "He Who didn't spare even His own Son". This *didn't spare* also demonstrates that on the cross didn't take place symbolic acts but real suffering. Only by combining the physical pain with the moral torture one can obtain the final product: the supreme bitterness.

Also, at 1 Cor. 1: 23, Paul says: "but we preach the crucified Christ"; and at 2: 2: "This is for we have reckoned to not know among ourselves something else than Jesus Christ, and This One crucified. Why we have here this adding: "and This One crucified" if not for accentuating the most insane and the most scandalous side? The wise rationality would in the end accept a God symbolically crucified and conceding to apparently suffer (otherwise the people are unable to understand), but the paradox and the offence (namely the Christendom) presents the divinity not only placed on the cross – *solemniter* – but really nailed on the cross, where the divinity really suffers with the nerves (the legends and the epopees of the early Middle Age knowing what the pain is, they always mention the nerves), the fibers and the soul of the poor man, until the last consequences (And Christ has, despite Apollinaire's heresy, a whole human soul). If He had preserved - even partially – His impassiveness on the cross, if He hadn't fully tasted the man's despair, the event that had taken

place on Golgotha wouldn't have been – for philosophers, for priests, and for the crowd – a cause for stumbling and offence, but it would have been a "scenario", a "ritual", and therefore admissible, *edible*.

At 1 Cor. 6: 20 and 7: 30 Paul insists: "You have been bought for a price". With an honest price. For a whole price. God hasn't deceived anybody: either the devil or us; neither God deceived on Himself. He didn't pay with an apparent suffering, or with a mythical cross, or with fake coins. God didn't pay the price with a phantasm. He paid the price with flesh out of our flesh and with blood out of our blood.

At Hebrews too (2: 17; 2: 18; 4: 18): That's why He debtor was in everything (except the sin) to resemble to His brothers (to us); by being Himself tempted, He can help those who are tempted; tempted in everything, in our likeness.

He was *like* us in *everything* and *tempted by all things* as we are: therefore, by the human despair too.

March, the Year 1966

I am finding at Dostoyevsky, as always, told plainly, that what I have been suspecting: in groping into darkness and in the light – in the same time. Regarding the vision of Holbein, I have just found the exact text: "Thia painting isn't beautiful… it is the cadaver of a man who has just "endured endless pains… if such a cadaver (an it must be just like that) was seen by His disciples… how could they believe, by looking at it, that this cadaver will resurrect?!".

THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE EITHER!

"If the death is so dreadful and if the nature's laws are so merciless, how could we master those? And these people who stood around the dead body, they felt on that evening a *dreadful sadness, a deep disappointment* who were suddenly shattering away all their hopes and almost everything they believed".

HE DIDN'T WINK TO THEM!

Socrates and Jesus Christ.

Logically would have been that the death of Socrates-the-man to had borne the seal of the disorder, or of the blood, or of the treason, and of the wrath; but no, his death was as serene and as calm as one can get. Christ's death, on the contrary, it bears the whole seal of the tragedy, of the disgust, and of the horror. Socrates died calm, surrounded by faithful and attentive disciples, who were sucking up his words while him – imperturbable and luminous – was sipping the painless poison offered by his warden with respect. Forsaken and betrayed by His people, Christ writhed on the cross, tormented

by thirst and covered in mockeries. Socrates died like a noble, Christ died like a worthless, between two bandits, on a field outside the city. Socrates thanked to the gods for ridding him from the vicissitudes of the material world, while Christ exclaimed: "Why have You forsaken Me?".

The difference is total between the two deaths, and specifically the divine one seems to be *inferior*, mirky. The truth is that the divine death is unutterably human; the death of Socrates, despite all its greatness, it seems – by contrast – literary, abstract, submitted to religion, and especially unrealistic. Socrates – in good faith and partially succeeding – he raises from the state of man to the state of deity, while Christ descends unimpeded by filths, to the lowest layers of the human condition.

Dostoyevsky planned to write, until the year 1882, an epilogue to *Karamazov Brothers* and then a *Life of Christ*. It seems that God didn't want there to be one more Gospel.

5th of March, the Year 1960

The van brought us, driving slowly and bumping on the road, from Malmaison - where the Secret Police's headquarters were - to Jilava Penitentiary, before noon. We are downloaded: *the Forth 13*. We are welcomed by colonel Ştefan, ca caricature of an ape, having an anthropoid face, gestures and gazes of a sergeant of a penitentiary colony in a *black* movie. He enjoys it very much, and he plays his role in slow motion as he would play a poker game.

We are spending the rest of the day in a quarantine cell, small, unimaginably dirty, with the toilet vessels unemptied. In the evening, we are being transferred to the *snakes-den*, a vast cave, sinister, stinky, preserving some dark corners despite being electrically illuminated.

Everything – as for so many other times in so many other penitentiaries, but this is my first contact with that reality – it shows to be so lugubrious sand burdening to the extent of seeming unreal. It is charming the presence of doctor Voiculescu, very oldened, wholly bones, gentle, well-mannered, peaceful, noble, nimble in mind, but broken by tiredness.

I am feeling a strange sensation of happiness. Reasons for it: for I have finally got rid of investigation - after the investigation which you are submitted to by the Secret Police, the prison seems like a shore, like an oasis, like a Paradise; then, the first encounter with the legionaries (in quarantine there is not only our lot), whom I rush to learn from the Morse Code and verses belonging to Crainic and Gyr – my hurried enthusiasm amuses them; of

course, another reason is the appeasing presence of Voiculescu; and there is also the memory of the things happened during the trip here in that van.

In that van I was placed in a compartment, a dungeon, a cell, together with the former legionary Sandu L. Immediately after we were pushed there in, he started talking to me... He is telling me that he sincerely regrets to have been a legionary and he asks me for forgiveness; I am feeling so disgusted to be here together with him, so crowded to one another. Am I feeling dread? Immediately he has finished his speech the roof of the van is being opened; the blue sky is being opened to us. I am answering him that I cannot see why he asks me for forgiveness, and if so, I too must ask him for forgiveness because I am a Jew and because he must stay so close to me; and, regarding the guilt, we all are equally guilty, so that I propose him, now that we have asked forgiveness form one another, so reconcile ourselves, to hug, and to call one another by first name. We are kissing each other on the cheek, in the light of the wheeled prison cell and – by feeling that any further words would be embarrassing and empty – we are suddenly experiencing – under the blue sky – that unutterable happiness in comparison to which any drink, any erotism, any show, any food, any reading, any trip, any taken exam, any ministerial portfolio, are nothing, are dust and ashes, are delusion, are emptiness, are wilderness, are sounding brass and noisy cymbal – we are experiencing that state that follows to accomplishing any action which is according to the divine prescriptions. Waves of joy are overflowing upon us, they are flooding us up, they are overwhelming us. I am asking Sandu - and if I am copying Saint Seraphim of Sarov in that scene with Motovilov in that forest, I am doing is unintentionally – if he too is seeing on my face that smile that I am seeing on his face: the smile of the hesychia coming out of the uncreated divine energies of God. It seems that in that narrow corner have managed to fit Saint Gregory Palamas and Saint Seraphim and Nicolae Motovilov.

The behavior of the wardens from the *Snakes-Den* is so evil, the atmosphere is do dramatic, the memory of the scene involving me and Sandu L is so acute, the perspectives for a long suffering are so limpid, that I cannot resist the urge to walk from and end of the cave to the other end, in a unprecedented and exalted agitation, so that I am starting to feel that Christ is present there in the prison. I cannot believe that everything is being so complete and that I am being partaker to such a blessed luck.

Doctor Voiculescu and Bishop Leu (who is very broken, he uses some crutches, he is dressed up in wooly clothes as a shepherd from a sheepfold on a high mountain) are leisurely interrogated by the wardens who probably are

bored. Both of thema re mocked and rebuked, and insulted. The other escape more easily.

So, the Christendom is possible; so, one can behave in a Christian manner and make Christian gestures. The Christianity can be *arithmetic-ized* at its turn. I am tending to believe that the bells of Capra church didn't ring vainly.

25th of February, the Year 1960

Paul Dim., witness:

He is being calm; he is speaking assertively and rarely, with the casualness of an experienced inmate, with the cold politeness of a fallen angel or of the impoverished but haughty aristocrat. Unlike we all from that defendants' box, he served time for a few years, previously, and on this time, he has been arrested for a longer time. But he is knowing very well what he is not supposed to know and that what the court cannot announce him: the fact that Petru Dimitriu, an adulated writer, a boss of the letters and a great beneficiary of the communist regime, he has *remained beyond*.

It is being played the delicious scene á la Donizetti or Rossini. Did they use, while you were present, words which were hostile to the regime? Yes, they did. (There can be seen an expression of obvious content of the judges' faces. The accusation attorney seems to swell visibly, like a pumped tire). And what they said? They systematically denigrated the progressist writers. (The increasingly content expression on the faces of the same judges led by the president of the court colonel Adrian Dimitriu). Can you exemplify concretely? Yes, I can. – a pause for perlocutionary effect; the witness is working by using the methods of a professional actor; he isn't hurrying himself up. – Tells us what you heard. – I had heard them violently denigrating the progressist writer Petru Dimitriu whose works reflect the achievements of the communist regime, criticizing him by affirming that he was a hypocrite, that he wouldn't have been truly a democrat, that he was writing only for personal benefits, and that actually his novels were the work of madam Henriette Yvonne Stahl…

The chief-judge – who is bearing the same last name as the mentioned writer – is not allowed to inform us that the mentioned writer deserted to imperialists. So that the third Dimitriu, the accusation witness, he is keeping accusing the deserted writer amusing us and amusing himself, until he is being invited to stop. He is finishing his speech with a glacial polite bowing.

Perfect; not less than Sam Weller testifying in the process Bardell versus Pickwick.

Here's the definition of the life according to Andre Breton: the life, says Andre Breton, it is the way which an individual seems to have accepted thew unacceptable human condition.

Paul Dim. is teaching me and Al. Pal. not to hurry up in staying close to the door in order us to be appointed to prison cells; let's remain the last three, so that we could be sent to the same prison cell. We are doing that, and that is prolonging our stay in the sinister hall that, and this is being a fact, it is seeming as originating in *Rocambole* from the *Mysteries of Paris* and from *Les Misérables*.

Voiculescu, Leu, Sandu, Streinu, the legionaries from Aiud, the Saxons from Codlea, they have been all taken away. Paul and Alecu are talking in French and their conversation is taking a strictly unhinged and gossiping turn. Joky (or Szoky) Cristea, Nicodamele, Pusa Marinescu, *Tea-Room Mystery*, *The Scool of the Gossiping*, *The Dangerous Connections* five to seven. The emphasis and the sublime are coming to an end. About one or two o'clock, the warden is rejecting me from being part of the intended group of three and Paul and Alecu are leaving casting me desolated gazes. After around a half of hour I am being taken away alone.

Many people in prisons and in the literary critique wonder: where is God in Proust's writings? Or in Mauriac's novels? Where?! Let me tell you where He is. He is not on a certain page, because those authors aren't theologians. He is nowhere, but He is everywhere in their works, as He is in the world too.

A few thoughts on freedom: Alfred Jarry: There are people whom the fact of being free is boring, it is a nuisance to them. Thomas Mann: The freedom is a pedantic and bourgeois notion. Both of them question the chances of freedom's survival in this world called – more pertinently than anyone - by Ortega y Gasset, as the world of the masses.

Alexander Herzen: The masses do not care about the individual freedom, about the freedom of speech; they love the authority… by equality the masses understand the equality of the oppression… only the civilized individual desire the freedom. So, let's us - the intellectuals and the political detainees – be less convinced that the whole world craves for freedom.

Denis de Rougemont: The freedom isn't a right, but it is the taking of a risk. Let's therefore be less sure that the people disposed to take risks. Rights, yes, as many as you wish, but they reckon the risks as impediments, intrigues, and insults.

Jn. 20: 29: "Jesus told Peter: For you have seen Me, you have believed? Blessed are they who haven't seen but they believed". Let's understand that the

freedom is above any (risked or irrational) act of faith, and therefore the freedom is a bet.

2 Cor. 3: 17: "The Lord is Ghost and there where the Ghost of the Lord is there will be freedom". If we are unfree, we are unworthy to call ourselves – as the Lord likes to reckon us – His friends.

Apoc. 3: 20: "Behold, I am staying at the door and knocking". Let's our hearts to get melted while thinking at the folk drawings where the lord with a backpack and with a staff waits for us to open to Him willingly.

Nicolae Bălcescu in his work *The History of the Romanians under Voivode Michael the Valiant*: He who fights for freedom he fights for God. This phrase is less quoted by the present admirer of Bălcescu.

The great writes really create a world and beings, like God did. There are in Balzac two moments which seem to me as being supreme and which show how real were to him his characters crafted by his pen. These examples show that starting with a certain level (artistical, moral, souly, of tenure) the noblesse is implicit. I am not a racist – how could I be! – but neither I can swallow or stand the fairytale of the absolute equalness (one that even reached to be: all animals are equal but some of them are more-equal than others) and I sometimes am stricken by fractions of life when I do not feel like laughing by thinking at Gobineau or at Houston Steward Chamberlain.

In *Ursule Mirué*, the letters of François Minoré – a dishonest and odious character – are reproduced by Balzac on each time with their spelling mistakes, because of that character being stupid and illiterate. (And one can see that that exercise is amusing the writer, as he also likes imitating the speaking in French with a Teutonic accent). But when, at the end of the book, Minoré is unhappy, and he discovered the repentance and he confesses his guilt, that letter is now using a correct spelling. And Balzac explains us why is that: I have corrected the orthography because *it would be inappropriate* us to laugh at a man stricken by misfortune.

The words of Balzac prove:

a) The fact that Balzac was a creator in the precise meaning of this term since he is able to feel pity on his literary characters as on real people and he respected his literary characters;
b) Balzac had a cosmic sentiment of the unity of the noosphere and of the community of the (supererogatory) abundance of the misery among people;
c) Balzac was a good man and a Christian for renouncing (even in his imagination) to despise his neighbor and he didn't continue to mock a human creature – namely what it was imposed him like a human

creature – when that character was crossing through sufferings and he proved to feel sorry for the evil he committed;

d) Balzac was a noble man and that's why he didn't committed any sin by adding the French particle *de* to his name;

e) To Balzac, as to Dostoyevsky as well, the spectacle of the suffering is holy. (The suffering isn't always beneficial to him who experiences it – see for instance the evil thief -, but to him who looks at it the suffering has not moral contingencies. As *spectacle* the suffering is always holy. I woe to him who suffers to feel myself compassionate and to help him. The good Samaritan doesn't ask who the wounded man is, or what he is doing – Wasn't that wounded man a beaten thief? Wasn't that man been administrated what he actually deserved? -. The believer doesn't refuse because he doesn't know how to refuse somebody, *sancta simplictas*; lo, an illustrative example: the believer gives alms to the drunkard. He who feel pity on somebody, he won't care about the fact that the drunkard whom he offered his coat in a freezing day, that drunkard immediately sold that coat and he went with the money straight to the pub and he drank that money. *The coat is now being worn by Jesus*.

The nature is not capable of such a gentleness as that present in *Ursule Mirué*. Neither the history is. neither the intelligence is. Such a gentleness comes from grace.

Another incomparable moment in Balzac's literature is that when Colonel Chabert, the hero, he renounced to all his rights and to all his claims in favor of his wife and he ceases to pursue his justice in court when he realizes that she was unfair and ill-faithed. He felt so much disgust and contempt for the remarried "countess Ferraud" that he no longer opposed her, and he stopped fighting and he yielded everything. *Because of his disgust, because of his loath*. Just because he knew it. He refused to cross his sword with somebody who proved to be inferior to him.

Corollary I: when the injustice is perpetrated against you – if you realize the too big wickedness of your opponent – you will have the right to ceded to him, the conceding being in this case the most awful blow to him. You won't fight in duel with the man who "isn't worthy of you to shed his blood". The Chinese take their life on the threshold of their persecutor in order to condemn the persecutor to the eternal opprobrium. The gesture too of colonel Chambert, who – forgive me God if I am blaspheming – evoked the silence of Christ in front of the tricksters determined to liquidate Him, according to the council issued by chief-priest *Caiafa*, and they pretended to judge Him.

Corollary II: when the injustice is done to you – (this wording could seem wrong, but it isn't, because any injustice is imposed *to us too*) against somebody else, it must be denounced, taken down, corrected. So were proceeding the wandering knights, as Don Quixote.

Nicolae Iorga: "You have the right to forgive only what was done against yourself".

The man, if he is reasoning as Christian, and if he wants to behave according to the Christian doctrine, he will be allowed – and he must so that – not to take in account the injustice perpetrated against himself, or the insults addressed him as individual. But if he occupies a responsibility position within society, he won't be allowed to invoke the principle of the forgiveness in order him to remain distant and cold in front of the evil and so the innocent to fall prey to wicked.

The tragic error committed by Lord Halifax was specifically this: confounding two distinct situations. And not only him did that, but that mistake is repeated by the numerous confused people who think that "do not judge" and "who am I to judge" refer also to the interests of the community, of the mankind. In the last case the things are inverse: vigilance, defending the good, the shepherd is loved by his flock for defending it and for putting his life for it.

(When you cannot correct the injustice, you are left with the possibility of your resignation, if not of entering a monastery or of committing suicide. Cato from Utica and Ian Pallach; the Buddhists from Indochina: those blind and stupid but honest and logical to themselves).

And the problem of *Eli, Eli*

"*I prefer to believe in God than to see Him in all His glory*" (Paul Valery / *Letter to Madame Emilie teste*).

God Who forsook Christ on the cross, isn't Him totally absent to us too?

A thing which we do not want to understand, as the contemporary too of the Lord didn't want to understand, they who were waiting for the coming of Messiah into glory: that God, as Kierkegaard says, isn't an immense red parrot.

If in the market place suddenly appeared a huge bird violently colored, of course that the whole mankind would rush there and we would understand that as an unusual fact.

In this way, the faith, the repentance, they would be too facile. Feeding lazy one directly in his mouth.

But we are required to believe while we are in full freedom and one could say – even worse than that – that the scenario in unfolded *als ob* so that we would not only be totally abandoned but that – in addition to that – the

Providence intentionally does everything in order to determine us not to believe; the Providence likes – as one could say – to accumulate the impediments, it like to multiply our risks, it likes to gather up arguments in order to transform in impossibility our well-intentioned desire for piousness.

The road leading to faith bear similar names, all of them: bets, incertitude, thought of an insane man.

Dostoyevsky: if God didn't descend from the cross, the cause is that He wanted to convert the man not through the constraint of an exterior obvious miracle, but through the freedom of believing and by giving to the man the occasion for manifesting his daring.

When the Lord was told on Golgotha: save Yourself and then we will believe, the mistake of that fact was of a linguistic order, they judged on the ground of a confusion of terms. If He had descended from the cross nobody would have needed to *believe*, because they would have simply admitted that fact (in the case of the red parrot: the descent from the cross would have constituted an irresistible red parrot).

We are required – and this is an invitation to daring and palpitant adventure – something mysterious and odd: we are required to deny the evidence and to trust a non-fact.

It works on *meandrous* ways. The French call those impenetrable ways. And the English characterized those even more precisely: they move in a mysterious mode.

Leon Bloy: "Oh, Christ, You pray for them who are crucifying You and You crucify them who love You!".

24th-26th of February, the Year 1960

We are brought in some sort of waiting hall, and antechamber, and judging according to the tiles covering all the walls up to their half, this must have been the vast kitchen of a former bourgeoise mansion or of a boarding-school. They make us sit on some long benches, places parallelly, one on a bench, and at the extremity, so that one could say that we are going to sit an exam and they prevent us from cheating. We are forbidden from talking to one another, or even to look at one another. It is cold and we are hungry. We are waiting for a while that seems to us burdening long, and then the wardens – the time for taking a snack has come – get out their lunches and start eating noisily. An atrocious hunger is grabbing me, and I am suspecting the same humiliator sensation to the other inmates as well, because, without any exception, we have started staring at the wardens eating. We are allowed to look at them. We are experiencing a sensation of a starving beast locked up in

a cage. (Except we cannot walk from an end of the cage to another, and we cannot come closer to the bars, unlike the cages beast).

A little later, to the officer who is entering that room, Păstorel is asking him – on a bonhomous and joking tone – to give him some paper and a pen in order him to write down some verses he composed while detained at the Secret Police's headquarters, and "it would be such a shame if the Romanian culture lost those verse". What sort of verses, hostile? Oh, not hostile, patriotic. And how has he composed those verses? Ah, in his mind. But now he wants to write them down; he is getting old and he could forget those verses.

Composing verse mentally is, anyway, a performance; it could be not like breaking a sports record, but it still is a performance. It is being felt an atmosphere of admiration. And Păstorel is smiling, distant, but friendly. (What doesn't a man do for a cigarette? What doesn't do the writer of a pen?). Although the officer and his wardens try to resist, and they watch on one another and they attempt to resist that spellbound, in that glacial atmosphere (both properly and figuratively speaking) of that former kitchen, there is suddenly entering a springtime breeze, a fragrance of fine wine, and a little windblow of Moldavian gladness. The street of the childhood is no longer seeming moved somewhere in the lost stretches of the faraway galaxies. The foreheads, almost unnoticeably, are losing their wrinkles. One could say that the Medelenii of brother Ionel are here somewhere; isn't the inn of comrade Sadoveanu hiding itself under some huge cupboards from the end of the room? *I am rejoicing much, says Voivode Sturza, for I am seeing good mood and good will in the Country of Moldavia*. The officer cannot answer violently that bonhomous tone the ask is dressed up into. The officer is quite young, and I am intuiting that he is experiencing that emotional occasion of talking to one of the authors he read in school handbooks. Păstorel is not remaining silent, he seems getting wings, and he tells to the non-commissioner officer who is trying to intervene: "Please know that I am not only a writer, I am also an artillery captain". Together with these words the walls too are seeming to vanish and out of forested places where the light and the shadow chase one another, from there are coming in procession, among us, the majestic and gentle shadows of: Stephen of Moldavia, Neculce the countryside boyar, the smart Creangă, mister Ibrăileanu, the prince Moruzzi, the joker Hogaş; and there are even arriving not only human beings but also buildings and objects: the hut, the linden tree from Copou, the restaurant *To Paradise General*, the Library of the Romanian Academia in a springtime morning, when the readers are only a few and the leather bindings of the books shine so gently; the Bucharest, this time together with their whole plethora of beer-gardens and barbeques, and the other

Moldavia, from the Icon's street, where around a table sounded the poor epigrams because of which Al. (Păstorel) Teodoreanu is now being here.

But being us projected outside time and space – and how much yogistic and Honig Berg-ian would have seemed to the author from Paris whose *Midsummer's Day* has an important role in building up the scene which we all are playing in, of the absurd scenario, of the appearances so deeply rooted in misery and fear – it is not lasting for long. The bonhomous aura and the steams of fine wine, the color of the vine-grapes gilded by the rays of the hot sone of the summers from yore, they do not engulf Păstorel alone. When, by breaking up the spellbound that has invaded the whole surroundings, Dinu N. is raising his voice and he is asking for a cigarette, the officer is shaking off the spellbound, he is getting out from under the spellbound of the Romanian literature and of the partying tradition and he steps forwards, sour and assertive, and he is suddenly tearing apart the veil: "Don't think that we are so stupid, mister Noica". Dinu, who is tormenting thin, ascetically thin, he bows down, monastically, obediently – with thoughtful, burdened, lonely gazes. This is contempt, is the officer saying and he is rebuking all of us in block, coldly and solemnly, but not without a nuance of consideration (which we haven't heard during the initial investigation and which we will no longer hear in another prisons): "We know what you are representing and you won't be able to trick us with petty-criminals' gestures".

In the meetings room, which is giving us the impression of wilderness – it is a huge room – they are placing us in the defendants' box, also on benches as in school; many of us are former students of Spiru Haret's high school. Now we are sitting one next to another, crowded up. They are placing us one at a time, as we are entering the box. I am finding myself between Noica, on my right hand, and Vladimir Streinu. Pillat, Sandu L. and some other people unknown to me, they are sitting on the bench in the front: the coauthors of the plot presented to the judges and whom I am seeing today for the first time. The four women (Anca dr. Ionescu, Marietta Sadova, Trixi, and Simina Caracas) are sitting in the back of the box.

In that empty and huge room are going to be present during the trial four compact groups of human beings, separated by void-spaces reminding the dizzying distances among the universes' swarms. (The binder which the public, the relatives, and the press would have constituted, it is not existing here).

We are the first group, the detainees from the defendants' box, twenty-five in number, crowded up on benches, looking straight-forwardly (again, we are being forbidden to look at anything else, especially not to one another), and we are surrounded – like the electronical orbits form the periphery of the

atomic nucleus – by a circle composed of conscript soldiers fully equipped for battle and pointing us with automatic rifles; and they are forcing themselves to stare fiercely at us. The room is gloomy, the tones are dark, everything is eerie, but the presence of the soldiers – as they would be guarding, ready to shoot, the gangs of Terente, or of Coroiu, or of Brandabura, or of Zdrelea Napirosu, caught in the middle of the night, deep in a forest or in the thicket of the reeds, and not a small group of pallid intellectuals, wrinkled by hunger, dressed up in some unmatching now clothes, tired, unslept, having dark eye circles, almost all of us being ill with some sedentary illnesses, some illnesses due to the fact of being inhabitants of the big cities: colitis, rhinitis, constipation, tuberculosis, gallstones – that presence of those soldiers seems to be a mistake and an exaggeration leading to ridicule.

The second group of people, far away at the other end of the huge room and barely seen, are the officers of the Secret Police, the investigators, the inspectors (some of them wearing uniform, other wearing civilian clothes), and they have come to attend the process, to note, to check information, as in an odd theatrical representation where the rehearsal led by the film-director, the general rehearsal, and the premier of the show would be confounded in a sole Kafkian spectacle.

The third swarm, on our left hand: the defending lawyers, superior in number to the defendants, because there are two or three of them defending one client, and some of those lawyers are accompanied by secretaries. They are the most embarrassed, the more unhappy and – I am suspecting but I am going to find out soon – the most fearful. Theya re impeccably dressed up, as for a wedding, they are looking very slick, and they are missing only the flower in the chest pocket or the tall-hat and the executioner's gloves worn at the capital executions. Otherwise, they look smart: dark-colored suits tailored out of a silky shining metallically, handkerchief corners showing out of each upper pockets of the vest, freshly and attentively shaved up cheeks, and haircuts seemingly to have been licked by the tongues of dozens of cats. In their parade-like countenance the defending lawyers are - in comparison to the Secret Police who are doing their dreadful job (one can know the craftsman at work, the craftsmanship requires a long time to acquire, the craftsman breaks and repairs because of fear), and in comparison to us who had no choice, and in comparison to the members of the tribunal who were appointed here by orders (one cannot find roasted chicken on the fence) – the most ridiculous: for they have to play double-parts (and they are distributed in the most embarrassing character: that of the sapient little boy, that of the mom's boy) and because they have come here, to say so, willingly.

On the judges' chairs sit five officers who most of them seem to be bored: in the middle sits Adrian Dimitriu (he is the only one worried and not bored, because of being him the responsible for the trial; he was previously and advocate too; not he wears a colonel uniform).

Immediately that I have been sited on the bench I am doing the only deed I reckon as meritorious in the whole my life: to Noica, on whose face one can see the despair, and in whose eyes (those eyes which vainly are looking for Mihai Rădulescu) shines an atrocious unrest, I am whispering him while pulling him by his sleeve, as long as the commotion for our installation lasts and I am still able to speak: Dinu, please know that none of us are upset with you, we love you, and we respect you, everything's good.

God is benevolent to me: Dinu's face is getting enlightened, he is quickly squeezing my wrist, he is sighing deeply, unburdened. I have done something good in this world.

I am only changing rapid glances with Vladimir Streinu and a small smile; we will sit next to one another during the process and we will even laugh plainly when the accusation attorney, unchained, will make the eulogy – against the accused intellectuals from the defendants' box – to Eminescu, to Tolstoi, and to *Ghiote*.

The poor advocates are feeling the pressure. They know they are the most monitored. They don't have at least the certitude of getting condemned, as the defendants have; they are sweating profusely, they are discretely wiping up their foreheads, some of them are using for that their silk handkerchiefs from the upper pockets of their vests, while others are using some big, domestic, colored handkerchiefs pulled out form the pockets of their trousers, in an old fashion. During the *recess*, each defendant is being granted the right to have a short discussion with his lawyer for five minutes; the discussion takes place on one of the benches form the other end of the hall and it is being supervised by the respective investigator. Because of having mercy on my lawyer – the poor man is trembling not to be entrusted who knows what messages, or not to hear who knows what hostile imprecations! – I am limiting my words to the most casual possible ones and I am indicating imbecile arguments and motivations. I am being answered with a grateful gaze.

Mister Bondi, who is representing Vladimir Streinu, he is characterizing his client as having always been, from his youth, ceaselessly, with tireless perseverance, a convinced and fiery enemy to the communists… I mean to the legionaries! Some sort of chocked laughter breaks the stiff solemnity of the meeting. Streinu, sitting next to me, he is twitching and then he is smiling too.

Another defender who is failing quite ugly is Mădârjac, the lawyer of Păstorel. (At the *last word* the author of the *Chronicle* will succeed to produce again a steam of humanity by saying that he conceived epigrams as the hen lays eggs). Mădârjac, who is being interrupted by the court president in order to be harshly questioned whether he shared the opinions of the defendants, he is quickly answering: God forbid!... how nice is sounding that to an atheistic communist regime!... The president of the court is taking note of this confession of mystical faith, of this way of expression that is proving, not haphazardly, a certain mentality, and the president is warning him to weigh in his words before uttering them. After a little while, by wanting to show that Păstorel Teodoreanu didn't aim at Moldova Restaurant to overthrow the communist regime by his jokes, the same lawyer against driven by the impulse of his friendship for the defendant, he is reinforcing again his arguments with the "God forbid" expression. This time the president of the justice court is getting mad and he is menacing the advocate with cold words and implying dreadful meanings.

Foldi Filderman, in order to defend doctor Răileanu, he is reasoning *coram populo*: if I knew that he was a legionary, I who were tortured by legionary, I wouldn't accept to be his lawyer by any means. But because of not being able to hold that the whole accusation is unfounded, he is finding beneficial to qualify all the other defendants form the box as philosophers of the blood and of the death, zealous members of the Iron Guard and spiritual descendants of the Captain of the Iron Guard. Then, in order to prove his first assertion, he is getting his coat off and he is mimicking the gesture of taking his shirt off, and because he affirms that he was also beaten over the soles "where he is bearing the traces of the legionary bestiality" he makes the gesture of getting his shoes off. A discrete sign – of a now bored president, or maybe because of the running out of time (because each advocate has been granted only four minutes), or because of reckoning such gestures as an enough illustrative symbol – the president is urging him to renounce showing his wounds.

Among the twenty-four witnesses for the prosecution (to the others the attorney and the defense agreed to renounce further processing) is standing out the journalist Radu Popescu, who is reading a statement of an unexpected virulence and length; he is also equally slickly dressed up as the advocates are; he is moving, while speaking, as a professor lecturing his class, employing ample and studied gestures imitating those belonging to Maiorescu, and he is rebuking Noica identically to a fierce corporal chastising the worthless soldier. He is reciting the whole his tirade without taking any pause. At the end, he is

wiping his forehead, his face, and his hands, with a small scarf extracted from his trousers' back-pocket.

At a given moment a small little old lady is appearing, dressed in black, wearing a cape – she is resembling to *Barbara Ulrich*, or rather to the principal of the boarding school from *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*, that one that got transfigured when finding out that the modest visitor was a member of the Institute de France. The little old lady is answering the name Popescu-Voineşti, it is the widow of the now deceased geography scholar bearing the same name, she is a pensioner, and she executed dactylography works. She was the one typing the novel having a legionary subject, belonging to Pillat, and entitles *Waiting for the Last Hour*. When she is being asked why she didn't announced the authorities when she found out what that novel was about, she is mentioning with a low and calm voice the following: firstly, when she types she pays the whole her attention only upon the words, and not upon phrases, and all the less upon the meaning of the work; secondly, she too has understood that it is about legionary, but the works has seemed to her as completely anti-legionary because of the author presenting the young people adhering to the legionary movement under an unfavorable light. Unfavorable? Yes, of course, once he showed that they were absent from the classes, they didn't sit their exams regularly, they were coming home late at night, and they were upsetting their poor parents who were toiling to pay for their tuition and for buying them books.

The friend of Păstorel is a charming chap: dark-skinned, short, and thick. He too was among the people sitting on that evening at the same table, at the restaurant from the Icon's Garden. He is withdrawing his statement declared during investigation, and now he is no longer willing to admit the hostile character of the defendant's epigrams. The president is insisting for a long time; in the back of the room some sort of vague noise is being stirred up, accompanied with an untold amazement. One would say that in the movie reeling that occurred a failure; not that that would really matter, but it is inappropriate of the witness to withdraw his statement. I think the witness is a Macedonian; he is called as Arsenie Taşcui Dumba, and he belongs to a family or Aromanians who reached to live in the Romanian Country after crossing through Ragusa, Vienna, and Transylvania. (Others, as Şaguna, Stârcea, Capriş-Hurmuzachi, Grigorcea, Flondor, had stopped in their trip inside the borders of the Habsburg Empire but also on Romanian soil). In Dumba there is a branch of an Aromanian families ennobled by the Emperor, living at the Imperial Court, and remained faithful to the dynasty and to the imperial city of the waltz. (Iosif Roth described in *Radetsky March* the strange case of these

exponents of the "coinhabiting nations" who were and who remained in the end devoted servants of the empire. They were referred to by Rebreanu when describing the character David Popp in his novel *Catastrophe*. Didn't Avram Iancu as well belong to them?).

Later on, in prison, I will have found how sure are the friendships made with Macedonians, how faithful, how steadfast they are – although they bestow their friendship with great difficulty. The increasingly annoyed menaced of the president of the court are failing. The president is asking the prosecution to ask for the arret of the witness who is obviously a hostile witness. (This scene is risking to gain amplitude like in an Ionesco's theater play: if Păstorel being asked by the president he is maintaining his testimony given during the investigation – and how couldn't he? – that will mean that the witness too, by arguing his innocence, he is lying and he is going to be sent to the defendants' box as committing perjury, on the ground of the words of him whom he is wanting to defend). The prosecutor is thinking at that but he is not asking for being that man arrested. The witness is being granted two minutes of reflection. The witness is blushing, he is frowning, and he is getting his small body strained. After the passing of the two granted minutes the witness is still declaring that the defendant didn't speak in a hostile manner. The president, the prosecutors, and the other judges are nodding as saying that the witness is an idiot, and they are sending him to his place accompanying his going with menaces. He has defeated them!

Out of the prosecutor's indictment I am especially interested in that long part where he is analyzing the defense's pleading. The prosecutor is declaring the pleadings as by and large healthy. He is distributing notes, qualificatives, mentions, and critical observations. The students-lawyers are sitting sapiently on their benches. At the end – Mădârjac is being mentioned negatively but only as a simple fact – and one can see that all the lawyers are sighing of relief. It was hot to them.

We are being told that we are going to be granted the right to say a last word in our defense, but the only thing we can say it will be to admit out guilt! And to ask the tribunal for mercy. Could one invoke his illness? Yes, it could. The lawyer is presenting to the court, on behalf of Păstorel, a certificate of pulmonary neoplasm.

Most of us are limiting themselves to briefly confess their guilt and to wait for the court to make a decision in their case.

Pillat is the first to confess and he has started to say: "Though I haven't ever been and anticommunist, still, due to the fact that I have ever been reckoning as inadmissible a materialistic doctrine of the violence, I haven't

been able not to…" … the president is becoming suddenly frantic; Dinu is being brutally interrupted with the automatic rifles dramatically pointed upon him. Alecu, emotional, he is making a general *mea culpa*, he is confessing that he sees in Maxism the only solution, and he is seemingly shedding some tears; the generous boyar from the 1848 Romanian Revolution, who is still dwelling the depth of his soul, he seems to having taken the lead of his conscience. Unlike Alecu, Dr. A. Vi. is asking for forgiveness uttering cunning words and slogans, and he is emphatically wiping his eyes. Simina is speaking spontaneously and quickly like riding a bike, and one can see that in her veins flows the blood of a member of the Foreign Legion from Africa, of an adventurer boyar, of a musketeer, or a paladin who – one wonders why is him helping the weak one and the small one by defying the strong one – he won't spare either his words of his fists or his sword. Noica, dignified and pale, he is not admitting his guilt according to the tribunal's code, but he is saying that he is feeling deeply guilty for his friends whom he dragged here in connection with his deeds and he asks them for forgiveness. Marietta Sadova is being pitiful, she is crying, she is coughing, she is chocking, he is evoking the sixty Soviet theater plays she directed, and she invokes the fact that she has never has land or official positions.

But me?!... I have been preparing while in the cell, an eventual last word and I am now reciting it without interruption: "The facts being what they are, I ought to show two things: the first thing is that I haven't had the intention of plotting; the second thing is that if I knew that the volume belonging to Emil Cioran, *The Temptation of Living*, was interpreted as an attack addressed to the Romanian people (which is not) I wouldn't read it and I wouldn't associate myself to spreading it, because I have always been having only deep feeling of respect and limitless love for the Romanian people.

Those words are seeming to me as being quite clever and – God know why, because these words aren't being greater than others' – they are being listened to, in silence, by all four groups from that room. Later on, Dr. Al. G., when we will be back to the room no. 18, he will tell me that I have made him emotional.

While the tribunal is being in deliberation, we are remaining in the defendants' box under guard. There is a general relaxation. The lawyers are smiling like some students after sitting an exam. The officers and the investigators are sighing of relief like after an inspection. The soldiers smile and move their numbed legs.

The chief of the guard is a Gypsy non-commissioner officer, who is also the barber of the Secret Service's headquarters. He is using the occasion to

climb up on the registrar's chair. From there he is looking at us like a traveler who would rest himself on the king's chair during a visit in the royal palace, or in the parliament, or at an illustrious tribune. The traveler thinks, while looking down from the top of the mountain, that the whole landscape of the valley is specifically for him. How joyful is the self-proclaimed registrar! He is smiling showing all his teeth. Maybe he is being, at least for now, the only one truly happy among all of the people from this room, all of us being slaves, all of us being actors in diverse roles and in a forced and tiring play.

Is this whole masquerade finding its congruence point in this totally passing and stupid happiness of that thick-lipped one, among whose ancestors there should have been an executioner too?

The tribunal is reentering the room: the sentence will be communicated in three days' time.

We are quickly removed form that room. Between the exit door and the van, we are seeing a leaden sky, a sleet evening, pricks of clean air.

Interlaken, the Summer of the Year 1938

I am happening to find a cold day and all the hotels are fully booked. I am being told that the motif for that is the fact that there is taking place the congress of an international religious association. *The Oxford Group*. I heard about them previously. It is led by a good orator who is a very energetic propagandist as well: Frank Buchman. The title of a book wrote by one of his disciples is: *Only for Sinners*. The rather not so illustrious reputation of this movement it doesn't attract me, I might be wrong about that, as doesn't attract either me the school for wisdom from Darmstadt.

In the hotel where I have finally booked in, they are not receiving now except members of that Group; willy-nilly I have to sit at all the tables next to them, so that they think I am a member of theirs. Most of them are British. It seems that in another even more luxurious hotel there is also a lady from Romania.

The moisture in the dining-room's air is a consequence of the consumption of an increased – actually astronomically - number of cups of tea. The contact with these British people – who are always sincere and in a good mood (the world starts for them on each day equally fresh as the first day – better said as the sixth day), and they are preoccupied with establishing and attending as precise and as full as possible schedules, and they are always ready to discuss the most delicate and intimate matters with a total detachment; mannered with simplicity, polite, absorbed – without any hypocrisy at all – by everything related to spiritual and to souly – so, the

contact with them is pleasant, amusing, and even delightful. All the people are talking, they are confessing, they are asking indiscrete questions followed by deep silences, they are handling tea cups and little plates with biscuits, they are pulling out of their pockets small notebooks and they are writing down in those hundreds of addresses, book-titles, names of religious associations. I am feeling myself conquered.

In the beginning I have been feeling a sensation of being an outsider. Then I have started to attend all Buchman's conferences (he is a little declamatory, and he stresses upon observing the schedules and the organizing) – I am even accepted to partake the organization's counsels! – I am so caught by all of these than I even renounce to take a trip on Jungfrau for the sake of participating to a meeting of the Group. I am being guided by a young clerk from Bedford - he is called Manning and he is a very good guy – and an Irishman, older, tall and bald; they are my pilots, persevering and never embarrassed.

I am not concerned with what the Groups is pursuing, or with what separates this Group form other numerous Protestant sects and unions. But this is the first and intense contact of mine with people whose main preoccupation is the faith in God and the care for salvation, and who have sacrificed their money in order to come here, at Interlake, and who are serious about everything they discuss. No matter how mundane you were, you couldn't help but being attracted by all these clean people. Much naiveness, incomplete theology, a low literacy to most of them, often childish conceptions. But there is freshness, charm, an impression of well-aired chambers, no tricks, no cunningness, no indifference, no stale.

I have forgotten the name of the Irishman, or it has hidden in placed of my grey-matter which are being inaccessible to me right now. So, I am forced to call him as the *Irishman* when I pray for him on each day, as I do for the Oxford group too. In the morning of the day before my leaving, the Irishman stepped towards me in a hurry: I've been searching for you, he is telling me right now, I have wanted you to know what I've dreamt about: the Lord appeared to me and he told me that he will call you at Him. The Irishman sees that I am looking at him doubtfully and he is explaining me: you will be among the ones who believe in Him.

Montreux, the Year 1938

The train going from Berna to Montreux is called *Edel Weiss*, it is an electric train, if the fastuous and cosmopolite, like in a novella by Paul Morand: *The Polite Europe*, *Close During Night*, *Open During Night*, *Gentle Stocks*.

At Montreux, from the window of the hotel, the view is of a solen and perfect beauty that burdens me. The postal-card from in front of my eyes it shines of green and blue purity. I am now realizing well that at Interlaken was only a child-play. I saw the Oxfordian group as somebody coming from a France exclusively concerned with vacations, beefsteaks, and work-strikes, *et une Pernod pour Amour*. A France ill sick with intelligence and practical spirit, and these childish Anglo-Saxons craving for oaths, enthusiastic for *Alkohoolfreies Restaurant*: this is the first banner I am seeing in Swiss, a puerile proof – but uncertain one – for an idealistic conception regarding the life. From here, to Schelling and Fichte, there is only one step top take.

I cannot believe what the Irishman told me. Not *in this life*! Probably in a future reincarnation. I am experiencing also the sensation of myself having been a deceiver. I cannot cross to Christianity. A world obsessed with Pernod. The shy smile of the mustached Arthur in commercials. (There is one, in the neighborhood, also wearing a mustache, but alive and drinking only water). On each day, in all newspapers. An all walls. Hos far Christ is. From me, from them. From all people. I am swearing to myself that, still, I won't ever tall a bad word or I won't ever transform my smile in an ironic rictus when being about the Oxford Group in my presence.

One doesn't need to have served a long time in prison in order to truly understand the human condition, and how the things are in what regards us – and that Christ is there, two steps away from us, and that he sees you, and that He has seen you, and that he has been seeing you since ever –, all of that can be understood in only a few minutes. The rest of the years spent into prison are a wasted time. Like the military service is too, but the prison is incomparably regarding the restraining training.

London, May, the Year 1939

The family of pastor Louns lives in right down town, in an elegant neighborhood, near to Regent's Park. Have been recommended and accepted like a *paying-guest*, deliciously hypocritical formula for saying that you have been accommodated. I am arriving in the evening, after an awful flight: the storm has been continuously blowing over the English Channel; all of us threw up (including thew flight crew) everything we have in our stomachs, in some paper-bags initially, and then all over the place. Immediately reached on the Albion soil I am encountering the Briths benevolence, a sweet compensation for the irony of the French indifference: at the airport some people unknown to us are rushing towards us and they are handing over to us some little bottles of cognac, and they are urging us to drink: the remedy, as they are saying, it is

mandatory after our guts have been stirred up. The taxi-chauffeur is manifesting, at his turn, his solicitude, sand the landlord lady is smiling me with understanding and she is announcing me that for this first night I am spared from wearing a tuxedo (I dare anyone to tell me that, after I spent time in the Secret Police's prison, I have been serving for five years in prison and for other three years I've been doing forced labor together with gypsies – that the politeness is an obsolete vanity, and I am going to spit him right in the face – *let my mother die*, *I'll be crazy*, and *let my eyes pop out of my head* if I'm not): please feel in our home as in a hotel, and allow us to reckon you as a friend.

Missis Lound and one of the daughters (who is a nurse at a dental practice) are a little more reserved; But the pastor and the other daughter (who is a teacher in a small city at some distance from London and she stays at home from Friday evening to Sunday) are the gentleness and the simplicity itself. Accommodating, open, understanding: they recognize to anyone the right of being crazy, of going to heel if he wishes that – and of walking any path one chooses to. They reckon the need for faith as the most natural thing in the world.

On some afternoons, mister Lound invites me in his working chamber and he brews me some coffee in an electric brewer. In the morning, before the filling breakfast, he always takes mew for a short walk, in a military cadence, through the endless Regent's Park. He shows me all sorts of elegant villas (some of them of a very bad taste, imitations of the most diverse architectural styles): they belonged to some important personalities. There are also ponds in the park, and I am rushing towards some very-endearing wild-ducks: to see them closer, to crouch myself down, to invite them closer and to tell them: quack-quack. The ducks are quacking very politely, as they due. Returned home, the pastor recounts me, during the so-called breakfast that, while he was drawing my attention upon some architectural beauties from the park, I let him and I went to *worship* some ducks.

From London, I wrote to Manning, the young clerk whom I met in Interlaken. He answered me and he invited me to take part to a reunion of the Group which was to take place in a few days, in Eastham, a capital's suburb.

It is a way to say it suburb, because I am traveling in the tub and then on train for more than an hour and a half. I am finding again in the city hall from Eastham the same atmosphere of sincerity and naïve purity which I experienced at Interlaken. The speakers are talking fierily and seriously; the listeners are listening to them attentively and seriously; there's no wonder that there is reigning such a zeal to people truly convinced that the Lord can come on every moment, unexpectedly: *if not even right now*!

During the recess, the conversations are equally animated as they were back then in Interlaken, they are exchanging addresses, they are recommending books and reviews to one another, they are confessing, unembarrassed, the most intimate spiritual experiences to one another. The tea is being served, on little trays. I can't understand how they manage to do all those things in the same time: walking, drinking, chewing biscuits, speaking, writing, preaching, informing themselves, saluting, smiling, thinking... I am seeing the Irishman again, and he is slowly coming towards me and he is asking reminding me the dream he had. I am listening to him more attentively than I did back in Interlaken, but also with an increasing disbelieve; and with an inward smile, not a naughty smile, but somehow a condescending smile. It is seeming to me very emotional – you will be counted among His worshippers - , and in the same time is seeming to me very childish. And I am feeling also a little pity on this man, who surely is very well-intended, but I am disliking the fact that he believes in dreams and I am also disliking his lack of decency of keeping his fantasies for himself.

While in London I quite often go to church es, cathedrals, and chapels, to visit them and to wait for something – waiting for something that isn't coming. I also attended the church of my host, when I refused to be imparted despite being I invited to. As argument I invoked the fact of not having confessed my sins before being imparted. The pastor, a knower of the Catholicism and of the Orthodoxy (he was for a few years a titular parishioner priest of the English Church from Paris), he was impressed by my motivation and he didn't insist on that. Mister Lound is *middle church*, almost *high church*, so that the believer refusing to come close to altar because of not having confessed before, it is worthy of respect, in his opinion.

I also visit a multitude of religious associations and centers. In London's streets their names are often present as the commercials too. Here the religion is all over the place, here you are encountering Christ everywhere. They call Him the Lord. On the continent the religious discretion is strict. In England, on the opposite, they speak about soul and faith as it was the most natural thing to do. I did it for so many times, when seeing on a building the plaque mentioning a religious organization, I entered that building! Inside I found meeting-rooms, libraries, catalogues, piles of reviews and brochures, topographies, testimonies, phones, and secretaries. Offices. (Was it different in *Babylon*? As Pierre Benoit said: *le Pape, c'est des bureaux*). I am amiably treated by people there, they listen to me even they are in a little hurry, and they summarize to me their creed. I reckon this whole part as quite stereotypical... But I am always getting emotional when they propose me with a

non-forced ingenuity "a few moments of meditative silence in two" or a prayer. *Let us pray*, and they kneel in the middle of that office, or of that little hall or archive, as they would have drawn out of their pocket the white cloth to wipe out their glasses... and they load up my hands with leaflets and brochures, *pamphlets* as they like to call those.

In Hyde Park as well, I preferably in front of the pastors, and for a long while, I usually stop myself in front of the preachers. A group of members of a sect are singing. I am approaching them with my hat on and with my umbrella in my hand. (It is a clear sky, without any clouds; if it rained, I would, of course, take not my umbrella but my raincoat). They ask me to get my hat off, because they are singing a psalm. I am answering them politely but, because of who knows what sudden stubbornness, I am refusing to take my hat off at their command. What am I thinking at? They are insisting, they are persevering at their turn, but they are not getting upset because they are used to the diversity of devil's contrivances. Finally, they are entrusting me to the lord and I am leaving – full of bitterness.

6th of March, the Year 1960

So, I am finally brought out of the prison cell and taken to an office well-sheltered by the small niche of the vaulted corridors interrogated, identified, disrobed. They leave me only one towel, one soap bar, one toothbrush, two pairs of socks, one shirt, and one pair of underwear, which I am making a bundle of. A very tall and corpulent warden make me a sign meaning that I should follow him. (At the snakes-den they were talkative; now they are mute). But he is not taking me to the chain of metal-doors behind which I suspect there are the prison-cells. We are going outside, in the courtyard. This night is the beginning of the March and it is a blizzard night. This night remembers me about the beginning of *The Jack of Clubs* wrote by Edgar Wallace: "He was raised o of trench from Lamberth, the young Gregory, called also the Cocaine-man, and he had died before the agent on duty at Waterloo Bridge, who heard the shots, arrived at the scene. He was killed in the street, at night, during knowing and wind-blowing, and nobody saw the killer. After they had taken him at morgue and they had searched his clothes, they didn't' find anything on him except a small metallic box containing a white powder that was cocaine and a play-card: the jack of clubs!". I am wearing a shirt and a pair of underwear. The warden shows me a huge pile of valises, of sacks, of rucksacks, of packages, of bags, and he order me to bring all of those in a small chamber, near to the corridor's entrance, along which there are the doors. Some valises are very heavy. I am working, trembling and gnashing my teeth, because there

isn't only very cold but I am also in a terrible draft, and I am continuing that for about two hours. The warden is wearing a Siberian coldproof coat and coldproof boots, and a coldproof hat, and he sits on a chair in a corner from where he is watching me – it is seeming to me like *The Invisible Man*, the film by H. G. Wells. Of course, he was cold too and – but I don't know why – I have the impression that he too hates seeing me working in full snow, naked, scrawny, and worthless.

I have finished and I am feeling glad for not showing any sign of weakness; I have even started to feel warmed up. The warden is making me again the sign to follow him, by rattling an enormous ring on which are hanging a multitude of enormous keys. He is stopping in front of cell no. 18, he is opening the door with difficulty, he is yawning, and he is throwing me inside.

Actually, it might be that God doesn't need to punish us. God *simply turn His face away from us*: meaning that God withdraws His protective grace from us and He lets us at the hand of the happenings and of the interconnection of the material world. We are entering under the sign of the hazard and of the *mechanics*: woe to us!

7th of March, thew Year 1960

I've been thrown inside. Now I am standing, petrified, next to the door. I am looking around. I am in a huge size *den*, and I am being hit by an unbelievable stench. That den is powerfully illuminated. It is like some sort of *night-shelter* geometrically amplified. I am engulfed by a double and contradictory feeling of wilderness and agglomeration. On both sides there are four rows of iron-beds raised up almost to the his-vaulted ceiling. The window that I am looking at in front of me, it has been blocked with planks, beyond the iron-bars. In the space among the multitude of beds there is a narrow table, two narrow benches, all of them wobbly. In the background, on the right hand, I am seeing a barrel, a big circular vessel made of staves, and a covered basin. That's all. Along the beds, arranged in long rows – which are seeming endless to me – of boots.

I am hearing a few thick snores which are breaking the deep silence, like some sort of isolated clouds which cannot overwhelm the unity of the violently-blue sky. The metallic loud noise of the latches and of the keys haven't wakened up anyone; and this is amazing me.

I am starting to shake because I am very cold as I am blocked there, almost naked, holding my bundle of remaining clothes in my right hand, and as I am blinded by that aggressively powerful light. The breathings are diverse and dissonant. I have been standing here for a long time, waiting, but I haven't

seen any movement. I am looking for a place where I could go to bed, but I am seeing none. And nobody seems seeing me.

After I have been looking, for a long time, at the walls with the external sarcophagi, I am now looking downwards at the mix of clay, cement, gravel, and mud. This chamber seems to be as unspeakably hostile, evil, and I am feeling myself odd and lost. I am feeling myself defeated by tiredness, and especially scared, like sitting an exam which I haven't studied for. The horror here is totally different from the horror I experienced at the Secret Police headquarters.

(The premonitions aren't always valid. I didn't know on the threshold of that stinky den, intensively illuminated, as I was caught in a twofold swirl of snoring and silence, that I was going to find within it access to happiness).

For now, I am moving my sight up and down, to the right and to the left, everywhere, perseveringly, scared. Light and void.

(Everything can be defiled; here even the light is cold and evil. *How did you fell from the sky, you shining star, son of the morning.* Winston Smith in the year 1984: in that place where there is no darkness - and what proves to be that place: the investigation cells and the prison cells! Still, he was not lied to: there is always light, but what sort of light? Probably that is the same sort of light with that one sparked by the falling of Lucifer, when the Lord saw him collapsing into depths).

Suddenly, on one the top beds, on the left hand, a hand has raised a finger and is making me a sign to climb there up.

Yes, but how am I going to climb up there? To that hand, which seems to be endowed with the sense of seeing, and it is realizing that I am looking around in searching for some means for climbing – it is added another hand, its sister, of course. They are miming me a climbing. Barely holding my bundle of clothes, making fearful gestures, gnashing my teeth, I am finding that I am enough of a monkey to climb up there hanging on the upper beds. A creature wrapped up in clothes, small and awfully skinny, having a face so pale that that color could belong to another chromatic prism than that of our universe, he is crawling closer to another corpse who is sleeping in the same bed and he is communicating me through signs to lie myself down next to him. He is covering me with a half-torn blanket. And he is finally whispering to me: get some sleep, there is only a little time left for sleeping.

Maybe the most terrible words uttered by our Savior are at Luke 22: 67: "If I told you, you wouldn't believe it".

This is the human condition. We don't believe Him. We the people don't believe one another. We don't want, we cannot, we don't know how, we don't

dare, we don't try to believe others. The experiences are untransmissible. We reach to understand some things – but to what avail? We are not believed. We can speak, but we cannot establish the communication or obtain the connection. What can we do, except, by following His example, we too to remain silent (unfrown)?

It is seeming to me that have passed less than ten minutes and there starts a more-than-deafening noise like that of the shattered stars which in *Le Napus* by Leon Daudet cause the instantaneous disappearance of the people? A long uproar, a demented noise; an explosion I won't ever forget, one that during the years will wake me up, a five o-clock in the morning, or even a few minutes earlier, because of an anticipated dread. This sonorous torrent – of rings? of bells? of trumpets? of fire arms? – penetrated to the deepest Freudian, Jungian, Adlerian layers of one's self and it established its den in unknown corners of the human being.

Wonders exist. God always works. The foretellings of N.N.P. do not become reality at all. Immediately the burst of that odious noise stops, my benevolent neighbor introduced himself: an Orthodox priest-monk. Next to him have woken up other two ghosts: one corpulent and unwieldy and one supple and youngish: two Catholic priests.

I am knowing, amid the tumult raising in the cell after the *wakening-up* has finished, when a sea of bald-heads is filling up the space and in front of the covered barrel is being formed a queue like one of a comet, I am knowing that I have been brough in the hands of the living God.

I trust I make myself obscure, I hope I am difficult to be understood, I want to hope that I do not express myself too clearly.

My monk is from Bessarabia. He is a young man condemned for having visions and for sending to the Department of Cults a letter which he protested in against the abolishment of the hermitage where he was living. Immediately – strike the iron while it is still hot – I am telling him that I am a Jew and that I want to be baptized, and he agrees to do it. He is gentle, making peaceful gestures, and he is silent. The two Greek-Catholic are different from one another. Father Nicolae, from Alba, he is young and nimble and agitates, joking and loving to chat. He resembles very much to a seminarist from a Russian novel. Father Iuliu is a big man, solid guy, wise, and as withdrawn as one can be. One can read on his face the pain for his daughter, who is a nun, and she has been convicted too; she was part of the batch called *mystical nuns*. If it is about strange pairing of situations and of words, I am telling him that I was a part from a batch of mystic-legionaries. But Father Iuliu is troubled also because, being him a Catholic priest, he signed, forcedly, his conversion to

Orthodoxy, and he cannot forgive himself for doing that. Now he is here because of being accused of stubbornness in Catholicism and activity in the service of Vatican. The obsession of his forced conversion doesn't give him any respite and I am finding myself in the paradoxical circumstance of comforting him, of telling him that only in Judaism, in Brahmanism, and in Buddhism, the deeds remain forever recorded and they cannot be erased, while in Christendom the faith and the repentance abolish the wrong doings totally (so, the Christianity has discovered the antigravitation) and that, actually, even in Judaism and in Buddhism there is a law of compensation so that the present sufferings balance the past mistake. Father Iuliu is listening to me, he is sighing and he is nodding – but he is clearly continuing repenting.

Father Mina, the Orthodox monk, has imposed me only a few catechizing lessons, and we are doing that while sitting on the edge of an iron bed, having our backs oriented towards the door, next to one another, and whispering. We are, of course, both in inmate uniform: boots without shoelaces, striped and worn up clothes, and a little bonnet (this time having horizontal stripes) on our heads. The coat has not buttons, the trousers are too short and almost falling. Besides, everything here, at Jilava prison, it has the most possible violent aspect of *prison*, of jail. The building is sinister, but its interior seems to be a marketplace, a painting by Bruegel, Chagall, it seems to be a hospice. It is here an unconceivable agglomeration, you can barely move, and the noise if formidable though everyone speaks (theoretically) only by whispering, the queue to mobile toilet is continuous, and the strangest questions are circulating (*How do you say finch in French? Where was concluded the peace that ended the seven years' war? What are the names of the three parses, of the two muses, of the three graces, of the seven wisemen of the antique world? Or of the seven kings of Rome? Or of the three royal children from Babylon? And in Syriac? What are the first names of the Buzescu brothers? Who composed a certain opera? What is the Swab capital? What are the rivers from Eden? Hos do you say hasmatuchi in French? And in English? Bugy mambo rag.*

We are eating in two series, separated by a ten minutes interval. The burning food is usually boiled barley. The spoons are enough only for the fifth or for the sixth part of the detainees. The first series is forced to finish eating quickly so that they quickly wash the dishes up and they pile them up at the cell's door, for being refilled. But how can you eat, in five minutes, without having a spoon, a hot dough, so hot than seems to be like the magma of that soup which the monocellular life sprung up on Planet Eart? Almost all the food remains on the dishes and it is poured into the barrel, which is being filled to the brink. Washing up the dish which contained the sticky boiled barley is a

one of the most laborious works. (Which were the twelve works of Hercules? Who composed the song *White Cross made of Birch Tree*? Where's Alaxander the Great's tomb? The French word for kohlrabi is *navei*. God forbid that, it is said *poireau*. Sorry, but *poireau* means leek. Get out of here, mister, how could you say that? He was military attaché in London. That's why he knows English. It was signed at Răcăciuni. I think it is called as *Messing*. You are right. At least dill is an easy word it is called *fenouil*. That's incorrect; it is actually *aneth*). I and Al. Pal. are appointed to clean up the room, on the second or on the third day. I don't know who is the benevolent guy urging us to us the ashes from the little stove; the water - stall, stinky, full of worms – is sparce. We have to wash in a few minutes sixty or seventy dishes. The ashes combine with the barley remnants and they form a resistant glue. We have already finished the little water they have given us. What could we do? We are feeling embarrassed: two intellectuals shamefully clumsy. We exchange looks which totally lack any sense of humor. What could we do? God is having mercy on us and He performs a miracle.

(In years plenty of miracles have been happening. He who has done time in a prison he not only doesn't doubt about miracles, but he even wonders why the miracles aren't admitted by the whole world).

I didn't know. I have been living like a beast, like cattle, like a blind man. In prison, on that evening, I have found what the kindness, the decency, the heroism, and the dignity mean. Big words! Empty words! Big and empty words for smart-asses and for rats; but they are actually bog and very useful words and full of meaning when you feel their cold breeze in the fire-pit and when you can taste their experimental charm. Let anyone believe what he wants, I am not the capacity for speaking about the absolute value, but I know this: these big words and the moral traits signified by them, they were there in prison more valuable than a shoelace, a thread, a nail (the nail that Geo Bogza quickly learnt how to respect it while he was in prison), a piece of paper, or any other forbidden object making their possessor happy.

H. C. Wells in *The Research Magnificent*: there are two big forces: the fear and the aristocracy. Now I can understand that. One must defeat his fear. There is only one thing in the world: the courage. And the secret is us to behave aristocratically. Only the gentleness, the kindness, the calm, the beautiful behavior are fun. I am starting to realize that only the character matters. The political conviction, the philosophical opinions, the social origin, the religious faith are but accidents: only the character remains after the siftings taking place during the time one spends in prison – or for life – after getting worn up and tired: a skeleton, a code, an electric model.

The wonder consists of bringing, supplementarily, totally unusually, of a barrel of water by the wardens from the corridor. We are being asked to get with our faces against the walls and with our hands on our necks, when they are opening the door; after the door has been shut, we are turning around and we are seeing the water barrel. Even more than that, the food for the second series is being late, as it has never been before, so that I and Al. Pal. are being able to present at the door some almost clean plates.

Manole is repeating the prayer of La Hire, who was one of the chieftains fighting next to Joan d'Arc: Behave to me, Lord, as I would behave to You if I were in Your place and if You were in my place.

10th-15th March, the Year 1960

We are progressing very quickly with the catechization lessons; father Mina is lenient and unpretentious, and it is true that I too prove to know quite a lot. The three priests are taking a counsel together, and then they are asking me what do I wish to be: catholic or Orthodox? I am answering them unhesitatingly, that I wish to be Orthodox. Very well. I am going to be baptized by the monk. But the two Greek-Catholic priests are going to assist the baptism, and as a homage for their faith and as a proof that we all understand to give life to the ecumenism in a time where John the XXIII is in the pontifical chair, I am going to utter the creed in front of the catholic priests. All three priests ask me to reckon myself as baptized in the name of the ecumenism and I to promise to fight – if I will ever be granted to leave the prison – for the cause of the ecumenism, forever. And I am promising them to do that with the whole my heart.

We cannot know when we will leave the cell no. 18 (it is a transit cell) and we will be spread who knows where. So, it is good not to postpone the baptism. It is set to take place on 15th of March. So, there won't have passed even ten days between my arrival in that prison cell and my baptism. N. N. P. was right.

Noise, disorder, increasing agglomeration (new detainees keep arriving through that door), all the time we have almost no water, there are long queues at the toilet barrel (we are increasingly numerous and almost all of us have deranges stomachs), cold, shouts of the wardens, sudden inspections of lieutenant Stephen: he is cursing, he fiercely stares at us, he menaces us to "jump on our heads", he performs body checks and the inmates who are found having shoelaces are sent to the "black pit". There are not enough plates or spoons or beds… The Noica-Pillat group, while they are being kept here, they do not pay attention to the commotion and they are organizing some cultural

manifestations: Sanskrit lessons taught by dr. Al.-G., lesson of art history (Remus Niculescu), Spanish lessons (Theodor Enescu), lessons of general biology (dr. C. Răileanu), of culture history (Al. Pal.), of agricultural technique (Iacov Noica), of law's philosophy (Dinu Ranetti); I am opening English classes. Under de impulse coming from dr. Al.-G. (who is proving to be a totally exceptional personality: only courage, only strength, only good mood, and who has depth in everything he says, and who is affable, and who has *tenure*) there take place also some collective discussions on general themes, which are mandatorily attended by all the "students". The first theme is the theory of the act. In parallel are recounted the big books of the XX Century: *Doctor Faustus* by Thoman Mann (Remus Niculescu), *Zevenbergen* by the same author (me), *The Great Initiative* by Schure (Em. V.), *The Rebellion of the Masses* by Ortega y Gasset (T. En.) … there are also more worldly subjects: a gentlemen called Radu Ant. – originating from Oltenia region and a legionary – he tells us about cooking the foods in wrapped in clay.

Stirred up by our example, the other intellectuals from that prison cell – who have been until now preserving a distance -, they too start working: a group of officers teach the history of the WWI, the Napoleon's campaign in Russia, and general strategical principals. There is also a group of young lads – o social-democrat political nuance – full of enthusiasm and of thirst for knowledge and of good manners. One of them is the grandson of Sofia Nădejde. *Life's Little Ironies* (This book of Thomas Hardy should be recounted too; it suits the situation, at least by its title). Gentle and kind, the young social-democrats lighten us up and they sweeten our days. Ther are arriving also some young lads originating from noble families. (Jean Barth too is being represented here by one of his descendants). They are very courageous, detached, but despite behaving impeccably they manifest little interest in our intense cultural activity. Remus Niculesc surpasses us all, by speaking about the impressionist painters and about their friend, the Romanian baron Belliou (Bellu).

A little later, in the increasingly crowded prison cell, there are appearing two tall silhouettes who are so thin as I have rarely seen one to be: a clerk from Ploiesti and an engineer who was a legionary and who is telling us that he was the chief of the brotherhoods of the cross.

15th of March, the Year 1960

The catechization has come to an end. The baptism has been decided for taking place on 15th of March. Father Mina chooses the moment he reckons the most appropriate: when we are going to come back from "airing", when the

wardens are the most occupied and when the roaring is at peak. We must work quickly and hidden in plain sight. This is like the plotting in plain day of Wells. Something in the genre of the invisible maneuvers of Antonov-Ovseienko. I won't go out to air. (This is an easy task, for I have got a blister caused by the boot, on the right leg's sole. I haven't been granted the visit to infirmary despite asking for that on each morning. Dr. Răileanu and Al.-G. treat me the best they can by applying on my wound a towel soaked in the stale water from the water-barrel. The day before a warden told me that he won't take me to see the prison's official doctor even if I have died. The Lord's ways, meandrous).

So, I am remaining alone for about a quarter of an hour while the "airing" lasts – namely almost alone, because there are also some other few men spared from airing due to diverse reasons. Left by uproar and by agitation, the room takes an even stranger aspect of an empty stage which the props have been pilled up haphazardly. And especially that sonorous difference from the full room is so striking that I have the sensation of an absolute silence – the silence is becoming, as Cervantes said, a spectacle – and I can appease and recompose myself a little.

When the torrent of people is coming back with a big noise, by carrying in pairs of two man, the four utilitarian barrels which have been taken out for emptying and for refueling, father Mina, without taking off his coat, he is rushing to the only little cup existing in that room – it is a little red cup, having its enamel chipped, and it is dirty and disgusting – and he if filing that little cup up with that freshly brought in water, himself and another detainee being the ones who have carried in that barrel with water. The two Catholic priests are coming to my bed accompanied by my godfather. I chose my godfather a few days before, he is Em. V., a former advocate and professor, a good knower of Latin and Greek, and who was convicted because of having written the military order: "I am ordering you, cross over the Prut River". V. was cabinet director for Ică and he was carrying to the printing house the facsimile of that famous order, and order which the proud and also very cult general Antonescu wouldn't have allowed anybody else to write it on his behalf. Why have a chosen V. whom I didn't know before (as also I didn't know many of the people whom he was convicted together with) and I haven't chosen Al. Pal. – who has been a friend of mine since the year 1954, and who is also a spiritist, and together with whom I decided to reckon that we were friends even in our childhood – or why haven't I chosen Al.-G. whose personality have impressed me so strongly and who has remained to me the most-multilateral developed personality I have met anywhere in the prisons and who is the man most bestowed with the gift of the courage – Marinică P. has been the best for at him

the kindness is being transformed by intensity also in intelligence, in finesse, in politeness, and in refinement and in power of judgment, but everything on a less grandeur level – or I could have chosen one of the present generals (they wouldn't have refused me) or the gentle Toto Enescu… I don't know why I have chosen Em. V.

Two detainees who are accomplices to my baptism are standing in front of the door in order to block the sight of the peephole, so that the wardens not to be able to see what we are doing. There is the possibility that the warden to come and check at any moment, but that probability is reduced now when the inmates form other cells are taken to be "aired". In a hurry – but with that priestly skillfulness where the hurry doesn't hinder the correct diction – father Mina is uttering the necessary words, he is marking me with the sign of the cross, he is pouring on my head and on my shoulders the whole content of water that little red cup, and he is baptizing me in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. I confessed my sins briefly, previously, and now the baptism is erasing all my sins. I am being born anew out of water and ghost.

Now we are passing, somewhat appeased – the uncaught thief is an honest merchant – to the bed of one of the Catholic priests, a bed situated near to the utilitarian barrels, and here I am reciting the Orthodox Creed, as it has been established. I am promising again not to forget that I have been baptized under the seal of the ecumenism. And that's it. In such circumstances the baptism is perfectly valid even without sinking into water and without anointment with chrism. (If I survived the prison, it would follow I to go and ask a priest whose name is given to me by father Mina; I will forget this name and then I will remember it again).

The intense rhythm of the prison cell is gabbing us immediately. The Greek-Catholic fathers are on duty in the chamber. Father Mins is washing up a shirt. Doctor Al. G. is summoning us: some of us sit on the side of his bed while some others sit on the side of the next bed. Today is being continued the speech about the theory of the act and it falls to me to speak about the creation act at Proust. We are crowded and we are speaking intensely, though still by whispering. Many other detainees, who are attracted by everything the "Noica group" do, have gathered around us. One can limpidly see that for an hour they are going to forget where they actually are. The abstraction and the documentation are stretching their tentacles and they are kidnapping these people into joy and delusion.

He who was Christianized in his childhood, he cannot suspect what the baptism means. Increasingly often assaults of the happiness are rushing upon

me. One could say that on each assault the besiegers are climbing higher and they are striking with more power and precision. So, it is true: it is true that the baptism is a holy mystery, it is true that the holy mysteries exist. Otherwise, it couldn't have been so unimaginably wonderful and full this happiness that is engulfing me, it is grabbing me, and it is dressing me up. Quietude. And an absolute indifference. Towards everything. And a sweetness: inside my mouth, inside my veins, *inside my muscles*. In the same time: resignation, the sensation that I could do anything, the urge to forgive everybody, a lenient smile spreading everywhere and not only localized on my lips. And some kind of gentle air around me, and atmosphere like that from some of my childhood's books. A feeling of absolute safety. I mescaline-like merging in all things and a consummate getting far into peace. A hand stretching to me an a connivence with guessed wisdoms. And the novelty: new, I am a new man; where from so much freshness and renewal? It is being proven the *Apocalypse* (21: 5): Behold, I am making everything new; and also, Paul: "if somebody is into Christ, he is a new being; the old things have passed; behold, everything has become new. New, but unutterable. I cannot find words, but the same banal and obsolete words. I am engulfed within the chalk-circle of the known words and of the ideal extracted from the daily landscape. Lady Cottard of Proust, if one asked her what she wanted, she would indicate the richer status of one of her neighbors living in a house from the corner of the street: it would never cross through her mind to ask to become duchess of Mortemart. Our ideal goes all the way to the immediately superior circle or sky. But there are others too: unsuspected, and therefore impossible to formulate or to be thought at. And the *Thalassa* of Xenofon and the *earth* of Columbus. The baptism is a discovery.

Cluj City, 3rd of August, the Year 1964

I am arriving at Cluj around five and a half o'clock. I have been looking through the window of the train-carriage with that intensity which I suppose the first man looked with at the freshly created by God world, or that condemned to dead man from the ballad from the prison of Reading. As also from behind bars, I have been feeling Christ close to me when, in front of my eyes confused by the always lit electrical lights were parading the orchards, the little houses, the fences, the domestic animals; in each thing, on each surface of land, there is pulsating the light of the Van Gogh's paintings – and explosive light – and the restful nuances of the day that is coming to an end, and the striking joy of the first previous days; a demented sensation that the ancestral sin hasn't taken place yet. It is a cold afternoon and the sky is cloudy. At the

rail station's pub asked by colonel Ion T. the Hetman – ten years in prison in Siberia, ten years in prison in Romania, and currently owner of a vey small sum of money – what would I have, I am answering him, greedy: a coffee. After we have drunk that coffee almost dried by the huge quantity of sugar which an understanding waiter had intentionally brought it to our table, we are leaving for downtown. The colonel wants to meet a friend from Cluj, whom he is searching for, so that we walk up and down through that city that seems to be a *Kaiserstadt* in miniature, full of baroque buildings (the most evoking of peace and opulence style). Each step is giving me the impression that I am living in the year 1900, that Europe is a vast saloon, that the world doesn't know what the fear and the anguish are. Really, it seems to me that we would be in Stadtpark, the statues of Mozart and Johann Strauss come out from among trees and flowers, a small brass band plays on the restaurant's porch, couples walk peacefully, and the brass band plays the imperial waltz.

The train towards Bucharest, which we are going to take, is going to leave at ten o'clock at night. After a while, the colonel has found his friend just at the rail-station, and I have been left alone. I don't have any money to do anything else, the euphoria that has been engulfing me since I have left Gherla prison it is egalitarian and indifferent; it starts raining a little, so that I have decided to stroll around the rail-station. I am firstly entering a grocery-store checking the merchandise and the prices. Then, for the rain has totally stopped, I am strolling in a little street. Now it is completely dark and the air is humid; a perfumed breeze blows freshly. That little street is empty; through most of the windows I can see the lit light. It is not being less peaceful and less blue than in the poetry of Verlaine which George Mavrocordat was asking me to recite it, he never getting enough of it. Besides, the blue isn't a color, it is, at its turn, a peace. The houses are clean, taken care of, flourished; in that pseudo-cubist style from the year 1925. But they seem to have a certain stance of some beings paying attention to their external countenance, wearing a little bonnet and a white apron, of milk-chocolate and croissants; and how silent, comfortable, and harmonious are seeming to me all those interiors I am seeing through windows! I am understanding, in a few instants of intense emotion, the major mysteries of the life, better than I have understood them ever.

I am firstly understanding that in *this* world we are totally forsaken by God, as Simone Veil ascertains too, and that this forsaking is in the same time the supreme sign of the "existence" and of the love of God. God, as Simone says, He "withdraws" in an absolute manner, in order Him to allow us to exist (otherwise His presence will be equal to our annihilation), in order Him to allow

us a consummate freedom and thus Him to provide our daring act of faith with a merit or better said with a sense).

Being I totally abandoned and destined to a feeling in full dialectical suffering, I am understanding that a rational help I cannot receive from anywhere; the drugs, the alcohol, the eros, the comforting through illusions or manias are invalid because they submit me to the discretionary will of somebody else, and they are temporary, and they even are submitted to the time's caprices which degrades them; there are absolute proves either in favor of against; The theories become obsolete quicker than the people or than the vestments; we have to deal only with the signs, and the signs – of course, Sartre didn't need to say is so loudly – the signs can be interpreted in both ways: we meet the dialectics everywhere. Give this, I am understanding that I cannot base myself but on some very vague intuitions – there are no ascertainments, rules, or objective certainty etc. -, on some all-mysterious urges coming from a world which I am feeling and intuiting, from very hidden deeps, from the domain reckoned by Ortega as belonging to beliefs rather than to ideas.

Long story short, I am a Slavofil too, and I am subscribing to the program of the new mystique of Homiakov: the preeminence of the unwritten lawsy over any formulated dogma, the preeminence of the intuition over knowledge, and the preeminence of the religious and moral law over any logics and rationality. Let's be fair! The Jesuit Auguste Valensin enunciates the essential when he admits that, if – though impossible – he had been shown on his death bed the most perfect evidence that he has been wrong for the whole his life, that there is no survival, or that there isn't even God, he wouldn't have been sorry for being wrong; and he would have even felt honored for believing such things, because if the universe was something imbecile and worthy of being despised, that would be too bad for the universe! Not him who believe that there is God was wrong, but God would be wrong because of not existing. Long story short, I am not able to find outside of above the *creed* formulated by Dostoyevsky to himself and which he presented very simply: I think that there is nothing more beautiful, or deeper, or more inviting, or more reasonable, or more manly, or more perfect than Christ, and even more than that, if somebody proved to me that Christ is outside the truth and that actually the truth is outside Christ, I would better remain with Christ than with the truth.

This is everything I have, a few quotes (from good people) and a feeling – so frail, so unsystematic, so fragile. Still, this vague, small, and humble capital – the only thing I have gained after the long time I have done in prison – it is

enough to me in order to convey to me the uncontradicted certainty that I know what I should and what I shouldn't do.

The incertitude is the fundamental law of the Occidental civilization – and it is zodiacal sign to it; the incertitude is also the basic condition of the Christianity. But to incertitude are added – "unproven" on human or scientific plan / those beliefs which are stronger than theorems, which are rock-strong. (We have those from greater authorities). Urged by those beliefs, I will always know what I should do; through them I will always be able to reestablished the broken connection with God and with the joy; above the abyss, the emitter and the receiver can always enter the communication.

In the light drizzle, as I am walking along the street, I am understanding that we owe not to harm anyone, and that any disorder, rudeness, brutality, quarrel, anger, contempt, offense, are from the devil; and I am understanding that the doing of the good it is the most egotistic saying for it is the only one providing the peace and the reconcilement with the self; I am understanding that the good behavior and collecting the good deeds are the only richness that is unique to us and that is always available to us (no perquisition can take that away from us); I am understanding that anyone can anytime end alone in a prison cell or on a hospital bed, and being unable to sleep at two o'clock in the night (that's the terrible hour of the lucidness), and nothing is more bitter or closer to hell – using here a strictly egotistic vocabulary – than the memories of the ugly, evil, and petty deeds of ours. Therefore, we owe *to do the good* as long as we still can, before us reaching that state which we will have left with the possibility of *existing*: after death, in prison, on the hospital bed, in a hopeless – or irremediable – loneliness, at lonely old age, in minor registers: strolling in the street, waiting at a crosswalk, waiting in front of the cashier... I am understanding that, by gathering beautiful memories (but not regretting for some passing moments of pleasure, because that too is a torment), we are building – straightly speaking – our Paradise, which is but a sum of good deeds and of noble or heroic actions, of generous behaviors of which memory is an always warm stove, an occasion for justified and calm satisfaction for having been protected against infamies; I am understanding that we can't have absolute surety and logics, but we always are able to know what we ought to do, modestly; we know! In other words, God is consummately absent from the world, but He is also consummately present within us, as Kierkegaard says, as Bonaventura too said it out loud; God is eminently present to the soul and He is even immediately recognizable.

I am peacefully leaving Cluj behind, having my soul rich in peace; I am intuiting a sapience, a modest temperance that could mean the closeness to hesychia.

Of course, on the train we cannot sleep. We all are too agitated. (Scurtu recounts two of his escapes from the forced-labor colony from Danube's Delta). Everybody knows where we are coming from – we have shaved heads, we wear worn clothes, we are so pale, and we smell – so they offer us their seats, they give us food, they secretly put money in the pockets of our coats…

As the dawn comes is being unveiled to our eyes the fertile and imposing landscape of Transylvania. We seem to attend a procession of solid buildings, belltowers, cared fields, fortified gates, precisely marked courtyards, windows hidden behind flowers, smooth roads nicely paved in stone, the citadel-churches… Transylvania! Transylvania! We are experiencing a proud joy; we are being allowed to reconnect with our beloved country and with the state of freedom – (as much as it is; my dad told me: do not be sad, you leave a wider prison for a narrower prison, and at the coming out to not rejoice too much, because you will only change a narrower prison for a wider prison) – in this noble and worthy landscape there is nowhere anything fitly, or ugly, ore sandy, there were pains and mourning and sad birds sang, but nothing stinky has remained. This is an honorable and honest landscape, a little emphatic, *mister* father, I beg you, nice seeing you, the seven boroughs, tea with milk, a landscape that persuaded even Caragiale. And what clean the streets are like, and the courtyards, and the fields, at least at these early hours…

Patriotism isn't – as Duiliu Zamfirescu says – a prejudgment; patriotism is a sentiment. Anyone can have sentiments. And which among the psychic powers is nearer to tears that the sentiment is? I am crying too easy! I learnt in prison that the expression of *the gift* of the tears is totally adequate to reality.

3rd-4th of August

I am mediating while on the train at the formula "the devil is the master of this world". I am thinking that one must place the accent on *of this*. The world is the Creation of God, but the world contaminated by sin and entered in complicity with the devil, *this* world – that is no longer the original world -, the world offered and laid down by satan to Christ's feet as belonging to satan and satan being able to grant the world to whomsoever he would want (and the Lord – *Luke* 4: 6 – didn't contradict satan), because this world is a secondary and deformed and deviated image – and which is an illusion and which the peasants and the merchants see it and think about it that it is a pub, but Don Quixote knows that this world is actually a castle – it is *satan's* world.

Therefore, the cleaning operation doesn't' require a pause, but it requires only an exorcism, it requires an un-spell. Prove for this is the contact with all the masterpieces of the art which succeed, at their turn, to establish the direct connection with the godhead. The spellbound then disappears, and the world – being the same but transformed, having shaken off the spellbound, it becomes again the first creation and it provides the sensation of happiness. Besides, the Lord in His discussion with Nicodemus from *John* 3 (I have reached, because of the sectarians, to always refer myself to the biblical text by quoting the chapter and the verse – a pedant habit), He doesn't ask the man a new birth, namely another making – so this is another *benefaction* – but He asks the man only to accomplish an instantaneous spiritual metanoia which is absolute. Here can be related also the striking words of von Jawlensky: the art if the nostalgia of God.

Who hasn't seen, in poorly printed books, colored images superimposed to black and white images? Well, the devil's world is the same with this small deviation between background and color, a small deviation but which is enough in order to lead increasingly mode strongly and increasingly more quickly to other realms.

It is a deviation that requires to be corrected.

In this sense, the world mastered by the devil is a real world, but only in this sense. This is because otherwise the devil hasn't created a second world but the devil works parasitically upon the same world created by God; it is the same world but "spell-bounded" and upon this world, imaginary (because of existing only through our eyes, through our concepts, through our beliefs, and through our passions), the devil is king. That's why my much beloved Simone was able to ascertain very exactly: the things which enchain us are unreal, but the chains tying us to thema re very real. The structures do not differ; "structurally" speaking the devil doesn't work on a different area than the Good or the Word.

As such, the devil cannot offer us but that what he possesses, namely: the illusion, the maya (this is an influence form dr. Al.-G.), the slid image from the printing. But as long as our relation with this illusion or witchcraft is founded on our act of adhesion, *he* keeps his word: he *gives* what he has promised. But at the moment of the death (or at the moment of the shaking repentance or at the moment of any reckoning), when we are *called back to reality* (I wonder whether *Soli und Haben* - the humble book of Gustav Freytag - doesn't fore-imagine, to some extent, the majestical *Sein und Zeit*?), of course that the concluded agreement "is liquidated" (see Faust) and the devilish contribution proves to be illusory, or a simple reflection in a mirror.

The father of the lie: because of him having power only upon the deviated image, only upon the error, only upon the corrupt essence; the prince of the fears: this is because it is dreadful to see that you are actually locked up – hired (hired means also hireling) – into a huge, shaky, wrong construction which cannot but collapse as a play-cards castle.

Being so, the faith in God seems to me, in the full meaning of the words, as being the most realistic act one can do: it is accepting the truth and it is rejecting the illusions. That's why the humbleness is necessary too, that's why the church places so much the accent on humbleness: nothing is more difficult to us than renouncing to our imaginings.

When Don Quixote tells to the peasants from the pub that they truly are inside a castle, he is reckoned as insane because the peasants are in that pub while they reckon themselves to be there: and the human word being "creator" at its turn, as also the Father's word is (*Genesis* 2: 19), the castle *has become* a pub. You have called the castle as pub, the castle will be a pub, in the virtue of the godlike power ceded to the man for *defining* the things. Therefore, Don Quixote denies a reality of the plan or of the level where he is, so that he is insane. But he is realistic too, he is sane too, for the castle has remained a castle in the essential, archetypal, true (true not real) world, among the templates, and it has been covered only with the veil of the magic and being possible at any moment the castle to be restored, reintegrated in its initial state through an act of coming back to truth and through an act of repudiating *this* wrong world which is the world of the slid color while printing.

The Christian's situation is equally paradoxical as the situation of Don Quixote is. The Christian is or he is asked to be God. He was created clean but now he is dirty, and he only must turn back to what he has been destined to be. In other words, the Christian must struggle to become that what he is.

BUCHI MAMBO RAG

Maniu didn't want to listen to me, and I begged him so much… if he had listened to me… he was influenced by Penescu… Some semolina pudding? Let me tell you how the semolina pudding is made, for I can see you haven't a clue… Eh, for you say that you have lived for so long in the country side, in villages, let's see: the hen clucks, the duck quacks, the goose hisses, but what does the turkey like? Eh? If mumbles, sir, it mumbles… Natalia Negru was her name… Not at all! That was the woman who killed herself. Ştefan Octavian Iosif… Odobescu's had a different name, I can't remember it right now, it seemed having a German resonance… look, firstly the milk must be boiled very well and only then you put the semolina in… Cornes grecques*, mister, this is what the*

fairytales are called like… You are right. That action was so flimsily undertaken… See, to be honest, I can no longer tell you how the honey-badger is, but the martin… That is in Dante, mister…

Bucharest, 4th of August

I am finding my dad in the street, close to our home. My cousin supports him while taking him to a stroll and to barbershop. My da is small, unbelievable small, very bowed forwards, and he takes small steps, but he walks fearlessly and his eyes Are nimble. I am taking his right hand without him noticing me and when he is looking at me, I am asking him not to cry.

Crying?! I'm not stupid! Tell me, have you had something to eat today?

Up in our room I am seeing an awful scene: the couch and the armchair are disintegrating, their springs are hanging, the dust is set in a thick layer everywhere, the walls and the ceiling are black, it is stinking of dirt and garbage, of lack of airing, and I am seeing the bedbugs crawling everywhere. It is like seeing some sort of corner of an abandoned antique-shop. On the floor there are some newspapers. Everywhere: dust. An unwashed plate, two slimy forks. I am feeling the urge to bash my head against the walls. (by myself, without any intervention from the investigator). But I am not coming from prison for nothing; I am maintaining my calm: I am going to clean this up.

Gherla Prison, the Year 1963

Français, encore un effort, si vous voulez être républicains

Marquis de Sade

I am arriving during a fury of the moves, as the political officer Tudoran is often feeling the urge to order it, and I am in a prison cell together with former miliary, gendarmes, and a few legionaries recently brought to Aiud.

I am finding out details about Ţurcanu and about reeducation.

If the devils, the fallen angels, could contrive awful torments, only the trickster order of the human beings could imagine such insane and meandrous tortures.

The hot barley, gulped in a hurry, and immediately after that a big mug of cold water.

Climbing the walls with the fingernails.

Prostrations, uninterruptedly, until I pass off.

Eating excrements. (It is reckoned as privileged him who is forced to eat his own excrements).

Forced to gorge with food and then locked up crowded in a small prison cell without a toilet vessel and with the door locked up, of course.

Priests forced to masturbate themselves.

Only four hours of sleep, from 12 p.m. to 4 a.m.; those too interrupted at every quarter of hour.

Forced to stand between 4 a.m. and 12 p.m. for two months.

Three alarms every night. When an alarm is triggered, the detainees must crawl under the beds faced down. The wardens enter the cell with fire-extinguishers and they cover the walls and the floor with a white liquid that immediately get hardened forming a tough crust. The detainees get out from under the beds and they must clean up that crust in less than an hour when the inspection will come and ascertain that everything shines.

In the same prison cell where I am, admiral Horia Măcelaru exclaims: the Paradise on earth! He had come from Râmnicu-Sărat, where he had lived for six years alone in a prison cell, submitted to a starvation-regime, he had been eating the strows form the torn mattress, eventually all of them, and form the whole mattress didn't remain except the sackcloth. *Skin of Shagrin*, filmed differently. In the next prison cell has died Ion Mihalache, after he has been blind for a while.

Maybe the hell is just this: the lunatics hospice.

On a much less intense level I too acquired the belief that the political imprisonment was conceived in the ground of the cybernetical ideas of spontaneous retroaction and morphogenesis. The detainees to torment on one another. It is cheaper so. I have been suffering more because of the people submitted to the conditions in a "chamber for executing the punishment" than because of the wardens patrolling the prison corridors.

The chamber-chiefs, zealous, disciplined, and fearful, comrades who were maniacs of cleanness (What are you doing, mister! You are touching the plate after you have been scratching your ass… Haven't you realized that you have spread your snots over my bed?). Those cohabitants were the carriers to fulfillment of the plan based on the idea, a just idea, that even the strictest penitentiary regime is a piece of cake in comparison to the lunatics-hospice.

By recounting everywhere *Huis Clos* of Sartre, I was hoping to contribute to the unveiling of its secrets and so I could alleviate its effects. I had been listened attentively (the hotel room from that theater-play it represents the hell it evoked too exactly the conditions of the prison-life not to immediately stir up the interest), but the results proved to be null, like in case of that advice given by Chesterfield to his son: You will hear in the Commons Chamber many beautiful speeches, some of them will change your opinions, but make sure that none of them will change your vote). It is an amazing thing that boyars, big lang-owners, university professors, superior officers, bishops, and former high

state-dignitaries proved to be less exigent on hygiene than the shepherds, the manual-workers, and the plowmen, who were almost all of them *easy to get disgusted* and *picky with their food* and who hadn't stopped from establishing prophylactic rules even more zealously than at the Pasteur Institute; they were establishing rules for using the toilet-vessel and for washing the hands after, which were stricter than the tribal rituals or than the rule of the ceremonial of the defecation of a Brahman.

Gherla, May, the Year 1963

Submitted twice to surgical interventions, dreadfully thin, barely walking, barely speaking, spending almost the whole day lying down in the bed and covered with his blanket, deepened in prayers, father Haralambie V. is waiting for his death. But he still finds the power to sometime talk to us for a little. He is a monk so that he is waiting for his death with serenity but not without worries: as a sapient man who is being preparing himself for a long trip and he knows that that is no joke, and he knows that one better think at all aspects in advance and to make all due preparations and to take the necessary gear, for it is better to have more than needed than to miss something.

He is bestowing me a little of his time and by looking at him and talking to him I am being overwhelmed by the belief that the sufferings must make sense, and that it is impossible that the whole life not to make sense. As always, I am obsessed with Sartre's formula – *we are condemned to freedom* – which is not lacking its power or its truth, even theologically. And I am obsessed also with the correction brough to the mentioned formula by Merleau-Ponty: we are condemned to give a sense to the things. Sorin Vasilie: not the reality is important, but the truth (that is something else) and the meaning are important. Patriarch Atenagora: What is today's man hungry for?: love and meaning.

I am daring to share to father Haralambie – as to a saint – he is being the first one to find out – the two dreams I have while being imprisoned to Jilava, a year and a half ago, in the prison cell no. twenty-five.

Once my mother appeared in my dream – she was always attending the church from Capra, and she was speaking to clearly and charming in Romanian – and, she took me by my hand and she took me to a wall from a Lord's House. It was a huge wall entirely painted with figures of saints and covered in icons. She was taking me towards the painted images and she was urging me to kiss those images.

The second dream was more striking, and I am calling it as a dream because of not daring I to call it differently. It was bitterly cold in the cell no.

25. Thew winter of the year ’62 was a tough one, with deep snow and with a howling blizzard. Odobescu in *Lay Chiajna*: The winder is sad and ugly in the countryside… Sad and ugly was the winter also in the cell number twenty-five, on the second section of the prison. The chimney of the poor stove is collapsed so that we no longer are able to light up a fire with the few firewood we have – as we are allowed to do between 15th of December and 1st of March. The soot has dressed everything up with a think, greasy layer of slimy and adhesive disgusting substance. We are trembling with cold, we are overwhelmed by filth, and we are hungry. Because of the deep snow the providing of supplies had been cut off. We are given once a day, at irregular hours, a small piece of cold polenta. We have run out of water. The toilet barrel is full to the brink. Strangely, the freezing cold instead of neutralizing the stench it makes it exasperatingly stronger. We are staking the arrival of the polenta like some animals whose food totally depends on their master who has a bad memory. The piece of polenta is frozen-cold and made of almost uncooked corn-flour. In that cold and pitiful and filth atmosphere I am managing to keep calm. The inhabitants of that cell are all nice and polite people. And we are not taking it tragically, are a polite to one another, and we a glad as only in prison the people can be – a fore-imagining of the monastic hesychia or of the heavenly happiness. A big land-owner from Bessarabia, a man who is especially agreeable: Cimpoieşu. And there are many like him. Next to me sleeps a chauffeur – it was the chauffeur of Cimpoieşu, trialed together with his employer and then condemned to an awful number of years in prison. (so was Cherciu too, the chauffeur of Alimăneşteanu, because of bringing food to his former employer to had mandatory domicile in Bărăgan region). The chauffeur behaved nicely during the process, he manifested his faithfulness, he followed his employer into prison, as only the shield-bearers were following their seniors in wars of adventures. But he endures the details of the prison regime with difficulty. He is nervous and – as almost all the simple people – he suffers because of promiscuity, because of dirt, and because of lacks, more painfully than the intellectuals and the member of former rich familied endure those. He is bothered by the “dreadful” snoring of a man sleeping next bed to him. He shyly asks me if I wanted to shift beds. The distance is actually unimportant, but one deludes himself in such cases, where everything goes on a neuro-psychical plan, a few centimeters contributing to soothing oneself. I agree and we are changing the beds. (This is the easier to me as I cohabited the prison cell no. 80, at Gherla, with a nice and cultivated guy, general Cotescu-Ţăranu, the most-unsurpassed ever snoring person of all times and of all prisons. The noise he was producing was so overcoming, so irresistible, so awful, so that

there was no possibility to sleep in the same room with him while he was snoring. And that was especially because the noise wasn't uniform or continuous, btu it was an inexhaustible source of always differing blows, constantly surprising – like an artis constantly renewing his style. After a few weeks of cohabiting, you ended to manage having some moments of napping – but you still remained like some sailors who never got rid of their sea-sick. For instance, I only got accustomed to eat boiled barley after more than three years spent in prison).

On the next day evening, the mentioned chauffeur asked me again, even more shyly: he wanted to take his initial bed because in the new bed he feels the cold draft. We changed our bed again. On the next day we did the same.

Around two o-clock in the night a new group of detainees are being brought into the cell. We haven't needed them to already be too crowded. And how pitifully are all of them looking around… are they coming from some less sinister places? We are receiving them as they probably haven't expected: peacefully and making fun of trouble. But where to make them room, because of all the beds being already full. Everybody restricts himself in order to create new spaces – most of them imaginary, as in Rieman's geometry. Some of them are left to take napes on the benches. I am inviting one of them who is overweight, exasperated, and helpless – and whose face expresses the suffering and the tiredness – to take my place in bed, because the two of us wouldn't fit. And one can tell that he is mandatorily needing two-three hours of resting. I am spending the rest of the night on a bench.

The next night I am fall into a deep sleep. And I am bestowed with a miraculous dream, a vision. I am not seeing Lord Christ embodied, but I am seeing only a huge light – white and bright – and I feel myself unspeakable happy. That light is surrendering me from all quarters, it is being a total happiness, and it is removing everything; I am bathed in the blinding light, I am floating in that light, *I am* being light and I am exulting. I am knowing that that will last eternally, *perpetuum mobile*. *It is Me* is that light telling me, but not by words, but by thought transmission: *It is Me*: through intellect and on the way of the feeling – I am understanding that that is the Lord and that I am being inside the Tabor light, that I am not only seeing it by I am also living amidst it.

Above all, I am happy, happy, happy. I am happy and I am understanding that I am happy and I am saying that I am happy. And that light seems to be more luminous than the light and it seems *talking to me* and it is telling me *who* it is. The dream is seemingly lasting for a long, long time. That happiness not only that it lasts continuously but it is also continuously

increasing. If the evil has no bottom the good to has no ceiling; the circle of light is getting wider, and the happiness, after it has engulfed me silkily, it is suddenly changing its tactics and if is becoming tough, it is throwing itself and it is coming like an avalanche upon me, like some antigravitational avalanches which are elevating me; then, it is proceeding gently again, and, in the end, it is bluntly *replacing me*. I am no longer existing. Still, I am existing but I am existing so strongly that I am no longer recognizing me.

(Since then, I have been feeling awfully ashamed. Of stupidities, of evilness, of malevolence. Of whims. Of cunningness. Ashamed!).

Father Haralambie is listening to me very attentively, he is not smiling, he is not flinching. Then he is pronouncing himself: he isn't believing that these dreams or visions have been something suspect. On the opposite, he is congratulating me. He is recommending me to manifest maximum discretion and a humble self-control. And he is especially asking me – it is difficult to understand, he is telling me, but please make the necessary effort – to take those visions as something usual and not as something exceptional, so that I shouldn't be forced off the totally common path of my life in community. A good thought from my mother, like a greeting; and the mercy of the Lord it is rich; when He passes around it happens that the lap of His coat touched who knows whom.

We are also making plans for the future. The father – as an authentic dying man is a hundred percent convinced that he is going to die and also that he is going to live.

But a few days later a grave internal hemorrhage is making him to collapse. The detainee doctor, insistently called for, he had finally arrived and he is now nodding. The chief of the chamber has wrapped father Haralambie in a blanket and I and another detainee are carrying father Haralambie to the cell's door, where we are forced by the regulations to turn with our faces against the wall and to touch our knees with our hands and to stand so. The wardens are taking father Haralambie to the infirmary.

I found out that he died the next day.

When Péguy was conscripted, in August 1914, he went to say farewell to all his friends and to reconcile with all his enemies. He strolled himself through Paris from an end to another. He asked for forgiveness to all the people whom he wronged. He didn't even forget about a landlady from a small boardinghouse whom he seemingly talked to a little harshly. He left decided to die for the cause which he was believing in, namely the universal Republic and in order that war to be the last war. And he was serious saying that: he died in September, because of his excessive zeal, by standing in order to attempt

conducting his men's fire, who were lying on the ground. *Down, lieutenant sir, down*... He didn't listen to them.

And Péguy also had asked his wife to take care and buy and keep for him, during the entire war, all the issues of the newspapers and magazines which he was interested in. He who doesn't ceaselessly keep in his mind the awareness about the simultaneity of the plurality of the contradictory plans of the conscience, he won't be able to know anything about people.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

... I had the luck to find in cell no. eighty three several people who knew well The Shirt of Christ: *I heard it recounted thoroughly and then I heard it while living in other cells too...* Pa vu ga de che zo ni... *tells Marcellus to Demetrious...*

October – November, the Year 1962

Then many will be offended and they will betray on one another and they will hate on one another. Mt. 24: 10.

In the cell no. 44, which is an infirmary room, the envy and the strife have set in their thrones, the devils are dancing, and Beelzebub is dancing as on the land of his father, having no worries. Nettles, hemlock, mandrake. After all, writes Bergson, why wouldn't we suppose a life founded not on combinations of the oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, and carbon, but, for instance, a life based on combinations of the cobalt? And why wouldn't there be worlds where not the carbon dioxide by the ammonia sustains the photosynthesis and the fructification? Rudolf Steiner's anthroposophy describes outside our universe another universe, syncopated.

In the cell no. 44, there is a syncopated world, an ammoniacal world. The mistrust and the suspicion have desolated everything, as the scourge of the hot steppe plains' wind. Not only that the people here in no longer talk to one another decently, not only that they stopped to talk to one another, but they no longer address to one another even curses. The burdening clouds of the anger's electricity clash with the ugly clouds of the wrath's electricity. A heavy mist, sometimes disturbed by the bursting of the spontaneous quarrel.

Each patient is convinced that all the other patients are simply simulants. The detainees-doctors notify the wardens on numerous cases of suspected simulation. Each treatment is watched by the evil and envious look of the patients around. The few medicines given to a patient are suspected of being the result of some favoritism. This is the marsh-phase which the *Little Book of the Nest Chief* talks about.

Colonel Marinescu, who has gone insane, he bursts in tears a few times a day, so that other reckon him as theatrical. Peasant Benea, from Blaga's village, he has palsy and he must be carried to the toilet barrel; I barely find somebody to help me carry "this thief". Păstorel, because of remaining distant, he is being hated to death. Doctor Răileanu, scholar in medicine, in phtiziologist and biologist, I must admit that he is behaving very despising to others, but he is also a lonely person, they want to beat him. He is escaped by general Vătămanu, who is reckoned as a mythomaniac because of recounting the hunts for aurochs which he was present to.

The chamber-chief is the zealous-type and he suffers of insomnia. When it happens I to go down to the toilet barrel at night, the sound of my boots wakes him up from the nap he just fell after long efforts. He curses me and he looks at me with such a full-of-hatred gazes that I feel embarrassed: of course, that once or twice I dropped one of my boots so that justifies him in the eye of everybody present here.

The theft accusations flow one after another. We are given a little bottle of fifty millimeters of lactic-acid and I am asked to share it to those who are diagnosed with "digestive aliments" (most of the case are of intestinal tuberculosis) which I too have been diagnosed with. I have taken from the door the little bottle and a pipette, I have gone directly to the ten patients, I have taken from each of them their personal little bottles, I have placed all those little bottles (including mine) in a row on a window sill, I painstakingly shared all that medicine in equal quantities. The empty bottle and the pipette remained at that place where I have been working, and I distributed the rest of the little bottles to their owners, keeping me the eleventh bottle.

After a quarter of an hour, there is stirring up the rumor that when I have passed by the water-barrel (there is no other possible route) I have taken water and I have replaced the lactic-acid and I have kept for me the entire quantity of that medicine.

This accusation is phantastic – as the characters of Moliere love to say: if I did like accused, I would be seen by all the people around. But that doesn't matter. The chamber-chief and a series of professional-doubters subscribe to that accusation. I am lucky for nobody has consumed the content of their little bottle yet. I am gathering all the little bottles again, I am filling up the initial bottle with their content, without doing that regarding my little bottle too, and I am asking the chamber-chief to have a state; he is doing it and he is grimacing with bitterness. Then I pour my little bottle's content too and the initial bottle get filled to the brink. But, despite proving I'm innocent, I am not succeeding in convincing my accusers that they are wrong.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… By no means, that is a quote from Milton… I have been having Istrati Mircescu as my contester today and unexpectedly… Yes¸ Blaireau*, damn it… Von Steuben, the baron Prussian general, he barely missed to be chosen president of the United States after winning the independence war… Yes, that is from Goethe:* Wärte das Auge nicht sonnenhaft so konnte es die sonne nicht erblichen… *without butter and cacao it has no appeal, only that the butter… Malaisia! Kuala Lumpur: Luang Prabang is the capital of Laos… No, my dear, forgive me for contradicting you. Leghorn is white; the red ones are Rhode Island…*

The passion of the envy is incomparably more active than the egotism is. And the virus of the equality urges us to keenly desire the evil. The hatred on others is stronger than the love for the self. Cioran: it is better all of us to be in hell and as low as possible, than one to rejoice of having something more' better all of us to be condemned than somebody to escape. I have been experiencing *the thirst for egalitarian hell* in several prison cells, where some sort of a variant of the law of the final utility formulated by Böhm-Bawek has been infallibly functioning: The envy is inversely-proportional to the size of the difference existing among the units forming a human collectivity.

At Dante and at Jules Romain the things are the same. In the *Paradise*, the souls form the third heavens do not feel jealous on the souls from the fifth heavens: they rejoice of those ones' joy, they endearingly participate to those ones' beatitude, and they are totally content with their place in the lower heavens. Jules Romanin in *Les hommes de bonne volonté*: I prefer to live in a little room from the attic of a palace than in a salon of the same abandoned and devastated building.

The society from yore was composed of people dominated by their egotism and driven by their selfish interests; each of them though at himself and that's why it was easy one wo be happy in that society. Preoccupied with his own good, the man didn't care about another's good.

(There still was the misfortune of another? Answer: 1) Regardless the regime, the man remains indifferent when facing another's misfortune; 2) but when facing another's happiness the man wont' remain indifferent – but he will envy it to death, and he will use any sorts of wicked means against another's happiness – except by being enough preoccupied with a *possible* reaching of his own happiness).

In the cell no. 44, I usually keep my eyes closed. Ah, how nice must have been those trips through Europe from before WWI – Eduard the VIIth with his

cigar in the corner of his mouth, incognito in those alleys and in the coffeeshops from Marienbad! And, ah! (as Glasworthy said) how nice has been strolling through Bucharest under a greenish-opal-like sky; the asphalt from Pantelimon drowsy on a day from June, of from August, and so many cold pubs, on both sides of the road; the Armenian street, peaceful like a *patriarchal poem* authored by Şt. O Iosif, during winter, under the snow, and in the houses' stoves there roars the wood-fire.

I have got astray and idyllical, these stupid and stereotypical clichés… But, where is coming from, to me, this insisting stereotype, a fresh fragrance of flowers, of moist earth, and of hot bread? (Hey, told me Al. Pal. after we had got released from prison, you have become more bucolic than Romulus Seişanu, Timoleon Pisani and those journalists from *Universul (The Universe)* and *Concursul Tinerimii (The Contest of the Youth*) reviews. I have been told that your preferred written is Nicolae Densusianu!).

Malmaison Prison, the prison cell no. 12

When the warden stops in front of the door, I am managing (very little) to lift up the black eyes-cover; I cannot use my hand because he is grabbing me tightly by my hand. It doesn't matter if you know or not what prison cell you have been appointed to, but I feel that any detainee makes a matter of honor to know this detail. The warden catches me and he hits me harshly. It is fair: the forms must be respected – the for is the guarantee of the law -, each of us do our duty, so that we are even.

Of course, the prison cell no. 12 is very close to the Plevnei Boulevard, for I am heaving as clearly as one can get the bells of the church situated in the back of a little courtyard between the Şefan Furtună (Gerenal Angelscu) and Witting Streets.

The bell creates its own sonorous space – a true universe. He who is in the range of the bell's waves participates to that state of exaltation and of kidnapping always and necessarily created by the bell's ring. Poe: *Bells-whispers, Bells-whispers / Bells. Bells. Bells. Bells*. The comforting force enters the prison cell no. 12 too, where my colleague and I are living like people and not like beasts when the unseen neighboring church sends us the victorious message of its bells.

The first effects of the imprisonment, as accentuated by the bells' ring: the sentiment of the guilt. Despite we are here on the basis of some fantasist accusation, we still fully realize a general culpability: towards ourselves, towards the life, towards people. We are innocent relatedly to the accusations they bring to us but, oh! how guilty we are of the whole remaining things. We

are carrying on our shoulders, on our backs, within our souls, the world's sins. And the animals' pains. Marcel, the brother of Abbot Zosima: yes, because of our sin the animals ended up eating on one another and being hunted.

(In Islam, every man must accomplish the pilgrimage to Mecca at least once in his life. If one hasn't achieved that, it will fall to his inheritor to fulfill that duty. And not only the Inheritor: anyone must undertake the holy pilgrimage on behalf of those who haven't undertaken it; each one is accountable for all. The like we are).

Jilava Prison, February, the Year 1962

Bruder Harald, in his exposition upon the life and the work of Martin Luther, he is citing and commenting the words Luther uttered at Worms, in the year 1517: *Hier stehe Ich; Ich kann nicth anders. Gott helfe mir. Amen.*

Princely words. Totally differing from: "What should have I done? I signed". (The reasoning of the rebellious monk is the opposite: I won't sign, so that I will see what happens, Lord, have mercy on me!).

In the evening, after they order everybody to go to bed, I am walking from the toilet-barrel which is placed at the end of the tunnel-prison-cell, until I reach my bed – according to the order issued by non-commissioner officer Ungureanu – all the other inmates are forced to lie down on their beds: I am the last one because of my wicked guts are usually constipated. So, I am crossing in procession through the two rows of beds where the other inmates are prepared for sleeping, and I take my time to carefully with a good night to each of them. They answer me amiably and I am rejoicing of the fact that they sympathize me and for I am doing the right thing.

Of course, I *know* that I am proceeding correctly, and by that I really suppress the good. The existentialists are right about this aspect: as we are aware of the good that we are committing, our conscience will irremediably compromise that good. The conscience is destroying, it excludes the candor, the serene and innocent committing of the good. The conscience defiles any elegant action.

The existentialists are and in the same time they aren't right. Theya re in a hurry, like some prestidigitators. The conscience defiles, but not irremediably. We are not pure children, and we are not saints. But neither we are – willy-nilly – some bastards, some *salauds*. Saint not, or course. But maybe we are *the next best*, namely some impostors of the good.

The saints are the upper limit. But lower than they there come the heroes, and then the seniors, and in the last place there are limping *they who*

dare to do the good, a little ridiculous, a little gasping for air, but they too aren't worthless either.

We know that we are committing the good – and therefore we are impurifying the done good – but we still do the good and not the evil. We are not partakers to the purity of the saints, but we still commit something that gets us out form the ranks of the wicked. I think that there is a difference between *les salauds* and some of the inmates from the prison cell no. 34 (and other impostors of the good).

There is here, in the prison-cell no. 34 something else than the heat which the fearful, the traitors, and the defeated ones are tormented in. (And who almost always feel self-pity and they whine: the whiny of the defeat and of the treason. And they are boasting with their ceding: not only the stupid is proud, but the wicked is proud too). Besides, that is something easily to be noticed, like a tonic, like an intense color. The nobility and the chivalry are not simple nostalgia from a totally different domain (as the Christianity that reflects those): of the happiness secrets and recipes.

That could be a total blasphemy, but I have a theory of mine, according to which Christ doesn't appear to us, out of the Gospels, only as gentle, kind, sinless, merciful, powerful etc. Out of the recounts of the Gospels, without exception, Christ appears to us also as endowed with the traits of a gentleman and of the knight. First, He stays at the door and He knocks; He is discrete. Then He trusts the people; He is not suspicious. And the trust is the first quality of the boyar and of the knight, the suspicion being, on the contrary, the fundamental trait of the smartass. The gentleman is the one who – until the undeniable evidence proving the opposite – he trusts everybody and he doesn't hurry up to believe the defamations snook in to him about some friend of his. To smartasses and to pricks the number one reaction is always the suspicion, and the unparalleled satisfaction is provided them by the possibility of knowing that their fellow human is equally defiled as they are.

Further on. Christ forgives easily and fully. The smartass never forgives or, if he is persuaded to (but still without fully forgiving), he is doing it with difficulty, forcedly, and with avarice. While the Lord: "I too don't condemn you. Go and sin no more". *Neither I condemn you…*

Christ is always ready to help; He expects only to be asked for help, for He has mercy on us. The widow from Nain, the blind men, and hunchbacked woman, He healed them up without they asking Him for anything. He knows how to match His help so that He gives everybody something of His. To the Canaanite woman, who proved her *courage* and perseverance, He tells her more things than to others delivered by Him, and He uses a complementary formula:

Oh, woman! *Great* is your faith. (Only to her, only to her, and the exclamative *O!* And the qualificative *great*!).

Christ is always – and especially careful concerning this point – attentive and polite; *My friend* He tells to Judah. Christ never insults or despises the sinner. One cannot see from any text some haughty moralism, or some crafted bashfulness. There were no previous conditions required to the sinners, there were no discrimination: I won't cast out him who comes to me. He goes in the path of the profligate sons, *and even when they are still far from Him*. And each time He give, He gives plentifully, more than due, aristocratically. (What can be stranger from the accountant avarice and from the Pharisaic-like detailed calculus, and what could be a better proof of generosity, than these words from John 3: 34: "For God doesn't' give the Ghost with measure"?). The carefulness of Judah concerning the money spent on myrrh shows us that, on one hand, the seller lacked his generosity, and on the other hand, the Lord overlooked – aristocratically – any calculus or avarice (even though dressed up in clothes of benefaction and patronage) in order to taste the joy of *wasting* (which is the same with *sacrificing*) in moments of souly extolling. And this is a noble gesture, the noble being always able to sacrifice his life or to waste his wealth. (The noble sometimes gives his life in duels for mundane motifs, or he will lose his wealth over a game of cards – but his behavior, as everything that is earthly, are only a clumsy imitation of the generous virtues: the bodily love isn't, at its turn, a poor contrivance of the divine love?).

Trust in people, courage, detachment, benevolence to unfortunate from whom you can get no profit (ill people, inmates, strangers), a sense of greatness, the predisposition to forgive, the despise towards the prudent and towards the avaricious: all of these are traits belonging to the gentleman and to the knight.

Christ invites all the people to recognize themselves that what they really are: some sons of the Father, of the Master. From this standing-point the closest to *Gospels* is *Don Quixote*, once the knight of La Mancha tells the people from that pub that they were castellans without knowing themselves they were, and so he asked them to behave as some nobles.

Prince Maskin, when the deed of Ganca doesn't differ from that of a peasant or of a moneychanger, how does he react? He feels mercy on and shame for the one who has forgotten (in anger and in his thirst for money) his title of child of God.

The situation of being Christian is the same with the stature of aristocrat. Why? Because of having its ground in the most "senior-like" traits: freedom and trust (faith). What the noble, the feudal is? Above all, he is a free

man. What does the faith mean? Trust into the Lord, *though* the world is evil, *despite* injustice, *against* lowness, *despite* negative signals coming from everywhere. The words of Tolstoi (*Anna Karenina*, the scene of choosing the marshal of the nobility from that county): "That's why we are noble, to have trust".

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

How do you call the inhabitants from Besancon? And from Charleville? And from Monaco?... Not because I was his minister, but you must know that Ferdinand wasn't that stupid as you wanted to describe him. He was a renown botanist, a good polyglot, he knew Hebrew, he was a theologian, and he was a numismatist... I think that at Einsiedeln, yes, the black Virgin form the Einsiedeln Monastery... they are called as Bisotins, and the ones from Charleville are called as Carolopolitans; those from Monaco: Monegast... yeah, he loves gipsy women. It is in Baudelaire: Korge, dieu sinistre, effrayant, impassible... *you are going to admit that he wasn't the stupid person invented by you; he behaves nicely with the officers from his guard: each of them were bestowed a cigar and a golden coin... Eh, I am seeing that you don't know that in English those birds' names are: robin and wren... let's see if you know how to say birch in French... And how unjust were you to Mary... was Marcellus telling to Demetrious...*

The Year 1966

In l'Otage, Claudel affirms a very important thing, which the experience of the life and the spectacle of the world from the end of the WWI have been sharply confirming it to us.

"Let's see, Colfontaine is telling to Turelure, what will happen if the world of the affection and of the trust is replaced for the world of the competition".

It could have been in the old world too, that the comforting words of *affection* and *trust* had ended by being emptied of their content and had reached to the empty shells as so many others. But we have seen what a world based on competition means, a world which its dialectical inheritor has put an end to, by coming with its new grounds: hatred, envy, and suspicion.

The great mystery of all misfortunes: the suspicion – the poison, the tares, the scourge.

Bergson didn't reckon for nothing the time as bringer of unsuspected surprises, and the evolution as creator. Proof to that: who would have thought that in the first years of the XX Century that our chief problems would be: the fear, the generalized suspicion, the almighty smartass-ness? But look: they are.

To us, the futilities 0 as Camus calls the problem out by Copernicus and Galileo, the heliocentrism against geo-centrism – are the grave and naïve preoccupations from the beginning of the XX Century: the progress, the spreading of the free democracy, and the benefactor science.

We have other worries.

And among those worries there is the tormenting problem of the suspicion that has become an endemic illness.

(Duhamel asked, sometime around the year 1928, why does a lunch in a restaurant from Moscow taking so much time; and he wondered finding out the reason why: the recording and control-accounting operations performed for each meal-course. This could be the main cause due to which the socialist system brings slowness and expensiveness for).

To any Christian the suspicion is a grave and horrible sin. To Christianity the trust is the moral path of generating persons. Only the man creates his fellow humans proportionally to the trust he grants them.

The mistrust is killing, as the abortion is too; the mistrust abolishes that person whom it is manifested upon. The man himself, as created by God, the man transforms his fellow human in a person – through a second creator act – due to the trust he grants him (Claudel).

Giving names to animals, according to the godlike commandment, the man arranges the animals within the content of the creation; by loving his neighbor and by trusting his neighbor, the man makes a person of his neighbor, and that's something else than a mere individual.

Behold why the suspicion is so harmful. From human person the suspicion transforms the suspected human being – in what? Not in a brute, that would have been too good, but it transforms the suspected one in something unutterably worse, in the most abject creature, in the most despicable creature, in the most carcinogenic one can be – in a smartass.

Corollary: but when we become convinced that an individual or some individuals enter the quality of wicked, the procedure (Christian too) is totally different: the non-delayed, the unhesitating taking of measures: the eradication.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… She was passionate, that's right. But what beautiful and majestic was she like, as well… and nobody knows how much the Great Romanian owes to her… Yes, Stere and Marghiloman were educated and intelligent people, but you must know that the true heroes were the polenta-eaters and the idealists led by your stupid Ferdinand and by your whore Mary… Do you know what Rimbaud

style is called like? And the style of Giraudoux? The French campaign in Italy against Austrians, in the year 1859? By the armistice from Villafranca and by the peace from Zürich... Yes, bouleau, *this one was easy*, *but how do you call the maple tree in French? She didn't lose her courage, her hope... all the time, and then, at the peace talks from Paris – who was there, if not her?...*

Here are some biblical texts referring to the thesis: the Christianity is a religion of the courage: countless mentions of the Christ's urge: *dare* son, *dare* daughter (Mt. 9: 2, 22; Mk. 10: 49; Lk. 8: 48), *dare* (Mk. 6: 50; Jn. 16: 33); the encouragements: *do not fear* (Mk. 5: 36; 6: 50; Lk. 1: 13, 30; 2: 10; 12: 7; 5: 10; 8: 50; 7: 24; 12: 7; 24: 36; Jn 6: 20); *do not be afraid* (Mk. 16: 6); on the list of the souls condemned to the hell of fire, on the first place are written down the *fearful* (Apoc. 21: 8); the rebuking: *why are you fearing?* (Mk. 4: 40); and, especially, the unveiling of the great secret: "the Kingdom of Heavens is being taken by perseverance, and they who force themselves they will lay their hand on it" (Mt. 11; 12).

(In other versions of the text: it is taken by *rushing in* and the *invaders* lay their hand on it; the old English Bible tells us about *violence* and about *violent people*; the new version sys that it is *forced* and *taken by force*. The French mention the force too. The Germans give *Gewalt* as an equivalent term, but further on they employ a compound verb for being more expressive: *reisen es weg*.

The Christian is that one whom God hasn't given to the ghost of the fear (2 Tim. 1: 7) so that he can wage the *unseen war* (Nicodemus the Hagiorite); he is a good *soldier* of Christ Jesus (2 Tim. 2: 3), and he is truly *girdled*, dressed up with the *shield* of the righteousness, and with the *sword* of the Ghost.

A religion confessed through the physical courage of the martyrs (Phil. 1: 28-30: *Without fearing of anything...* for it has been bestowed to you... not only to trust him, but you to suffer into Him, by fighting the same *battle*...). And what Paul says? *I won't fear!* (Hebr. 13: 6). But John? *Into love there is no fear but the true love banishes the fear away* (1 Jn. 4: 18).

My favorite subject-matter in college was the constitutional law. Thirsty of reaching directly to the essences, I asked myself what could be the final secret of that subject-matter I fell in love with even from the beginning. (I was much helped to fall in love with the constitutional law by; Manole, whose theory was that if we are unable to live in the lords' chamber and among crowned heads and among the great personalities from history, let's at least draw closer to them by studying the constitutional law; and I. V. Gruia, my professor of public law from the first year, whom I answered and I rewarded to, in the year 1945, by such an ugly behavior).

Any science has its basic secret, one that can be noticed during crisis moments. The secret of the constitutional law I am reaching to understand it only after the years I spent in prisons and after I have been baptized: its basic secret is the physical courage when facing death.

The constitutional law – no matter how scholarly the other definitions would be – I think that is the guarantee of the freedom. (Is this an arbitrary definition? The axioms too are arbitrary). And, in the end, the freedom cannot be guaranteed by any law, by any constitution, by any justice court, by any juridical procedure. The court of constitutional justice from Karlsruhe, imagined by the German juridical spirit (differing from that of Ihering to whom the law was not only a high science but it was also living power), it proved to be, in the year 1932, a disappointment. The Mexican procedure called *amparo*, which has seduced so many lawyers, it is, at its turn, only a whitewashing. (What a better evidence one can ask for than that procedure belongs to a country that issued the following presidential decree: Art. 1 - Nobody can be made general without him being a soldier for at least one year. Art. 2 – Our secretary minister of war is appointed to fulfill the provision of the present decree). Wasn't the French High-Court of Justice able to impede the coup d'état from on 2nd of December 1851?

And the things cannot happen thus to any constitution, to any procedure, and to any justice-court. And this is because there is the experience of Michelson-Morley, who were physicists. They decisively demonstrated that within a closed system one cannot make observations on the absolute movements of that system, because the observer who is, at his turn, within that system, he is being caught, and therefore carried, by the absolute movement of that system. Therefore, he cannot "get out" of that system in order him to be able to observe that system "from outside" and so him to emit objective ascertainments having a non-relative value.

The things are identical when it comes about the domain of the public-law. Each political order has its own "year zero", which the respective legal system starts with. A judicial court created in the frame of a political regime cannot function but from the "year zero" to the next "year zero". No law was able to impede the occurrence of a new political era: it perished together with the entire mathematical series that has reached its limit. The juridical control of the constitutionality of the laws cannot function but from the "year zero" to the following "year zero" of the juridical system created by the respective political order and it can superimpose to that one in order to sanction it with its authority of mere creature. A court of cassation and justice belongs to the juridical system that is closed as a galaxy. Such a court can check the validity

of the issued laws according to the principles of the respective regime, but it is as impossible to it to defeat the axioms of the respective regime, as it is to the observer to ascertain the absolute movement of that system which he is within and influenced by.

So, what are we left with for assuring the liberty? Which is the sure guarantee for freedom? There's only one: the physical courage of the individuals. Both Queen Mary and King Edward the VII – who are given as example of constitutional monarchs – they attempted to remove from prime-minister persons whom they didn't like. The unshakable solidarity of the political parties gave them, with much politeness, a chess-mate.

Those cases required only firmness. In other graver cases, the infallible guarantee is only the physical courage when facing the death. This is the final secret of the constitutional-law which we were told about by Manole and I. V. Gruia, and which it was later confirmed to me by the Christian faith.

The great spirits found out this elementary truth. For instance: Descartes: All the hardships originate in the fact that you lack your courage. Henry the Montherlant: Courage! We always come back to this word: courage! Saint-Just: The circumstances aren't difficile but to them who hesitate in front of their own tomb. Fr. Rauh: Regardless the social-morals, won't you be required to be courageous? To one who says that he loves the liberty we should apply the words said by a French actress in the XVIII Century (Sophie Arnould) in the presence of an elderly general who didn't hear so well and who was repeatedly asking a word uttered by her: What? Fear?... the actress asked her valet: quick, bring a dictionary, for I have used a word which the general hasn't heard yet. But the clearest is Brice Parain, definitely: If we want to be free, we must not be afraid of dying, that's all. (Corneille could have been grandiloquent and melodramatic, but he had known constitutional-law).

The slogan of the French Revolution (preserved by the Republic as well), as everybody knows it (liberty, equality, brotherhood) is false and truncated. The integral slogan of the revolution was different, and there is a fundamental difference: freedom, equality, brotherhood, *or death*.

The two left aside words represent the deplorable shift from courage and a tragical and heroic sentiment to the bureaucratical formulation of a vague principle for the same of which nobody is wanting to die. The road, as Péguy says, it always leads one from mystique to politics.

Liberty, equality, and brotherhood it is a simple slogan, and the French Revolution was a catastrophe; *freedom, equality, brotherhood, or death* is something totally different, a Barthian *ganz-anders*: it is a decision which any adversary will bow down in front of, admiratively and with special respect.

One can find the skeptics more elegant and more attractive than the *fanatics*, but when the plague burst in Bordeaux, the mayor – called as Michel Eyquem de Montaigne – *left* the town; in Milan, in the year 1576, when facing the same situation, the archbishop, Saint Carol Bartholomew, he quickly *came back* from his trip.

These days the people are laughing at them who go to death – the main influence belongs to the smartasses. A Romanian, Eugen Ionescu, protested against the intellectuals contaminated by smartasses. (He used the occasion of a film directed by T. Richardson about the Crimean war and the inutile cavalry charge from Baclava). The smartasses were criticized even before, by another Romanian, a poet: Ion Barbu, who understood what the sacrifice is and what cleanly can shine like the sword pulled out of scabbard – *le sabre au clair* – in order to serve the justice: *Scattered washings? Renew the more baptizing silverware // And skim up the executioners' heart // On this rightly ascending day*.

The Michelson-Morley experiment can be used also for something else: for solving the big problem: if God is beyond good and evil, that will mean that the good and the evil do not exist and that doing the good will become a simple illusion and an inutile obsession.

There's no doubt about the fact that God is beyond our notions of good and of evil. This is categorically argued by the so great theologian as Meister Eckhart was, and it is said by the entire apophatic theology. (God cannot be defined by using positive attributed, but God can be defined only on a negative way: God is not kind, God isn't evil, God isn't great…, but that is told especially by our Savior: "For He makes the sun rising over the evil and over the kind and He sends rain over the righteous and over the unjust" (Mt. 5: 45). (Lk. 6: 35: "For He is kind to the ingrate and evil").

The answer to the question why – in these conditions – it still has a purpose to commit the good, it is given to us also by the Michelson-Morley experiment. We are parts of a closed system where we cannot make absolute observations from, upon the moral grounds of the universe. Our situation of not of God, but it is of man, who actually cannot know. Our situation of not of God, but it is of man, *who actually cannot know anything*. He who says that he knows, he is actually wrong, and that is proven by Michelson-Morley experiment. We can know some details, some *trivia*, that, for instance, the sum of the angles in a triangle is one hundred and eighty degrees, that the heart has two atria and two ventriculi, that, on the international measurement scale, from the sixth degree upwards the earthquakes are devastating… and other things like these. But we cannot know the great-absolute truths, as the

Michelson-Morley experiment has proven. We are within the system; we cannot make absolute ascertainments, neither can we have *certitudes*. Then, what can we have? Only intuitions, suspicions, beliefs.

We can only *believe* when it comes about serious things. And we *believe* that in this closed system which we are in, the only way to draw closer to God (Who is neither kind nor evil) is that the way of the good. This is an intuitive, uncertain, strictly empirical, naïve, childish belief. And it is the only one. But why than we still accept it?

We accept this belief for we are taught by Christ – Who is our Mediator to the Father Who is beyond good and evil – to commit the good; when Christ embodied Himself, He followed the path of the good. And there is also another reason: our existential experience proves us that *only* when committing the good we can achieve something which the evil cannot have: the quietude and the peace – the supreme goods.

(I don't *know* that it is so. I *believe* so and I *ascertain* – experimentally – that it is so).

God isn't good or evil, but *here*, in our relative situation, in our closed up system which is exclusively dominated by the result of the mentioned experiment, to us who cannot have absolute knowledge, the only way providing us quietude and peace and access to Christ (Who, as long as He stood on this earth, He did only the good and He let us know that, that at least for now and here, only the good can bring us to absolute) it is by committing the good. Wea re asked, in this regard too, humbleness; the humbleness of realizing that we are not in the situation of the divinity but in the situation of the creature. God can be beyond good and evil, *we cannot*.

Al. Pal.: You see all the things theologically, have you become a theologian?

Of course. The human condition is a theological condition. This is the great specific trait of the man: it isn't either the laughter, or the tears, either the lie, or the thinking by general categories (Julian Huxley): the trait specific to the man is his theological thinking.

What did lead to installing the dictatorship in Germany? The cowardice of the social-democrats and of the Prussian minister of interior, Severing, who allowed him to be cast out of his office of chief of the almighty police of Berling by two unidentified individuals and because of the presence (ascertained through the window) of a so-called military platoon in the courtyard of the ministerial building. I am ceding in front of the force, said Severing, emphatically. By no means, he was actually ceding in front of the nothingness.

What allowed the French republicans to molest the very popular and powerful general Boulanger? The courage of the prime-minister Charles Floquet.

On the list of my favorite heroes stays a less-known name: a man who was a simple politician and he didn't occupy but for too little time the exalting position of prime-minister of the Third Republic. But what a hero he was! And what a *formidable* guy!

He was president of the chamber when the Russian Tzar came to Paris, for the first time since the proclamation of France as Republic. The high-dignitaries were introduced to the Tzar. Floque shouted out, in the Tzar's face: "Long live Poland, *Mister M*!"

He, the *civilian*, didn't hesitate to provoke the charming general Boulanger to duel; and not only that he challenged him to a duel with the sword, despite that general being a cavalryman; and not only that he challenged the general toa duel but he also wounded the general. (In such conditions, of course, it is difficult to overthrow the government legally). He knew how to confront and, when needed, he knew how to strike. Him who raises his voice haughtily, he answered with an even higher voice, from high. At your age, Boulanger shouted at him, Napoleon died. But what did him? He moved Boulanger in the countryside, he submits him to the trial in the High Court, he places him under surveillance, he retires him, he reforms him for mistakes during service.

When the universal vote sends the general back into Chamber, the government obtains the invalidation of the elections. The minister of interior of Floquet, a certain Constans, he is only a policeman and he resorts to procedures lacking the elegant manners (he menaces Boulanger with his arrest, he urges Boulanger's lover, Madame de Bonnemain to run away to Belgium). But if Boulanger plots some plans which aren't strictly legal, why would be the government hindered in Madame Bonnemain? Equal weapons, this is the holy principle.

Severing and the social-democrats did not even trye to oppose. Their argument was than any try would have been inutile. One never knows! The action always stirs up new series of possibilities: you owe to *give the hazard a chance*, the time and the probability aren't perfectly visible – neither the reaction of the people towards leaders who do not allow themselves to be trampled. And there is also that blasphemed word: the honor.

It doesn't' fit the statemen to pretend they are prudes claiming to strictly observe the legality (they didn't observe it, they allowed it to be trampled) and it doesn't fit them to resign when facing the force (the so-called force) – as the

thesis of Severing was; or, by invoking the Christianity, as the thesis of Halifax was. It is appropriate to the statemen to defend the society's institutions and the public order as entrusted to them by their nations. Severing, at least, he didn't pretend that he was a Christian. But the another committed the grave and shameful error of confounding the Christian religion to the imbecility and to the guilty weakness.

I can be anything but communist, but when I am reading that one of the ministers of the Commune from Paris, Delescluze, when he saw that the situation had been lost – on 19th of May 1871 – he took his tall hat and his rifle and he started defending the barricade, where he was killed, so that it is impossible to me not to feel a thrill and not to take – at least mentally! – the standing position in honor to the hero, as in front of Saint Ioan Nepomuk who, instead of divulging to the Bohemia's king the secret of the confession of the Bohemia's queen, he rather accepted to be thrown into the waters of Poltava; or, in front of monsieur Affre, the Bishop of Paris, who fell during the bloody clashed from June 1848, at his turn, at a barricade. What was him doing there? He came out of his residence and he took a high place from where he was trying to reconcile the belligerents. "The place of the shepherd is with his flock" – these are the words carved in the stone of the tomb of monsieur Affre in Notre Damme Catedral -, and since him *proved these words as true*, they have no longer been a simple formula, but they have become a force-idea, energy, *life*. By being *confessed* by people, the precepts of the Scriptures participate to the essence of the Cross called as "life-giver" not only for it assures us the resurrection from dead but also for it transforms the words into deeds, it deciphers the words' cypher into *clear* language, it transforms the templates into living *structural forms*, and it transforms the ideas and the principles into offshoots. The blood is fertile; he who suffers on the cross, no matter who he is, he suffers but he also enjoys a privilege: he is heard, he won't remain without followers.

One doesn't need to have a special sympathy for Protestants, but who can say that he wasn't moved when being in Paris and seeing written on Coligny's monument the words: *He remained unshaken as one who had seen the unseen emperor*?

Everything's fine until the opposite; then the play-cards are shown, then, as Paul says, one won't see like in a mirror, in riddles, but face-to-face; and then will remain only this: the courage in front of the death. The rest, you good people and brothers-men, the rest, as the deniers say: not words, but speaking; not speaking, but vainly-speaking; not only vainly-speaking but slogans.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

What is the plural for goose? Geese, with e… The cats having eyes of different colors and a white fur, they are all of them def, I had one, its name was Mispuf… See these nationalists, they are ten in number, and none of them talks to us… it is as we wouldn't even exist… The best hotels in the world are Atlantic *in Hamburg,* Fontainebleau *in Miami where the* maître de bouche *is a great French aristocrat, and* Taormina*, the former monastery converted into a hotel…* Do not fear, little flock… *the only one among nationalists who still talks to us and who behaves nicely if engineer Bethlen, a count… there's no wonder because, while the Europe was stormed by the thirty-years-religious-war, engineer Bethlen's ancestor, Gabriel Bethlen, prince of Transylvania, he proclaimed in the year 1620 the freedom of conscience and the recognition of all religious confessions… Georges,* mona mi*, I wonder if you know what are those aristoloches which Gide speaks about in* Paludes*? What could they be, dear?... They are some climbing plants. The Greeks believed that these plants eased the birth, from where came their names as from the Greek word lokhos…*

May, the Year 1950

Manole, as never before, he has arrived in a hurry bringing a sensational news: Marcel Avramescu has been ordained and he has started serving at the Alba church. Let's go see him, says Manole; we are going to tell him "father".

We didn't find, back then, the new priest in the church. I met him only in the year 1953, when he was transferred to the church from the Nuns' Hermitage, in a more peripheral and older neighborhood, in a scenery of a provincial religious settlement belonging to a past era.

I started to go and visit the strictly Orthodox priest (a phenomenon *á la* Thomas Becket?), having a countenance of a saint painted on a glass icon, making hieratical gestures, wearing his hair tied in a horsetail on his back of the head, and speaking with a deep voice that seemed to reach us from a refined Thebaid, through technical transmission means.

Theater? Could be, but such a perfect theater cannot be played except after a script written by the actor himself. On such a high level the sincerity and the artificial would be confounded to one another, like the chemical elements lose their specific features and present new behaviors at the temperature of absolute zero degrees.

The Prison Cell no. 18

The Chinese theory about *ming*, exposed by dr. Al.-G. – the words won't mean anything in themselves if their content isn't fulfilled – it seems much like Brice Parain's saying: the words are only some promises.

It is not enough you to be a natural father in order you to be able to call yourself a father: you must also behave like the role-model whom are comprised in, archetypally, the qualities brought by this title. Likewise: the son, the soldier, the teacher, the clerk, the scholar… (It could be that the reason why yore they discerned between teacher and scholar).

The word is descriptive and virtual. We are the ones providing the word with its functionality and existence, in a behavioristic manner.

Gherla Prison, September, the Year 1963

Him too stinking of cheap perfume (in order to be able to endure the stench from the prison cells all the wardens use a lot of perfume), the "Korean", one of the good wardens, he has entered the prison cell and asks us whether somebody wants to get out and do chores in the prison yard. Because of being I "insincere during the investigation" and "favoring the legionnaires" and dystrophic, I haven't been yet selected to do any work. There are some planks to carry, the Korean explains to us. This proposal is constituting an exceptional event. It is an occasion we cannot miss, so a multitude of us offer their services.

I have chosen the right thing to do. Soon, there will be four years of living locked in a prison cell having as only light the electric light; the daylight and the sky give to the banal and dirty prison yard a wonderful view. There is a factory too, and, due to some small carriages transporting lumber – it seems to me like Disneyland; *The Fairy of the Dolls* by Bayer, the *Country from Beyond Mirror*! You feel like jumping around, like singins, like climbing on those small carriages; we spend a charming day, we eat in fresh air, we talk with a loud voice, it misses so little to imagine that we are in a visit-trip.

There is also the joy for **meeting other faces**; I am appointed, in the morning, to a pile of planks, together with an unknown, whom I am finding out that he is Vasile Vasilache, the monk, the former abbot from Procov Monastery, the brother of Haralambie whom I carried to infirmary with the blanket, out of the prison cell no. forty four.

Father Vasile knows about the death of his brother in the prison's infirmary and he is thoughtfully listening to the details I am able to provide him with. A little later, another detainee was appointed to help our team, and he is telling us that he has been convicted for high-treason. I am haphazardly

asking him whether he knows something about Gigi Tz. Whom I suspect still being in the hell from Piteşti. I am speaking to him about Gigi the artist, the man… The detainee is listening to me slightly smiling… after I have finished the panegyric, he tells me that Gigi is here in Gherla Prison in the same prison cell where he is incarcerated; Gigi didn't want to come out to work because he had to compose a poetry. "Gigi "writes" a lot of poetries in prison).

Amazed and emotional I beg Gigi's cell-colleague to tell him to ask the next day to be taken out to chores (the Korean let us know that there will be more to work during the next days) so that us to meet. The detainee whom I am talking to says he has heard my name from Gigi. (When Gigi was arrested in the year 1950, we were at odds. Ah! No matter what, one thing is certain: I have been forever cured of upset and quarrels).

I am spending the rest of the day in an effervescence.

The first think I am finding on the next day when arriving to the pile of planks from my man from yesterday: today, at the first hour in the morning, Gigi has been removed from the prison cell, for he has been pardoned. Pardoned after serving fourteen years in prison out of the total fifteen which he has been convicted to.

I was attending religion classes held at the Spiru Haret Highschool, classes taught by the parishioner priest of the Silvestru Church – the bourgeoise neighborhood from the semi-center of the capital city -, a big man wearing a reddish beard, an owner of a good vineyard, a long-lasting and steadfast liberal who was loving a strong black wine and gourmet foods, especially the stuffed cabbage. He looked at women quite indiscreetly, and he seemed not to remain forever platonic.

He sympathized me; I was the only Jew out of four Jews who didn't bring a certificate proving the attendance of the religion hours taught by a rabi. When teaching the superior course – he was our religion teacher throughout all the high school years – he liked declaring: rather than seeing a minister of the cults some Catholic of Maniu, I would prefer a Jew from among us, a good boy, and he uttered my name.

I always got the highest degrees. I was reciting Our Father in Heavens and I was marking myself with the sign of the cross.

I loved very much father Gheorghe Georgescu, for he was a sympathetic guy, always ready for giving advices, and he was a good man. He was far, very far from the role-model of the Protestant pastor or of the Catholic cleric, he could have had some sins and weaknesses, but the a-little-worldly parishioner priest didn't ever seem to me, not even in my childhood, as an agent of the devil.

The parishioner priest in the type of father Georgescu – otherwise a zealous believer, smart-speaking, fine lecturer, always ready to forgive and to smile, without any trace of sourness in his soul that had no dark corners, he represents one of the possible (if not recommendable too) styles of the Orthodoxy; he is not an example, but neither I am wanting – in the spite of some bigoted laymen – to throw the stone at him. (As also, neither for the sake of the zealous sectarians I am not willing to confound the papal Rome to the den of the red whore and to the satan's synagogue). Maybe the long chain of wonders which God has brought me to faith through – because to each human being (regardless how unimportant) the road is prepared with an unbelievable care – there is at its place this kind of priest as well, one who can seem scandalous to many of the today's purists. (All the more that their need for fanaticism and for intransigence is getting fully satisfied by the statal lay-powers).

Well, my dear children, the world is more complicated than you think.

The steps of the forgiveness are:

We forgive with difficulty the people who wronged us. And despite we forgive them, we don't forget their mistakes. (and the forgiveness without forgetfulness is like inexistent, if is a deserted house, it is a toothless mouth).

If is the most difficult to us to forgive on ourselves. (And this keeping in mind is poisoning to us. In order us to achieve the internal peace we must reach, through repentance, beyond repentance: to forgive on ourselves).

It is the most difficult to us to forgive them whom we did wrong to. (He who succeeds in forgetting him whom he did wrong to, he will succeed in doing something really difficult, he will win a record).

Not forgiving on ourselves has a graver character than we think: it means mistrusting the kindness of God, it means the proof of our stubborn and accounting-like evilness. It is the case of Judah too, who didn't believe in Christ's *power* (to forgive him), neither he trusted into Christ's *kindness* (namely that Christ *wanted* to forgive him.

When the French people say: *Dieu a créé l'homme a son image qui lui a bien rendu*¸ they surely refer to this trait that was specific to Judah. We pay back the same money to Him Who has created us in His image and likeness, by imagining Him in his image and likeness: we are so evil and unforgiving that we cannot believe that God can consummately forgive everything. No! We cannot imagine such a power, no matter how almighty that power would be in the physical domain (we still admit the most fantastic material wonders) as able to do this unconceivable thing: to forgive.

On the other hand, exactly as mister Perrichon did (he hated him who saved him from the precipice he fell into, but he adored somebody whom himself allegedly saved from a precipice), we barely – if at all – love them who saved us from some trouble; but we love them whom we have the chance to help for we have been able to prove our generosity.

Gherla Prison

Are described to me, on the same day, two scenes which I hope will remain imprinted in my memory for the rest of my life.

The first scene is recounted by dr. Răileanu: professor Paulescu, before starting his lectures, he always recited *Our Father from Heavens*.

The second scene, evoked by the admirable teacher Nicolae Druică: the father of Vasile Pârvan, who was a teacher at his turn, used to come to attend the lectures of his son who hadn't disappointed him. He used to sit on a bench form the back of the amphitheater and he used to stand up, as all the students did, when the professor – his son – was entering. Then he sat and did a sign to the professor that himself could sit and only then professor Pârvan and all the students sat too.

BUGI RAMBO RAG

… there is an extraordinary photography of Marcel Proust, taken towards the final days of his life: he stands, he wears black clothes and a very tall white collar, he stands stiffly, he has his walking-staff and his has on his right hand, as prepared for a parade; the hat is turned with its bottom towards the camera and one can clearly see the trademark of the hatter: a double crown… At Trebia, in the year 218, the Romans were defeated because they had been forced to fight while they were frozen cold after crossing the river through water… Let's count those loses again: Thalia and Melpomene equal two; plus, Euterpe and Terpsidore, equal four; plus, Clio, equal five; plus, Urania, equal six… Can one still doubt the meaning? The author reaching the end of this masterpiece is peaceful and as rewards he gets ennobled; the crown on his hat shows that he understood: that some unknown but righteous force has made him, finally, a count of Juliers… At Trasimene, in the year 217, it was applied the method of luring the enemy to a narrow place… Eh… plus, Erato, equal seven… At Canale, in the year 216, the Romans maintained a useless depth, and Hannibal used the regional wind placing his army under the wind while the Romans fought having the wind blowing dust in their face and so being blinded by dust and by sun… There had been seven, yes…

3rd of November, the Year 1955

Ana asked me to stay, after she took good bye from the other guests (on this evening they were fewer). She talked to me for a long time. Mihai listened to us, thoughtful and silent. Ana showed me that, once I feel the desire for being baptized as a Christian, there was no point to wait any longer.

I am leaving, almost without uttering a word; undecided, confuse. It is also very late in the night. Mihai accompanied me to the gate; he is advising me to no longer say pseudo-Denis but Dionysus the Areopagite. Too many French Catholic lectures.

At the Secret Service, July, the Year 1961

My sleep if interrupted by nightmares. I was firstly waked up by a warden because I shouted out in my sleep. Then, he continued waking me up for several times because I slept with my face turned to the wall or because I kept my hands under the blanket.

Questions. Memories.

Can one resist under investigation? Are the total admission and the wave of confessions absolutely unavoidable?

The thick volumes published by the Ministry or Justice between the year 1937-1939: the lawsuits of the "far-right and of thew Trotskyists", thoroughly read and discussed together with Manole. I am identifying all the old-plotters or the insurrection, the whole revolutionary elite. There is also some sort of compromise-solution: Radek. The ceremonial formulas, the usher: the Tribunal, please stand up. This care for repeating the formula in order to cerate an atmosphere of objectivity. No material evidence, absolutely nothing concrete, no document, no weapon or something... Only words. Just like in *Hamlet*: words, words, words... And if at the confession the sinner can say: and I have committed things even more than these, at tribunal saying such a phrase creates an impression of false. And there are the very long introductions of the advocates, who firstly defend on themselves, by mentioning that they appear on behalf of the defendants only as appointed by the courts. There is no debate but there is only a ceremonial, an oratory where each one plays his part and sings his song in order to put together the ensemble melody. Trotsky and the bandits. All of them are called as bandits. Besides, this *label* is suspect as well. And the qualificative as *Trotskyists-vipers* is contrasting with the objective politeness, with the usher, with the special respect granted to the insignificant details: the tip of the tail of the wolf costumed as a granny.

London, the Year 1937

In order I to find the address given me by Nuţi L., I had to wander on a long succession of concentric circles: similarly looking streets, only little-villas, small gardens, streetlamps of *Belisha Beacons* type, blown by the wind and by the rain which have been mastering the city for the last three days.

I am seeing no one in the streets, partially because it's late in the evening and partially because of the weather; the desolation penetrates me to the bone, so that the modest chamber which I am finding Nuţi in seems to savior to me: in the fireplace is shining as purple an electric fire; the lamp next to the armchair has a green shade; on the little table my look is being attracted by the tea cups. The contrast between the British comfort founded on simple elements (warmth, water, temperate light, are an elixir to me: the tea leaves and the rom bottle) and the autumnal landscape from outside is so striking that I cannot help myself by feeling emotional. Can the life be in its essence just like this: like a wild forest lurked by beasts, full of pits and of traps, shaken by lightnings and rain-showers, and at edge of that forest there is a sole little house illuminated and warmth, from where the tenants will have to move away at the implacable dawn.

For now, everything is simple and temporary, sweet and gentle in that room. Nuţi pours the tea in the cups, the electrical radiator heats us enough; on a little pan are appearing two fried eggs. This is the poor human struggle against nature and reality, a struggle which the English people are masters to. I am wanting so much to bel able to sink myself into the savior comfort, to forget about the enemy forest waiting outside and surrounding us. Who planted that forest, God? Or, God is the builder of the little villa from the forest edge? Saint Chesterton, pray for us. (this is a coinage after Saint Socrates, pray for us, a formula belonging to Erasmus).

Can one resist?

The advocate D. P. is experienced in political trials. He was able to discern (1957) the unclear evidence right from the minute-report. It seemed to him that he had been able to decipher some micro-signals. On a minute-report he wrote down the date and the hour the interrogatory begun. The defendant was asked a simple and apparently quite a casual question: how must be reckoned the behavior of the state clerk who speaks without a controlled reticence to his friends, about matters regarding the state? (The solution of this riddle: it must be framed as criminal and treasonous). The closing hour wrote on the minute-report indicated that the defendant had been inquired for eighteen hours. The defendant hadn't succeeded to give a satisfying answer.

The next day the defendant was asked the same question. The interrogatory ended in five minutes, for the answer was this time correct. The explanation, the only possible explanation: meanwhile, it had been applied upon the defendant another proceeding mode.

The advocates – and this is burdening D. P. who has a vocation for his profession – are confined to the dossier: they cannot plead except based on the declarations form the dossier which are reckoned as definitive and universally valid. This is like forbidding a scientist from questioning the principles despite the experience contradicting those principles. Let read *in Aristotle in order to find out whether the oil freezes in winter or not*. The conclusion of the new scholastics: the advocate is no longer a defender, neither an intercessor, but he is an extra on a movie plateau.

In the prison cell no. 18, X. was deducing: one cannot avoid being convicted. But one can avoid some admissions. It is required only a little self-control, a little courage. And, especially, one needs a consummate mistrust. (The rule: unlimited trust in people, as persons created by God, but absolute mistrust in the father of the lie and in his descendants).

The another confessed everything. We know everything but we want to hear the truth out of your mouth too. If you are sincere, your situation will be different. Be sincere!

X.: Don't be sincere! (This advice fits especially the intellectuals, whoa re sensitive people and who are easily attracted by the magic of this noble word: sincerity). Don't be sincere! *This is above all*. And always deny; you will have plenty of time to speak whether and when you will be tortured. Do not hurry. There is plenty of time, thank God. And when is at stake something known only to yourself and one other person, keep yourself on the line of the denial: give another the possibility him to decide whether or not he will unveil his secret.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… We, general sir, had lived in that Bucharest with biergartens and peasants…, and courtyards with colored globes… those globes were horrible but they still had their charm, and people were eating in the courtyard, as they did in the countryside, under the thickest tree… The best prose-works of the Romanian literature, professor sir… Eating since springtime to autumn under the chestnut tree was, I would say, something that only a few peoples had, a happiness belonging to the wonders-corolla of the world, may we be forgiven by Blaga or by Blaga's ghost if he died… The first automobiles trademarks? Let's see… De Dion-Boutton, Lancia, Isotta-Fraschini, Pierce-Arrow, Panhard-Levassor,

Benz, De Launay-Belleville... In Sarajevo Franz-Ferdinand was shot in a De Launay-Belleville car… those faience sinks with the piles of grinded ice and the cans with caviar… and the little barrels with olive oil, and the cheese from Mercury, and the little wooden boards bearing the slices of ham and the Martini vermouth and the cognac: Martell, Courvoisier… I always preferred a fine Champaigne*, and even local products; the plum brandy distilled by Cireşeanu, the bitter wine by Bazilescu, the Duque vermouth…*

The Year 1959

From Apennines to Andes, the story from *Cuore*, bearing such a euphoric title, it is being evoked to me by the passing of the Avramescu from the Hermitage of the Nuns to the Udricani church from Văcăreşti. Of the *Jerusalem from Dalercarlia*, ideal, thought by the Sweed peasants of Selma Legerdof and the *Jerusalem from the Holy Land*, of the same peasants, now being only some emigrants flooded with worries.

Founded by high-clerk Udrican, that church didn't bring luck to Mihai or Ana. The spirit from Port-Royal didn't last in Văcăreşti. The city's outskirt, the frenzy of the destruction and of the discrediting engulfed both of them. The subterranean, the sickness of the self-derision. The priest cheats on his wife, but he doesn't fornicate secretly, a thing quite usual and understood and forgiven by the crowd (we are just people, see…), but he does it platonically (seemingly), with dramatic scenes, complicatedly meandrous, thirsty for justifications, and that bewilders and estranges. Neither the priest's wife is better than him; lacking her woman's humbleness, instead of enduring the whims of her husband, instead of even mediating at the brutal formula of the peasants' perfect man (strongly believing in God, drinking hard, and thoroughly beating his wife), instead of following the example of madame Acarie (she listened to her confessor – and what confessor! - Saint Francis of Sales: as long as you are married, you won't think at chastity: you will have a sole rule: you will obey) what does she? She fills up the town with complains, she goes to the Patriarchy and to the Department of the Cults filing complains after complains.

If I am thinking thoroughly, until my baptism, the most important event to me had been the admirative friendship I had for Manole. I met him during the first days of the faculty. He was, as Mihail Sebastian was too, a man from a city situated on the bank of the Danube River; not from Brăila, but from the smaller Oltenița. Brăila: an international harbor; Oltenița an enriched town. That was an important difference. His father died young; he left three children

raised by a brown-skinned, beautiful, energic woman: a merchant in the marketplace.

My respect for him has been, since the beginning, whole and unconditional. He had shredded almost everything I believed and I was saying back then, and then he started to rebuild everything from the ground up.

He was a Maurrassian thinker, clear and balanced, sharp and enemy of any sort of extravagance, he was looking in a despising manner at the generalized optimism and at the leftist politics from Sărindar. Liberal in his thought, skeptic to religion, and conservative in politics. He didn't entirely believe any doctrine. His whole heart was with the Junimea Cultural Association: that was his ideal.

As Maurrassian he wasn't interested in mystique, but he was preoccupied with the social and political functions of the religion, and we asked ourselves how could we accomplish that. Manole's reasoning was simple: once we were born Jews, we are Jews. Let's therefore be what we are. I mean that, in order to be a Jew, you must do like everyone else does: you must belong to your tradition, namely to the Judaic religion.

Let's start searching for a rabi. The first steps proved to be very difficult. At an address indicated to us we found an imam. Manole had a lot of fun: he saw that as an anecdote by Theodor Speranţia. But we finally discovered a colleague of ours, a son of a rabi, a conservative as well, a very anti-progressist one, but he was a mystical Orthodox Jew. He had consented to listen to us, he disapproved our arguments, but he didn't disapprove our conclusion; he manifested some surprise but not hostility. He consented to introduce us to his father, who listened to us gently, he looked us with deep looks, and he understood us only partially. Back then we also read the *Prophet Child* by Edmond Fleg. After that the things got entangled.

It turned out that in order us to be Jews, at least in the sense of integration in a system of a social tradition, one needed to attend the synagogue on Friday evening and on Sunday morning; one had to buy phylacteries and, of course, the white shawl, Hebrew, of *tallit*, and one must learn the ritual of using those and, before anything, one must learn Hebrew. The Hebrew, the *Ivrit*, another novelty. We weren't able to read the text by using Latin letters. There seemed to exist back then, some books for that, but we couldn't find any. We have found, in a velvety autumn afternoon somewhere at the docks, in a courtyard full with poultry, an old man whom we heard about that he could have what we were searching for. He came out of his house, bewildered, and he didn't understand what we wanted.

To Manole these rules didn't' seem excessive, for they were according to the discipline and to the effort which any society is entitled to require from its members. Well, the savage tribes had their initiatory rituals too. So, we started working, we started buying things, we started regularly attending the synagogue (where the father of our colleague was officiating), but the more difficult part of learning Hebrew made me understand: it is not enough you to know Hebrew but you must also know Aramaic, and the Aramaic at its turn, has a special alphabet for commentaries, commentaries belonging to the scholar Rashi who was, at his turn, commentated with a different type of letters… Long story short, we were repeating – the life only imitates the art – the experience of our little hero describe by Fleg and we were ascertaining that we were in a deep trouble…

It went not so bad regarding the Hebrew, the Aramaic seemed to me more harmonious (its genitive shuns from the excessive guttural tone of the Hebrew), but I didn't like too much to attend of the synagogue. I believed that the synagogue was some kind of church. No! The synagogue is a place for reciting some texts, for exegesis, and for fulfilling some rituals. The Hebrew religion is a religion in "suspension" and it lacks a cult, and the synagogues are only 'memorial houses". In essence, the Temple was torn down and the sacrifices of animals are impossible, so that everything is reduced to reading or to uttering the rules and the prescriptions. It is a *memorization*, and it is a type of absolute *structure*, where the virtualities aren't configurated.

Our rabi was speaking Romanian fluently, but he was using a fantasist language that seemed anecdotical to me. And the details and the ensemble seemed to ne as something cold, dusted, far, and stubborn. I felt the sake for the church from Pantelimon, for the Silvestru church and for its vaulted bell-house (which the Oltaru Street crosses under), and for the church from Clucereasa. The lid was put by the rabi, on a linguistic way, by telling us on a Sunday: and he made a hole where *es sind herausgekommen* flame.

The Maurrassian experience of taking the religious tradition in order to integrate it in the social community lasted for a while I acquired only a very relative knowledge of the Hebrew elements (I read, though, the *Old Testament* in original, using the Hebrew dictionary and the Romanian text) and I got convinced that insisting would be inutile. To that I added a very respectful sensation of definitively saying good bye to the synagogue.

I tried, in good faith. To Manole that was mainly an experience, to call it psycho-social; to me it was a more feverish toil in my heart. We both tried.

Gherla Prison, October, the Year 1962

My first teacher, a babysitter, she represented by itself her origin but also by her marriage, an anticipative summary of the European idea. She was German according to her father; she was French according to her mother; her maternal uncle, Auguste Molinier, he was an intellectual and a university professor and he published an edition of Pascal. There was also a Swiss grandmother, and a Nordic ascendent. Madame de Branszky was the widow of a Hungarian noble who was a big drunkard, and who had a Polish mother and a Russian father. I no longer remember hos that teacher reached to be my teacher, but I know this: I had the incomparable luck top receive the notions of the culture form an extraordinary woman: an illustrious intelligence, immense knowledge, an admirable character. She hated the French and she admired the Germans. She hated the Catholics and she tolerated the Reformed. The Saint Joseph Catedral where she was attracted by the concerts held there, it seemed to her a museum displaying conventional art pieces; she entered the Protestant temples without repulsion, but also without pleasure. At least those temples were open all the time. (Unlike the Catholic churches, insatiable; let's be fair, one could seek for refuge in those churches too in case of raining). Her true religion was different and she confessed it to me – though I couldn't understand it in the beginning -: it was the faith of general Ludendorff and of his wife: *die Norddeutsche Glauben*.

Madame Branszky didn't speak evil about Jesus Christ – she was more moderate than Nietzsche -, at least about Jesus as conceived by Lutherans and by Calvinists, but she couldn't stand the catholic sculpted and adorned idol and the cult of the Virgin Mary; she was becoming enthusiastic only when speaking about the deities of Valhalla; she was explaining me in details the Nibelungs' song' or she was reading to me from the text of the lyrical dramas of Wagner. She was always praising Etzel, namely Attila, and I am quite convinced that she was adoring Brunhild from Valkyrie.

Madame Branszky, as Manole too was later on, a fiery monarchist and, on the measure she wanted to take heed at her French origin and to deal with the history of France, she inoculated me a deep respect for the idea of legitimacy; she gave me to read the whole French monarchist literature and she made out of me - since I was eleven years old – a fiery partisan of Count de Chambord (dead in the year 1883) and of the House of Bourbon. I owed to her the fact of being squinted at me (or at least wandering about me) – each time I was reading in the park or at a hotel the newspaper "l'Action Française", the press organ of the monarchist movement – by some of the French people whom I was living among for a month a year when I went together with my parents to

Royat, for my father to take some baths in carbonic acid. (There, at Royat, I saw a thing I didn't forget and which I recounted while I was in prison: I saw there Vintilă Brătianu taking the tram and traveling only at the second class when going to the neighboring city, Clermont-Ferrand).

I am coming across Ludendorff and *Norddeutsche Glauben* in the Gherla Prison too, in teh person of colonel Traugott Broser, oroiginating from Braşov City, a former officer in the Austrohungarian army, who fought during WWI on teh Italian front. Broser was a mountain of a man and he was very discrete; he approached me for the occasion for speaking in German, and then because he started sympathizing me. He draws my attention upon the great risk I took by crossing from Judaism to Christendom: that one of remaining empty between two spiritualities. And he exposes me the creed of Ludendorff, but he is quite surprise that I know it. I am finding out about Ludendorff – the true leader of the German army between the years 1914 and 1918 (Broser cannot stand Hindenburg – *die grosse Null*) – some glorious things: the way which he conquered in the city of Lettich (Liege) only by an act of daring and stance; the supreme courage he proved when the *putsch* took place in Münich in the year 1932, when he crossed – in his uniform of general holding his sword in one hand and his revolver in another – the bridge, and he went directly towards the forces amassed on the other side of the bridge, who could killed him with a rain of bullets but they didn't do it, only because they were under the influence of his prestige and of his indifference towards death. And Broser tells me something which I especially intend to make a rule to myself: while in the military school, Ludendorff and one of his colleagues originating in a ruling princely family, are persecuted by an imbecile and evil non-commissioner officer. It would have been easy to the prince by saying a sole word to obtain him and Ludendorff to me moved to some other unit, or to ask for that un-commissioner officer to me moved away. And the prince wanted to ask for that. But Ludendorff stopped him from doing that: if we want to become officers and to command well, we must learn how to endure the absurd and meticulous stupidity. And they didn't ask for being any of them moved, and they endured to the very end.

From Broser I also find out special things related to Wilhelm II, who was so blamed, and whom the French crafted an infamous reputation to. Proofs:

a) his behavior during the Dreyfus affair when, against the diplomatic rules and against the tradition, he issued through Conrad de Hohenlohe that declaration solemnly specifying: the defendant was never used by the German information service; and he asked the German ambassador from Paris, count Münster, not to hesitate to help the comrade officer in order to reestablish the

truth and to defend the honor of an innocent. In normal circumstance the declaration issued by the German Emperor should have stopped any kind of investigation. But the French didn't take it in account, and that could have been a clear case of *casus beli*, but Wilhelm, who was a pacifist, he overlooked that;

b) His splendid affirmation: as chief of state, I am not answering only in front of the parliament, but also in front of God;

c) He issued an order that forbad the beating as punishment in the army, and that order was unique in history and it was the most democratic order, for it gave any military man to behave like an aristocrat; and it was also a perfectly efficient order by specifying that immediately after that order was issued any inferior rank had the right to slap in the face any superior rank that beats him;

d) His European feel, proven by him especially on the occasion of the boxer's rebellion: the allied troupes had been placed under the command of a German, general Waldersee. (One can see from his brochure published on Wilhelm, that Rathenau knew something, at his turn).

Saint Gregory of Nazianzus: "The Word of God embodied Himself in order I to be as much God as much He was man".

And again: the Christianity doesn't mean stupidity.

Behold that Jacques Maritain told to Cocteau: we must have our mind harsh and our heart gentle. The love implied the forgiveness, and the gentleness, but it doesn't suppose either the blindness or the stupidity which often identify themselves to the big evilness; the weakness towards stupidity is the same with giving a freehand to the prison wardens.

There is one more very present prejudgment, one formulated by the Cardinal of Retz: we are tempted to indissolubly tie the intelligence to evilness and to give to the whole, with much respect, the name of Machiavel-ism. Rets: the evil ones aren't always and necessarily smart. The evil ones can be stupid as well. The association of ideas: evilness therefore intelligence, it is only a prejudgment.

Gherla Prion, November, the Year 1960

It will serve you to nothing to believe in the forgiveness of your sins, if you do not believe, fully convinced, that your sins have been forgiven. Luther.

Sed adde, utcredas ethoc, quodper ipsurn peccata tibi donantur. Saint Bernard the Clairvaux.

We suspect, due to the mist that has entered our prison cell, that there is a storm outside. Almost nobody talks. The Catholic priest Traian Pop advised, whisperingly, some people gathered around him, to be lenient towards other

people but top be harsh to themselves. But he immediately adds: we must not be too harsh with ourselves. The devil sometimes takes us in derision; let's not grant him the privilege of the tragical greatness. The great Spanish mystics – Saint Theresa of Avilla, Saint John of the Cross – they were usually glad. This comes out of our capacity to be lenient to ourselves too; we must know how to forgive on ourselves as God too forgives us. As it is due us not to get angry because of getting ourselves angry, likewise we mustn't permanentize the evil because of lacking us the mercy on our self.

Inside the prison cell it is becoming increasingly dark. A sewing machines repairer, who also is an accordionist, he is recounting dirty things and funny memories from the weddings which he played to; some inmate has started singing, with a low voice, a worldly song, stressing upon the strange menace contained by the chorus: *Woe to us what a big rain is coming from Cluj!*

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… wagtail is bergeronnette*, but I'll be damned if I remember how to say parsley in French… Fotiade has made me go crazy with his birds, with his herbs, and with his flowers. I can no longer remember their names. I can only remember some of them, while some others seem to have fallen into a dark void; they seem to have been swallowed by the abyss; they have disintegrated as some nylon stockings. But I knew all of them… Ah, the parsley… I didn't write anything, absolutely anything against the regime. I wrote him in every letter: it is well, it is* good*, I earn, thank God, as much as I need, we are well, we don't lack anything, it is good… And then?... He wrote me, my brother. I was telling him that I was content, content, content, but he answered me: I know better, you are telling me nonsenses… I understand that the things are quite the opposite… There is at* Romans *13, a categorical text, mister Ioaniţiu, whether we like it or not, that text is very clear, I wonder hos a Christian can contest it... Do you have a brother in Athens? I am telling him: yes, I have. He is telling me: do you write letters to him? I am answering him: yes, I do. And he is telling me: do you complain in your letters about the regime and do you defame our country? I am answering: I do not, God forbid that… Behold your letters… That's very good that you have the letters, just let me prove my innocence by showing you… look: I am content, I earn enough, it is well, well… But what does he say… It is his business, I don't know why he says those things, but look at what I am saying: it is good… But him?... I don't know why he says those things… he is the one writing his own letters… Are you mocking us, you scoundrel you bastard you Greek…* We know everything better*… Eh, if mister Alecu lived… Tătărăscu didn't reach even to the sole of Alecu's foot, what a difference, what a precipice… When*

Ferdinand and Mary sent Hiottu to Paris, himself told them they are wrong. And he proposed to be sent there Baliff, who was sympathized by Carol… I am saying: he did it, not me. He is telling me: do you think that we don't know that you wanted to be in Athens together with him, because otherwise he wouldn't write you such letters… And they are grabbing me… Demetrious is telling to Marcellus…

The Protestants who laugh at Saint Anton of Padova seem to me very non-understanding. They see in Saint Anton of Padova a patron of the lost keys and of the strayed puppies. It is of *bon tone* to shrug and smile when hearing about a saint who has become specialized in such trivia and who recruits his clientele among def grannies, absent-minded, maniacs, diabetics… Even many of the believers of the Roman Catholic Church avoid this saint, because they prefer the select company of Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, Jeronimus… Saint Francisc of Assisi, with all his contestant traits and *hippieism* – he was walking around naked, he was talking to the birds, he was making a living by begging – he is better seen because of being more *picturesque* (the birds are poetical), but why would you believe in a saints who takes care of such less-inviting and less-interesting beings like the elderly who have lost their keys or they puppies and they even forget about what they have forgotten?

How much blindness and narrowness! Saint Anton is worthy of our whole admiration for being so kind that he has mercy on some poor beings whom all people find justified to laugh at or at least to look down and them, with irony and condescendence. But losing some keys can be an occasion for awful suffering (the more embarrassing because of seeming ridicule), and the death of a beloved puppy is a tragedy to whom is alone and weak in front of the life. There is also a snobbism od the compassion: being compassionate only to heroes and to solemn events. While Saint Anton got emotional for small pains and he mercifully paid attention to the needy dressed up in rags, mocked, and to the owners of cats.

I am seeing here a fulness of kindness, a subtle mercy: some kind of missionary-work not in the far islands of the southern seas, but in the more modest regions of the psychic, at the crossroads between unskillfulness and resignation. Do not have at their turn, the defeated, the confused, and the misfortunates the right to comfort too?

On the other hand, some Catholic exegetes show that Saint Anton doesn't help to find some lost objects, btu he helps to retrieve the lost faith… Of course. But this clarification brought by the mentioned exegetes kidnaps from Saint Anton what I find amazing at him: the care for those whoa re a little

clumsy, but they too are called by Christ, and they too are struggling in this world which – as we know – are not excluded from the feast.

Christ as gentleman and knight.

To the devil is excluded even the least erasing; Christ, at once, He erases an entire register of sins.

Christ is a boyar, He forgives everything. Knowing how to forgive, how to bestow, hos to forget. Christ not only forgives, but He forgets too. Once forgiven, you will no longer be the servant of the sin and a son of a slave; you will be *free* and *friend* of the Lord.

And how the Lord addressed Himself to Judah, despite knowing who Judah was and why he came? Friend, He calls Judah. This *friend* seems to me more striking than the interdiction of using the sword, and then healing the ear of Malchus. This expresses that what at us, the people, it is called as a refinement of the self-control when facing the danger – a supreme virtue required to the samurai. It might be that the peaceful words (don't draw your sword) and the merciful deeds (healing the wound) could have been done by a saint as well. But *friend* implies a majesty which only by coming from divinity won't give the impression of unreality.

(It is right that a simple man, and even a very sinful one, King Ludovic XV climbs a surprising peak when, stabbed by Palmiers, he indicates the assassin with the words: this is the *gentleman* who struck me).

Likewise in the story of that noble whom the tailor comes to be paid for a previous job. The nobleman refuses to pay. Then, in the presence of his tailor holding that receipt, the nobleman orders his servant to bring two thousand golden coins to one of his friends whom he lost to, the previous day, while playing a game of cards, on word of honor. The tailor manifested his bewilderment, so that the nobleman explained him: the honor duties are paid because of not existing evidence for them. Therefore, the tailor immediately threw his receipt in the fireplace.

Here this story is coming to an end, the nobleman paying his tailor.

But this is an imbecile and false end of story. Of course, the nobleman followed to pay his tailor! This is self-evident. Even a brute would have proceeded in the same way. But the nobleman – if he was a nobleman – he would do something else, and this is the authentic version of this story; he would say: please sir, take a seat, for I am going to immediately pay the sum I owe to you. This *please take a seat, sir,* it is the proof of the noblesse, and not the payment as such. This is a noticing of the man's possibility to get transfigured. We always can get transfigured and we can become strikingly quickly worthy of being invited to take a seat at the imperial wedding.

(Otherwise, how could the lord dine together with us, and how could one understand the words: Come, you the blessed of My Father?).

But not anyone is able to recognize the transfiguration when seeing it. The smartasses do not even conceive it for anything in the world; neither conceive it the accountants or the Pharisees. Within their bio-noosphere which they always carry with them, within their magnetic field there doesn't penetrate anything which doesn't match their creed. The theater-play of Franz Werfel: *Paul among Jews*: the most awful pain of the testifier was caused by the grimace and by the stubbornness stirred up on the face and within the minds of them whom he was begging to believe that he had changed himself.

Among the books of the *Old Testament*, the most opposite to the *New* is the dreadful chronicle of Ezra, a peak moment of the exclusivism and of the racism.

What was appropriate for the Jews to do after turning back from a long a harsh slavery? Should they have song or gladden themselves? After the help offered by their neighbors was rejected from some very high place ("It is not appropriate to build up together with us the house of our Lord, but we are going to build it us alone"), Ezra talks to his people on the most eugenical, most Rosenberg-an tone one can get. Because of the Israelites taking as wives the daughters of the *foreigners* and because of mixing *the holy seed* with the peoples of another nation, they should have proceeded, before anything, to the separation *of the chosen ones* from the *uncleanness* and from the *defilement* of other *wicked* peoples, in order the *lawlessness* of the mixing to be ended.

He didn't even allow them to enter the city; they kept all those miserable ones outside, for days, in raining, in order the lists of the Israelites married to foreign women to be written down. And then started the long and tedious work of writing down the lists by specially appointed commissions. That was the big day of the triumph of the Bureaucracy. And after the racist bureaucracy – in an atmosphere of a concentration camp – had ended their job, the foreign women and children were banished away.

Only then the Ezra's activists permitted the people to enter the city for searching for shelter.

To them who have difficulties in understanding Saint Paul's words – we have come out from the curse of the law and we have entered under mercy – it could be beneficial reading the first book of Ezra. Also, to them who ask why the teaching of Christ is called as "the good heralding", as also to them who search for the origins of the racism and to them who are interested in the prototypes of the bureaucracy.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… No, I beg your pardon, the first person of the imperfect subjunctive of apercevoir *is* apercevions*… You keep killing me with the French verbal subjunctives, but let's see how good you are to conjugate the Romanian verbs… Ah, you are telling me that you know this subject matter, so tell me what the simple perfect is of the verbs: to sew, to cook, and to mow grass… So… Oberth was a professor to a high school in Mediaş, where the people were laughing at him, they were pointing at him, and they were calling him as the man from the Moon… He was the son of a physician from Sighişoara and he was reckoned as purely insane, until Hitler made him professor in Vienna and he became the first collaborator of Werner von Braun in America… But which the four idols of Bacon are? Colonel, sir, do you remember when the battle from Manzikert took pace?... Let's see, the verb to sew is conjugated as sewing… No! No!... The capital city of the British Honduras is Belise, and of the Honduras state isn't Tegucigalpa? But the verb to mow? What are you saying, mister?!... Voichiţa or Radu the Beautiful, the fourth wife of Stephen the Great, she was, and Mary of Mangrup was his third wife, and* the French ones *weren't de Ventura and de Facca*?... Fron Danube to Sena, **from** Carpathians to Pyrenees / The noble Latin clan gathers together its children… *So, you can see now that you do not know…* Que nous nous enlisassions, que *vous* enlisassiez… *Maple in French is* érable… *The partridge? It stands for* pintade… *Original plum brandy from Oaş Country is that of around 65 degrees of alcohol… Around the year 1070, I think…*

Jilava Prison, at Infirmary (May, the Year 1962)

La cours des miracles.

In the first bed, on the right, I can no longer remember who was lying. It was a man muted by sufferings and disgusts.

In the second bed was Aurelian Bentoiu, cadaveric, unrecognizable, and exceedingly tall. Recently submitted to a prostrate surgical removal because of cancer, left in abandonment and wearing bandages which get stinky, he is suffering awful pains, he is tormented by the sentiment of injustice, and he fears. Brilliantly intelligent, wanting to talk, to remember, to predict, he is also always ready to quarrel. Thanks God, he finds plenty of subjects to quarrel with. As everywhere in infirmaries, in this too the people protest, they are sour, and irascible. (On the contrary, in the prison's sections, where the life is much harder, the self-control and the resignation are the rule).

In the back of the room, in the bed on the left side, paralyzed from waist-down consequently to a surgical procedure aiming to remove his hemorrhoids – a surgical procedure performed in a prison that lacked a real hospital – there

was lying Radu Lecca. He hates Bentoiu; he almost constantly attacks him using a violent language and he rebuked and curses him awfully. Bentoiu rarely answer him, but when he does it, he uses the same low-level curses.

Otherwise, Lecca gives an example of character-strength: he doesn't allow anyone to help him in any way. He goes by himself to the toilet, by crawling, and by hanging himself by the bars of the beds, as a monkey upon whom who knows what Pavlovian or Lorentzian experiments are being done, and he uses gestures evoking that *missing link* between primates and anthropoids intuited and supposed by evolutionists.

A third paralytic is the journalist Al. Al. Leontescu, who is totally confined to his bed. Despite seemingly being more peaceful than the others two, he at times is engulfed by furies bringing up curses and imprecations which are not less awful than those of the other two.

The paralytic from the back of the room, in the bed from the left side, he is as sapient as one can get. He doesn't ask for anything, he doesn't want anything. But he disgusts everybody by his refusal to try and make any move and to observe even the most elementary hygiene of the human beings. He reliefs himself in bed, without asking for a toiled vessel; he eats and drinks out of a bowl which he also urinates in – from time to time he pours its content on the top of his head – and he answers all the observations and calls with a modest smile.

There are also professor C. Tomescu who is a theologian, Vlad Stolojan (who is a nephew both to Nicolae Filipescu and to Ion Brătianu) and who is a former captain, and there are also some silhouettes whom I no longer am able to visualize and who complete that room dominated by Lecca, Bentoiu, and Leontescu. The last two mentioned ones compose poetries and when they recite those poetries, they make us deeply emotional.

My arrival into that room stirs up, I think, some embarrassment to Radu Lecca and to professor C. Tomescu, the last one being a former subsecretary of state at Cults in the Goga-Cuza ministry, until, fortunately, Vlad Stolojan who knows me from Jilava Prison, he makes me a more-than-benevolent political biography, so that any ice is getting melted down. Lecca, still, he watches me with full of mistrust gazes, a mistrust not so much of his in me, but in me as capable of not being upset with him. Slowly, he is getting convinced and he is listening charmed to me each time I am speaking plainly about the French Revolution (madam Bransky is with me) and when I am quoting from the book of Ludwig Klages: *Geistals Wiedersacher der Seele*, mentioning that if the spirit was able to present itself as enemy to the soul, what would that author say by seeing that during our days not the spirit is opposing the soul, but the soul is

being opposed by villainy, by the most-ordinary smartass-ness (and I am glad for being able to tell that in German too: *die niedertrachtigste undgemeinste Schlauheit*) and by the self-enchanted grimace.

I am formulating the hope that at our exit from prison we will find a Europe unified by the Christian political-parties, a Europe where the old breathing of the chivalry could be reborn, this time to an incomparably bigger number of people.

Though the way which Radu Lecca speaks to Bentoiu revolts me, and despite his endless attacks on the liberals are tiring me, though he is an adventurer, there still is shining in his eyes something of the heroes of Karl Maria von Weber, of the Teutonic sentiment, of the nostalgia for wandering in search for exceptional deeds. But how far are the trumpets and the brasses of the von Weber knight both from our time and from the place where we are at! – but also how much our conversations and nonsenses from this cell resemble so much to a medieval prison.

I get along very well with professor Tomescu; I have gained his trust and friendship; he followed to stay next to me when I buried my dad in March 1967; we were to prove to skeptics and to imbeciles that the reconcilement and the forgetfulness are possible. (I haven't seen Sandu L. anymore; than scene from that prison-van remained only a memory of both of us: a shared esoterism). Leontescu is grateful to me that I am speaking with respect and admiration about Nae Ionescu, whom he idolatrizes; from Zalmoxis to our days Ionescu was the most prestigious shadow profiled on the Dacian sky. I am connected with Bentiou through some sort of psychoanalytical mercy on his solitude of unfortunate ill man. I am discovering in captain Gy., who has skillful hands of qualified nurse, a devoted man and skillful in relieving Bentoiu of his pains and of his sensation of being forsaken.

After ten days of insistence and accusations, Bentoius has finanly been granted the favor of being taken to the medical cabinet, where I and captain GY. Are accompanying him to. In the medical cabinet we are coming across with the def doctress. Bentoius is ordered to lie down on a small couch, I am kneeled and holding a collecting vessel, and Gy. is holding a long tube which the permanganate is flowing through. The collecting vessel still is perfectly clean and, by attempting not to hinder the intervention and moving myself, I am touching the doctress's shoe with the edge of that vessel. She is kicking, as one kicks a dog, or a football, and she topples me over the collecting vessel included. As sanction she is wanting to send all of us back to the infirmary without bandaging back the patient. That's is a twofold dreadful perspective: I have committed an immense evil and I will have gained the eternal enmity of

the victim. Inspired, I avoid asking her for forgiveness. We all are keeping our silence for a long time. The physician engulfs all of us in a silent anger and contempt. She is so upset that I think she would destroy us if she was allowed to, she would crush us and she would mince us, with movements of a wild boar stepping on red grapes. Still, after an endless hesitation, she is carefully changing Bentoiu's bandages.

As we are turning back to the prison cell, the patient recites us one of his poetries. He is a son of a peasant from the locality called Făcăieni on Borcea, and in his idyllic verses the advocate living in the city gets emotional:

Oh, immaculate wild flower!
Priceless symbol of modesty
You are coming late to the springtime's dance
Stepping with virginal shyness
That at the end of an April evening
Would dance for the first time.

Then, with the sentiment of relief and of euphoria of the refreshed patient, he speaks to us in details about Constantin Brâncoveanu whom he studied in an erudite manner. He sees in Brâncoveanu the most striking example of duplicitous politics, or even three-plicitous politics which the Romanian people have been forced to resort to through centuries. He is defending Brâncoveanu. (And what interesting details he is offering us: the way the ambassador in Constantinople of the Sun-King – the Sun-King who was reckoned at that time by the entire world as a patron of a golden era – and Brâncoveanu's own uncle – who was the scholar boyar appointee for the voivode's kitchen and who praised on himself about poisoning his brother Serban out of his attachment to the Turkish Empire and whose treason was discovered by Brâncoveanu - asked the Turks to kill Brâncoveanu; the Turks were knowing for a long time about the duplicitous character of Brâncoveanu but before they being asked to kill him they simply overlooked that. Then, about the presence among martyrs, at Tzarigrad, of a Văcărescu, equally assertive).

Towards evening, Lecca, a little relaxed at his turn, he is recounting us in details the last days of the Antonescu brothers and of those condemned to death together with them: Pantazzi, Puiu Vasiliu, professor Alexianu. The marshal Antonescu was indisposed by the awful fear shown by Ică, by his refusal to accept the last impartation, by the state of prostration which he was searching for an obtaining by using drugs. The marshal was making reproached to himself. At a few steps from getting shot, Pantazzi and Lecca

were stopped and announced their pardon. Marshal Antonescu died as he behaved during his life: courageously.

Lecca has been in prison since 23rd of August 1944. Until recently hadn't known whether his wife was still alive or not. Haphazardly, a new inmate told him that he has encountered her recently. Lecca doesn't believe him, because of suspecting a compassionate attempt to alleviate him. But there is a detail that convinces him: the fact that his wife was getting out of her purse little cubes of sugar which she was chewing on.

Taking care of Bentoiu occupies almost all my time. Though he was a non-believer for a long time, he has reconciled himself with the Church. He asks me to utter prayers and himself prays too. I have convinced him to learn some verses by Gyr. He holds long conversations with professor Tomescu.

Lecca is attacking King Carol II. Marshal Antonescu is being criticized by Bentoiu. To me Carol is the most destructive plague which has ever come upon Romania; he was worse than the Huns, the Avars, the Pecenegs, the Tatars, the Polish, the floods, the hails, the drought, the invasion by Carol-Robert, the Caragea's plague, the incursions of Pazvantoglu, the punitive Turking expeditions, the Pasha from Silistra, the Cozacs, the love for the guarantor power after the year 1774, the fires, the earthquakes, the locusts, the cutting off of the forests, the dams' collapses, the phylloxera, the Russian and Austrian occupations, the taking of territories by force, the taxes, the poisoned water-wells, the women raped by invaders, the kidnaping of children to be conscript into foreign armies, the towers collapses, the defiled churches, Mohamed, Bayezid, Suleiman, or Fuad – Carol was worse than all of these. *Uburoim* in person, we have come to take all of their money, to tie the donkey on the wall, and then to run away. Out of my consideration for Bentoiu I am refraining myself to speak too plainly. But I cannot but show about marshal Antonescu that, anyway, he was the only one daring to oppose Hitler throughout all Europe, to face Hitler in a matter of persona honor in which not even Petain and the cardinals said no to Hitler in. While the top representatives of the German aristocracy, the covered in medals German general and field-marshals stood silent and trembled in front of Hitler, while Hitler was foaming to his mouth and he was running from an and to another of the room shouting out, Antonescu resisted Hitler in Hitler's own den from Berchtesgaden; assertive, with the due modesty, he escaped from death a few hundreds of thousands of Jew souls.

(Lecca: In exchange for a few whores, of some eight-hours days and sleeping at home, in exchange for a few apartments… Goring agreed, Antonescu told it me: but let Hitler not to know…)

And no matter what occurred, King Michael could, and she should remove Antonescu from power, and if needed he could even arrest Antonescu – though the solution of forcedly boarding Antonescu on a plane and sending him in exile would have been nobler – but not to hand Antonescu over to a private citizen, to Bodnăraş, so that Antonescu was taken to this private citizen's house, in a manner worse than that applied to the insolvable money-debtors in the old Roman law. King Michael could have kept Antonescu arrested in the royal palace, to ask him to commit suicide – and it is an admitted fact that Antonescu's guilt was that of confounding his honor as man to the nation's right to life, while Bismark discerned between the duty of the sentinel to die defending his outpost and the duty of a country-ruler to sacrifice even his honor, when needed, in order to save his country – but for nothing in the world agreeing to be Antonescu brought in the house of a private citizen and then handed over to a foreign power. The royal gesture, better said the gesture of the throne's advisor, is inexcusable.

Being removed from the prison cell in order I to be sent again to Gherla prison, I am taking farewell from all the inmates form this infirmary. Bentoiu, smiling sadly, he is thanking me. Then, he is starting to cry. Lecca, suddenly, he is kissing me on my cheek. I will later on find out that both of them died soon after I left.

I am learning the evening prayer from professor Tomescu, *Smooth Light*, a prayer whose ineffable charm conquered me the first time. How can one prefer to this prayer the Indian incantatory formula: *Om mani padmi hūm*? And, by the way, how comes that people can place the theosophy, the Zen, the Tantrism above the Gospel? *Smooth light of Your glory…* is there any other verse in equal to this in the Romanian language? When forming the government, in the year 1937, on Christman Day, Tomescu sent to all his colleagues a copy of the Bible. (At that time, because of upset, I was sick in bed. It was continuously snowing).

December, the Year 1970

This is for one would die with difficulty for a righteous; but for the kind one it could somebody decide to die (Rom. 5: 7).

Much more, much more, much kinder were the young people in prisons than the old people were. Could that be due to the fact that one can more easily renounce to his life when having a longer time to live? Or could that be because at a young age the passions are fierier but the spiritual vigor too is more undefiled? Could that be because the young people haven't known yet the enmities of the older generation? Could that be because of the young people

being less obsessed with sourness and bursting-ups, and less burdened with the annexes of the time-passing: maiming, failures, disappointments, that confirming Robert Brasillach's theory according to which one is better to die before getting defiled by the muddy passing of the years? I don't know... The young people were simply kinder than the old people.

There weren't any rooms in which the young people – and especially the legionaries – and not to help me with my morning "coffee" and with the little slice of bread given to us once in two weeks – precious objects to a man with intestinal ailments, in exchange for the soup made of rotten vegetables, for the uncooked beans, for the potatoes boiled with their skin and soil on, for the raw cabbage which even the wild beasts will look disgusted at – the only food I had to offer them. Until I learnt to eat boiled barley – and it took me three years to do that – they kept me alive. And without making a fuss for that.

Totally haphazardly, Dinu P., from father Todea, he found out how his father-in-law, the social-democrat Gh. Ene Filipescu died. At Târgu-Ocna Prison, where the hospital for inmates who were sick with tuberculosis was until the year 1956 (after the year 1959 there no longer were hospitals for the political detainees), Filipescu proclaimed his socialist and atheist convictions in a prison room full with legionary youth. To be fair, he was also cursing the wardens calling them "children who mock their parents" (Rubasov in *Darkness at Noon in Zero and Infinite*). Filipescu was getting increasingly sick – his illness was progressing quickly – and he suffered (his breathing became tenuous) until his death. The young legionaries behaved so nicely, so attentively, so full of abnegation, and so dearly with Filipescu, and they respected him so deeply because of being him the oldest among them, so that his heart got softened. Before yielding his soul – each of his breathe reached to be a spasm – Filipescu embraced the young inmate who devoted himself to taking care of him, and Filipescu also confessed his sins to father Todea, and he passed away after being administrated the Holy Impartation. After a few months, the young man who took care of Filipescu like of his father died too. *Psalm???* 18: "Let me rest before I go and no longer be".

October, the Year 1958

The line which the Jews stood in order to file their dossiers for migrating to Israel used to start around tree o-clock at night, then they started at two o'clock, then at one o'clock, and then they started as eleven o'clock on the previous day. From Ioan Ianolide I found out that even Valeriu Gafencu, the "saint of the prisons" stood in that line. The crowd is composed of bankrupted small businessmen, old ladies and old gentlemen who remained alone in the

country, but there are also party members, principals and general directors in ministries, superior clerks in the central institutions of the state, members of the political apparatus, member of the general police and of the secret police.

The impression made upon me by the queues is a strong one. They are Jews, but still, within me there start smoldering strange sentiments. And my dad is all thunder and lightning.

My dad, besides… (But this is another story. The house where we used to live, not ours, it was bombed on 4th of April '44. After 23rd of August the daughter of general Butoianu accommodated us at their place, for the general was classmate with my dad at Nicolae Bălcescu high school from Brăila. From behing Olari church to Moşilor avenue, which the Russian military columns started to enter from Colentina, there were only a few meters. On 30th of August I too was standing on the sidewalk and I was watching at the passing tanks. I swear I wasn't laughing, I wasn't saluting, I wasn't applauding, I wasn't exclaiming anything; I was just standing, simply. I suddenly felt myself grabbed by my arm and cursed with the word PIG uttered clearly – *you are staying like a fool and looking, you are all staying and looking and you don't know what it is waiting to for you, look at them how they are laughing, they are going to cry with bitter tears, and you too… Let's go home*… it was my dad…).

This gesture of getting my passport out of my pocket had in it something of a trick, of prestidigitation. Or of a spoiled child. The crossed fingers. *I no longer want that. I want to my mum. I don't want to play any longer*. You stir all the people up to dance, you pay the music band, the invitees have arrived, the party has started – and then you leave… Farewell, we are going. I'm speechless.

The sapient people are disgusted – some of them smile. The simpler people are envious. (Cervantes in Algeria, after years of trying, he succeeded in organizing and escaping with a few other inmates. At night they all met by the sea shore. The hired ship was there, ready to leave. One of the escapees was missing. They were waiting for him. The time was passing. They decided to leave without the missing escapees. Cervantes insisted to wait for a little more. Imagine the absentee's despair seeing the ship left. Finally, the missing person arrived. He was the rat giving them in to the authorities. All of them got caught and brought back into slavery. This atrocious story – where Cervantes appears to have been so noble, and that's why he was able to write *Don Quixote* – is what the long lines the Jews are standing in remember me about.

There is also an association of ideas involving the pseudo-memories of Ciano, read by me around the years 1946-1947 – at the beginning I couldn't find any explanation for this association of ideas, but later on I did. After the year 1942, suddenly, the tone of the Ciano's memories changes: now he is

speaking like a European, as an aristocrat, like a gentleman, like a liberal; the nazi horrors scare him and disgust him. He wants the peace, he wants the quietude, he wants *le bon vieux temps*. Just look at Him! No more empire, no more violence, no more poisoning; he, Ciano, let everybody know, he is only a diplomat, as there were Talleyrand, Vergennes, Metternich. He hasn't eaten garlic, so that his mouth doesn't stink. He doesn't have his hands covered in blood. He is a worldly man, having sins, of dear Lord, but he has been always wearing white gloves.

And there started to appear in his memoires new characters: God, the Pope, prince Umberto. But when did that happen? When Ciano remembered about the little king, about the Pope, about Talleyrand, about Europe? He did that when the fear grabbed him because he realized that the German troupes and their allies won't win the war. Not before that. Only then started to shine again to him the values of the old liberal civilization and the candelabras of the European saloons.

We can see at Jews too, a turning back towards the past and some repudiations: but those repudiations come out not of an evolution or out of a striking discovery, but due to some too concrete external factors.

The Hierarchy of the Sins

The Church divides the sins in: venial, capital, shouting out at the sky, and those against the Holy Ghost.

The prison knows only two categories of sins: the one which can be forgiven (trafficking currency or gold, crossing the border illegally, the theft, the homicide, the adultery, the homosexuality, the parasitism, the vagabondage, the defamation of the state institutions) and sins which cannot be forgiven (the blackmailing and the giving in of your inmates to authorities).

(I mean we the people do not forgive such sins; when the repentance is striking, God know what He does; in *The Process of Jesus* by Diego Fabri, the Mother of the Lord covers, with her scarf of a poor woman, the head of the traitor who was shaken by sobs of crying for his sorrow).

The Division of the Work

The Occidentals (Beckett, Ionescu, Cioran…) are feeling miserable for us; and we – we who know what a patch of sky can be, or a slice of bread, of sleeping in your own bed, or a nail, or a pen – we are happy for them.

April, the Year 1960

After about a month we got taken out from the prison cell no. 18 and we got spread to other prison cells. I was lucky to be taken together with my baptism godfather and we had been brought to the prison cell no. 24, where

the first man I saw was the hieromonk who Christianized me and was separated from us two days after he had baptized me. In the new prison cell, there is not that atmosphere of exaltation and of interest in exchanging ideas. The sun went to sleep and the moon is risen. After a period of the ghost and of the fire they followed a time for getting accustomed to the daily living. The sudden difference in spiritual and energetic level challenges me seriously and it let me understand that the most difficult thing is not to answer to a fierce situation – be it that tormenting too – but the most difficult thing is to get yourself accustomed to the daily grinding of the banality. Mauriac too, by often quoting from Charles Du Bos: knowing how to believe also without the accompaniment of the uninterrupted work. Yes, that's true: suddenly you cannot hear the music anymore; it is like going around the street's corner. Let see you now, boy! During the investigation there was a struggle, an absorbing and intoxicating swirl, but now, in the boring grey of the program (be it even the totally exceptional program of the living into prison, regardless how different such a program is relatedly to the program from outside the prison, it still is a *train-train de vie* – and how calculated is to be the void: the Individual, the Time, and the Others) what does it remain to you? What do you still have as yours, what are you: the vigor, the grease, the grey-matter of the brain, the hormones: YOU!

Fortunately, I find support in my baptism-godfather and in Pious monk Mina. The life in monastery (and he has been wearing the monastic clothes ever since he was a young lad) prepared him wonderfully for the life in prison and it taught him what is essential for enduring: keeping your silence, not letting yourself to wonder about or to be troubled by anything, being yourself deaf, being assertive in enduring everything without complaining (without speaking-against, as the monks say), with a blind and stubborn *equality* having as its ideal the carelessness, if not even the insensitiveness. And among all of these the greatest ones are; the silence and the carelessness. The biblical text (Jas. 3: 2) – which it is affirmed in that him who is able to restrain his mouth he will be able to restrain the entire his body and the whole his being – it has a scientific and experimental character in no aspect inferior to a text, let's say, belonging to Claude Bernard.

In this new prison cell, my baptism-godfather gets increasingly "spiritualistic" and the means that the intellectual language of the room gets into a mix of spiritism, parapsychology, and believing in metempsychosis. I find nothing in spiritism. Mihai Avramescu and Pavel Sim gave me to read Guenon who shattered the spiritism into pieces -, but I feel a repulsive reaction to it; regarding the parapsychology, though, as psychic discipline based on scientific

observation, it cannot be contested. After the people laughed so much at the bio-currents experimented by doctor Giurgea from the Militari Hospital, now they are in the public domain of the science.

But even the spiritism (spread there where you wouldn't believe: the gendarmes captain M. D. has a friend who was King Louis-Philip and he knows a lady who is the reincarnation of Queen Elisabeth of England) in the dry and dreadful atmosphere of the prison cell, because of being the spiritism something else than the odious concrete (:the totally known and counted utilitarian objects: razor, toilet vessel, water vessel, table, little mug, plate, and that's all; and the brutal light of the light-bulb) it appears inviting to us. Anyway, this discussions about spiritism evoke rooms having exceeding furniture, or being engulfed in darkness, and that's not a small thing. In any mystery there disappears: the fewness of the things, the deep knowledge about the customs and about the character of the surrounding people, and the absolute invariant of the time's flowing. And there turns out that among other things - but not far from water, sleep, toilet, vitamins, exercising – we absolutely need some shadows, some little mystery. Any sort of spiritualism appears to be welcomed and purifying. So that I am listening without getting upset, about white spirits, about blue spirits, and about red spirits, about Ketty King and about Sir William Crookes (Ketty tricked Sir William: Ketty appeared at Crookes's home, but when the illustrious physicist wanted to repeat his experiment at the headquarters of the Royal Academy, the spirit didn't come; and why was that? He asked her, and she answered him: I wanted to make you look like a fool, my dear; she was a big *smartass*); and I am getting familiar with Alain Kardec, Leon Denis, Raoul Montandon, Gabriel Delanne, and Sir Russel Wallace. String of frail and shy shadows sneak inside the prison cell number twenty-four, seemingly aware of their inconsistency, but full of benevolence, the poor them (even Kitty King – in her bouffant dress from the Century XVII – no longer feels like fooling us up, because she feels pity on us), and they sweeten up the heat of the matter with droplets of illusion.

(In this second prison-cell it is happening, seemingly, something resembling to what must have happened on the road to Emaus. The Savior is no longer among His people; the Bridegroom has left. But it is appropriate that you, a man, to start the secret faithfulness and to start feeling a new king of happiness, one that is quieter, and you owe to notice the reality of the Savior's presence in the most arid and unexpected place: within yourself. You mut give more from yourself, you are no longer a simple spectator, an invitee attending a wedding, but you are partaker with full rights, you are an associate, you are a creator of happiness on your own. You must prove an extremely difficult thing,

that not only the beginning – the wedding – is clean, but that also the daily living can be maintained on an acceptable degree of noblesse and dignity. Just of this consists the difference between childhood and matureness: the recognized and endured pain, the acceptation of the unavoidable level-difference between the purity of the wedding and of the feast and the impurity of the common days and of the years in row.

Jilava Prison, March, the Year 1960

Nietzsche's mistake, as Al. Pal. is proclaiming in the deafening noise of the prison-cell number eighteen (Who volunteers to carrying the toilet-vessel? Where did you put the little mug mister? That in French is *oriflamme, abasourdie*; in English is *flabbergasted*. Take care you who go to the toilet because of being only a little water left! Pipette in French stands for… I am no longer knowing it, prince, are you? …) Nietzsche's mistake was that of despising the more virile sentiments and among those the most virile, which the Homeric heroes of the medieval heroes proved it so frequently: the mercy. The tears too are the apanage of the warriors in Iliad.

(The mercy, I read it after my liberation, in Eugen Ionescu's works, the mercy is not sentimental, my Nietzschean friends, but it is human and manly. Al. Pal. spoke before one of us had read those words belonging to Nae Ionescu).

The Year 1934

Manole about insanity: the most pertinent thing regarding the insane people has been said by Salom Alehem: the insane one doesn't break only another's windows.

So, we can always and anywhere know whether someone is truly insane of he only pretends being insane. If he breaks only another's windows that will mean that he is insincere, but if he breaks his windows too while breaking others' windows that will mean that he is doubtlessly an authentic insane one.

Authentic crazy people: 1949, Radu Cioculescu: he refused to unveil to the Secret Police the names – unknow to the Secret Police – ot those who (and I am among those) helped him writing and sending abroad some memoranda; 1950: A. L. Zisu: he refused to sign the peace appeal coming from Stockholm; he told them who had come to him with that appeal that he was in favor of war and he rebuked them and he banished them away – and the miserable ones, frightened, they ran away from him because of realizing that they were three persons and so they must denounce him.

Cernica Monastery, the Year 1965

Father abbot Roman: the greatest guilt of the Pharisee is not so much his pride but it is his belief that he is enough to himself, that he can justify on himself, that he doesn't need God.

And about time he said: the Christian is the one who doesn't live neither into the past nor into the future, but he lives only into present. The past doesn't burden him and the future doesn't worry him.

(Isn't especially valid for Christian <Mallarme's verse, one of the most beautiful verses of the Franch language: *Le vierge, le vivace et belle aujourd'hui?*).

September, the Year 1940

I am reading with strange feelings of satisfaction (only Casandra knew how painful is you to be right), glued on walls and on pillars, the manifests of the legionary movement against Carol II. That is a right to criticize gained by the authors of the mentioned manifests, by suffering. But, after a few days, there occured certain declarations and articles stinking with revenge and too much skillfulness in adhering the side where the power comes from. The title of an article published by Nicolae Iorga is overwhelming: *Let's not Be Petty!*

Jilava Prison, the Prison Cell no. 30, December, the Year 1963

Professor Vasile Barbu, a former chief of the legionary organization from Vlașca: I am telling you the truth; I am taking to you like to a comrade, the Captain, you must know it, he was a believer in the first place. If he had lived, the legion wouldn't have reached what it was: a fifth German column. The legion was to its founders and chiefs a Christian and Romanian legion, but all of those were killed with the snare of Carol II. Codreanu's ideal was the icon and according to it he wanted to organize the country, and not according to the program from Nurenberg. There were left to live only a fistful of executants and they were surrounded by some troublemakers…

To the European spirit dr. Al.-G. reproaches the ferocious, animalic attachment to life. The European is almost incapable of committing suicide: and this would be a proof of cowardice. The Asiatic is more detached, he is not so pitifully enslaved to existence. In Christianity (he doesn't contest that) is preponderant the cult for the eternal life, but to the European, to the white man, there can be seen something else: a despicable fear, a sticking to the life at all costs, by paying the price of any lawlessness, of any crime.

This sticking to life, one of an mutilated dog, one of a paralytic blind man, one of a sick with cancer getting mad because of his sufferings and who

still suck vitamins, one of a traitor who dols his whole nation and all his comrades in order him to escape death, it is the best expressed by the neutral reflexive pronoun in French: *on veut vivre*, or in German: *man will leben*. The most depressive formula: *es will leben*, applied to the man.

July, the Year 1952

My dad has been at the glass factory from Pădurea Neagră, in Bihor, for eleven months now in the same factory (almost unbelievable fact), and I have received a twelve working days' vacation. I am going to spend those days at Timişul de Sus, where the Augustinian nuns have a hostel (Manole: look how all the Jews have been engulfed by a great love for monasteries and Catholicism).

The building of their institution that is by the road is full, so that I am accommodated in an annex next to a little church, where the widow of the minister C. lives permanently; that minister played an important role in creating that locality.

Immediately after my arrival, I am asking if I would be allowed to present my respects to Lady C.; she is receiving me gladly and she is remembering my dad very well.

After a few days I have got quite sick; my neighbor is bringing me toasted bread and tea. She wears – as Alexandrina Cantacuzino and the other ladies from the Nations Association of the Romanian Orthodox Women (sometimes Queen Mary did it too) – a dark blue dress of silk; that dress reaches up to her chin, and around her neck she wears a long chain which a massive silver cross hangs on. Each time she brings me the toasted bread she marks me on my forehead with the sign of the cross.

February, the Year 1971

I have come for My sheep to have life, and to have it plentifully. Jn. 10: 10.

The yesterday sermon of father G. T. and the letter from Ottawa sent by Toma Pavel almost coincide: as date, as subject.

In both of them it is about the theme of the feast in Christ's teaching.

The Lord finds appropriate any occasion for feasting and for gladdening. People throw parties after a bodily healing (Mt. 8: 15; Mk. 1: 31; Lk. 4: 39 and 8: 55), or after achieving a new follower or after conquering a new soul (Mt. 9: 10; Mk. 2: 15; Lk. 5: 29); in the case of the profligate son, or in the case of Zacchaeus the publican, the great repentance is that justifying the splendor of the celebration. The Lord blesses and multiplies the wine at the wedding in

Canna, Mary, at her turn, anoints during a feast; at Betany there was a big feast once Martha was so worried and overwhelmed by chores.

Not only that the Lord doesn't' refuse the invitations from the sinners, but He didn't reject even the invitations from the Pharisees. The heavens are likened to a feast (Mt. 22: 2; Lk. 14: 16; 22: 30); and what does He promise to the individual who opens his hear to Him?: I will enter at him and I will dine with him and him with Me. (Ap. 3: 20).

This inexhaustible good mood and will of the Lord to celebrate the joys by feasting appears projected everywhere during His years of preaching: "John came neither eating nor drinking and they say: he has a demon. The Son of Man came eating and drinking and they say: behold a gluttonous and drinker of wine, friend of the publicans and of the Pharisees" (Mt. 11: 18-19), and "For John the Baptist came, not eating bread and not tasting wine, and you are saying: he has demon. The Son of Man came too, eating and drinking, and you are saying: Behold a gluttonous and a drinker of wine" … (Lk. 7: 34) – all of these are very clear.

Paul, by following the example of his Savior (Acts 6: 34), after a victory of the good (the baptism of warden Phillippi), he too *set the table and they gladdened with the whole household*.

Schmemann impropriated the materialistic formula of Feuerbach: "The man is that what he eats" and he says that that is a strictly biblical and Christian formula.

He who doesn't eat My Body and doesn't drink My blood…

Schmemann too (and he is an Orthodox): the world to the Christian is a feast, the image of the feats appears all over the Scripture and it is the final and the coronation of the Scripture: "in order you to eat and drink at My table in My Kingdom".

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… eintreten, tratt ein, eingetretten; *… de la* vivre je reçus, tu reçus, il vécut…, *de la* voir je vis, tu vis, il vit… *The Spanish language has for* to be *two verbs:* ser / estar. *The present* ser: soy, eres, es, somos, sofs, son; *the present of estar*: estoy, estas, esta, estamos, estatis, estan… *the Sanskrit declination has eight cases: nominative, acuzative, instrumental, dative, ablative, genitive, locaklite, vocative…* Erkundigen, erkundigte, erkundigt… *the preposition follows after the verb and it can change the verb's meaning, so that one can create new verbs, for instance* to speak up, to give up, to wash up, to drive up…

The Lord constantly – and this can be seen everywhere – blesses, fructifies, multiplies: the bread, the wine the fish. The Lord doesn't appear as a

God of the desert, or of the steppe, or of the tundra, or of the sterility, or of the drought and scourge, but of the richness and of the abundance, and of the fullness and of the food and of the gladness. He who wasn't to come to the lord is being waited for by the gladness. This isn't only at Socrates and at Plato. (That is fore-imagining, as possible to the man).

Blessed Augustine: Martha worries and strives, and Mary feasts.

Among the motifs for which the Lord refers Himself to feasts so often and he invites to loaded tables, I am mentioning:

a) That motif invokes by the skillful theologians; the skillful theologians do not value the argument invoked by their less-skillful colleagues; God created the man in order God to be extolled by man. They formulate totally different and in a manner worthy of the greatness of the divinity the purpose of man's creation: to be the man too given the possibility to participate to the euphoric joy of living (the life itself, as such, as the *catechism of the Dutch Catholic bishops says*: it is a wonder that takes away your breath). Etienne Gilson clearly expresses the rationality for which God created the world and the people. Only for us to extoll Him? That would mean that we know Him very little. "What God creates aren't some witnesses demonstrating Him His own glory, but they are beings rejoicing of His glory as Himself rejoices, and who, by participating to His being, they also participate to His beatitude. Therefore, not for Himself, but for all of us too God searches for His glory; not for achi9eving it, because He already has it, neither for increasing it, for it is perfect from before, but in order Him to share His glory to us".

(I am not insisting and grinding up for nothing saying that Christ God is a nobleman, a gentleman, and a boyar).

b) The motif I like to meditate at for a long time: because only at a feast the man rejoiced of another's joy, and he even need this joy: the feast is the more beautiful and the more successful as the participants are gladder. The feast is, maybe – paradoxically – the only place where another's joy isn't envied. And where there is no concurrence, *numerus clausus, the more the merrier*: increasing the number of the feasters, far from being an impediment, a danger, it multiplies the joy or each and every on them. If it is so, then the feast accomplishes the Paradisiacal condition: it supposes, in the first place, the capacity of rejoicing for another's joy, of *sharing* another's joy.

Jilava Prison, the Prison-Cell no. 50 (the Tuberculosis Infirmary)

The Adventists from the prison-cell, and they are quite a few, they openly and fiery despise priest Petcu from Năieni, a country-side priest without superior theologian knowledge, whom they easily defeat by quoting – frantically

– the biblical texts mentioning the chapters and the verses, a peremptory proof of their familiarity with the Scripture, but also a custom of a procedural fanatic. They look very down to him, because he gets confused when answering to them, as also because the priest being defeated by boredom and misery comforts himself by recalling the wines from Istrița – awarded with prizes at the international wines-competitions – and the feasts thrown by a village of well-off households.

To be fair, the spectacle offered by the Adventists often takes a dramatic countenance: if the food contains any perceivable trace of grease or of horse meat – and at the tuberculosis-infirmary that happens on occasions – they reject the food, they kneel, they raise their hands and they bring they sacrifice as offering to the Almighty. That seems artificial, that seems a scenography, but by coming from some almost transparent-skinny people, who have frequent hemorrhages from their lungs and who have been starving for long years in prison, that gesture take a very concrete character. Meanwhile, the mentioned priest gulps his food in a hurry, as all the other inmates do. Suddenly, he finds himself in inferiority.

I have decided to defend the poor man, so that I've started learning by heart the texts opposing the Adventist interpretation (being objective and honest, the Adventist indicate those texts to me and teach me), so that we have reached – the priest and I – to contest their sayings on their own Scriptural grounds. To blindly respecting the Saturday, we oppose the fundamental passages from 2 Cor. 3: 6 (The letter kills, but the ghost makes alive); Mt. 12: 8; Mk. 2: 28 and Lk. 6: 5 (The Son of Man is Lord of the Saturday too); Mk. 2: 27 (The Saturday is made for man, and not the man for Saturday), Rom. 14: 6 (He who observes the day he observes it for the lord, and he who doesn't observe the day he does that also for the Lord), 7 (This is for the Kingdom of God is not food and drink), and 22 (The faith you have you must have it for yourself in front of God. Blessed is him who doesn't judge on himself in that what he approves); 1 Cor. 8: 8 (But not the food will place us in front of God), and 10: 27 (If someone among unbelievers invites you to the table and you want to go, you will eat whatever is placed before you…); Col. 2: 14 (He erased the contract places upon us), and 16 (Nobody should judge you for eating and from drinking or regarding any feast or new moon or Sundays).

The last-mentioned text is very effective on the colleagues who attentively follow our disputes, and who both enjoy the victories of the Orthodoxy and admire the character strength of the sectarians.

The Adventists refuse to wash up their bodies on Sundays, when the wardens take us to bath. They accept washing up their hands, on Sunday, but

not their bodies too. This spectacle repeated on a weekly basis (we were during the period which the prisons-administration sill allowed the hygiene-ruled to be applied) underscored two naïve sorts of stubbornness and it once more proves that both sides are a little right. The Adventist clash, neological, observing the letter, Talmudist – given the sufferings and the reproached stirred up by it – it is admirable too. Why don't the prison-administration grant the Adventists the possibility to take a shower regarding the day? This is because the Sundays if the day allotted to the cleaning in prisons! You can possibly fight the enmity, but one cannot defeat the bureaucracy. Priest Petcu was the first to be asked, and then followed all of us, to forcedly wash the bodies of our comrades who stay naked under the shower water keeping their hands crossed on their chests, smiling seraphically, and waiting for the martyrdom. They are pitiful, they are funny, and they are profoundly respectable. The priest firmly refused the occasion offered him for mocking his merciless adversaries. (And the wardens, who know the state of affairs, they cannot believe that the priest doesn't want to revenge himself). We all refuse the offer now addressed to the entire collective. The wardens do not insist so that the whole scene ends as the French say *en queue de poisson*, it remains unsolved. Unlike that, the right-worshippers barely are granted the time for almost instantaneously showering themselves; but while the Adventists are present, the wardens intentionally prolong the time for bathing, and that helps the right-worshippers to truly wash and clean themselves.

We renounce to drink any of the little water we receive in the prison-cell, and by doing that we help the disciples of Captain William Miller to wash their bodies on Sunday mornings.

Traian Crăcea, a young man from Transylvania, a fiery and skillful Adventist preacher, he is the only one among his coreligionists who still admit the possibility of the salvation for those from outside his sect. (The Jehovah Witnesses are even more exclusivists: at them the saved ones are numerically limited). Crăcea speaks of Christ with tears in his eyes, true tears, and not like the tears of Balzac's hero crying for his inaccessible lover lost beyond the bars of the church.

Jilava Prison, the Prison-Cell no. 13

Nemo's and mine theory on *Doctor Faust* of Thoman Mann. I am summarizing it to Nicolae Balotă who is listening to it with a great interest.

Doctor Faust is a book conceived on three plans, of which two are initiatory.

The first plan is that of the naïve reading: Serenus Zeitblom is a sapient and normal man, Adrian Leverkuhn is demented. Actually, these artists are demoniacal. The art is dangerous.

The plan of the second reading, or of the first initiation: Serenus Zeitblom is an uninteresting fool, Adrian Leverkuhn is the artist in the whole his veracity; the art supposes a dose of insanity; only thus it can be creative and it justifies the insipidus existence of the world.

The plan of the third reading, or of the second initiation: Serenus Zeitblom is actually right, and not in a dull manner but paradoxically and frantically Kierkegaardian. Adrian Leverkuhn is truly insane, the ideal is an effervescent Zeitblom. So, the faith of the crones is good? Is it good to attend the church on Sundays and to light up candles? Of course it is. But do that *insanely*. A zoom effect: the normalness, if practice enthusiastically, it will be superior to recklessness. The sapient life *considered as one of the fine art*s!

I am remembering Manole's theory on the need for creating a *party of the moderate-violent (of the trench-coat-conservatives)* means to defend with the ultimate vehemence – a Sorel-ian one – the balance, the rationality, and the decency.

February, the Year 1931

Tea at Anetta; numerous invitees. Manole accepted to come too, after I have been long insisting for him to accept coming. He is declaring that he is not interested in a gathering of pro-communist-little-Jews, or who are vaguely leftists. During the tea (Swedish buffet) he is admitting that there are also honorable things own can say about Karl Max. Which are those honorable things? Asks Bellu Z., who is a little curious about that affirmation, but he rather shows a patient-despising-facial-expression. (One can easily see that this daring young man isn't clear regarding this matter. Let's try to make it clear to him).

For instance, Manole is saying, the fact that Karl Marx married a fat woman with a noble lineage. When Engels wanted to marry a worker-class woman, missis Marx menaced him with no longer allowing him to come and visit. Then, Marx had a splendid beard and he was an attractive man. And he drank strongly, yes, rather beer – Manole is ascertaining with the sorrow of a man forced to admit also some defects of an otherwise seamless personality – but he was resistant to large quantities of drink and one day a drunkard English woman fell in love, while on the second deck of an omnibus, with him and with his beard.

Belly Z. is boiling. (Provocation!).

That was because Karl Max loved to stroll London on a bus, preferably an imperial bus, Manole is continuing. And they said about Lasalle an as honorable as one can get thing; that thing was said by Bismark: he is my political adversary, so I would like having him neighbor to my estate.

All the leftist are turning their heads away, bored, and – after a moment of tense pause – they again turn their attention towards sandwiches and bottles.

The Year 1968

I am seeing at the exit from the bakery an old, small, discrete beggar. I am giving him some money. He respectfully takes his hat off and he is thanking me using long phrases. I don't know why – the memory of my dad, the physical resemblance (of hunched-over little-guy), his so polite gesture, my shame of being I saluted by and old man for a little money, the rushing into my memory of the prison-like scenes revelatory of the poor human condition? – but I am bursting into tears crying with sobs in the middle of the street, like a madman.

Gherla Prison, the Year 1962

Virgil B., having squirrel eyes, small, thin by nature and now a skeleton, stopped in his development, who the infection hepatitis left a greenish skin nuance, he has been an inmate since he was seventeen. When I am being introduced to him, he is now twenty-five years old. His looks, his movements his nimbleness, his restlessness, his swirl-like gestures, the thirst for knowledge, the who-knows-why upset, all of these belong to a child. He knows unbelievably numerous things, some of them belonging to the encyclopedic part of the review for science and technique for young people. For instance, he knows Mendeleev table in its entirety, on groups, subgroups, periods, symbol by symbol. I am learning the Mendeleev table from him, together with major Ilie Şerbu; to the last mentioned one the age hasn't stopped his drive for learning, neither it has cut off his urge towards good.

Virgil is passionate with existentialism, which he heard of previously; I am exposing the existentialism to him yet and again; I recount him the theater plays written by Ionescu: he is charmed by them. Though he lives isolated from the world, inside the thick walls of the former fort Jilava – now the Jilava Prison -, or inside the Austrian style buildings of Gherla Prison, to Virgil the spirit of his generation and the air of the time (*where the wind of the century is blowing to*) gives him special antennae facilitating him to understand and helping him to guess on the fly.

By keeping to talk to him about existentialism and by keeping to look around (we are now in a bad prison cell), I have reached to the conclusion that – descriptively and expository – the existentialism is right. The life is just like the existentialism sees the life, like the world looks like when there are absent the naïve faith in God and the illusions of the morals. Yes, *the wall*, *the disgust*, *and the dirty hands* (dirty consequently to the compromises and to treason, but also due to the unavoidable daily grinding) they define the horrible universe which Christ no longer is partaker to. (the Apartment Deserted by people, crowded with mice and with night-birds). This description is totally unexaggerated, as formulated by existentialists, only their solution if wrong. Better said they do not know what the solution is: breaching the wall to reach Jesus the Comforter. (The Comforter and also the Revelator; the peace given to the Christian is, at its turn, founded on *knowledge*, by no means less than the knowledge achieved by Indian Buddhism or by Zen). And there's no wonder: some existentialists were inmates; but then: how couldn't they find the means for crossing through the walls.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… the Germans received colonel Sturdza correctly, but glacially. That's a proof that back then still existed a working military honor… And when Mackensen came into the occupied territory, to Bucharest, to meet the old Carp, the old Germanophile came out on the porch and threw Mackensen out… What are you saying, mister? Where do you get this out from? This is absolutely false… Marcellus is telling to Demetrios…

André Gide: the readers and the descendants of Ivan Karamazov rejoiced for the words which exited out of his mouth: if there hadn't been God, everything would have been allowed. The reasoning is simple: once God is non-existing, all restrictions are purposeless, and you will be able to do – undisturbed – anything. But this libertine and appeasing vision (and my mother has died; I don't even need to leave for Algeria) loses from its sight another ineluctable consequence of the formula. If God doesn't exist it means not only that the individual will be able to do whatever he wants, but it will mean also that the nature and the universe will have not duty regarding the man. The right or wrong would cease to exist. *Everything would be allowed against the rational being too*; everything would be allowed to the nature's blind forces too, or to the ironical consequences of the hazard, or to the complicated knitting of the destiny. Everything would be possible; there would be allowed: the mockery, the taunting, the absurdity. (Let aside the consequences on a

concrete plan: the killings, the attacks, the violence – those too are unpleasant when passing from book in the streets; just ask the inhabitants of the big metropoles what is there like after eight o'clock in the evening). I know *somebody* who would have been glad if the things had been so: to no longer be himself limited, to no longer be him forced to hurry up.

The lovers of rationality and of justice – among which have been usually recruited the unbelievers – should realize that they, more than anyone else, they should be interested in God existence. They should not give away this contested God to anyone else, so that God though exists and not being allowed anything to be done.

(I wonder if Trotsky and other exiled of the communist exile weren't - at least a little – glad that there still were countries having political regimes which allowed then to escape their communist persecutors?).

January, the Year 1955

Two p.m. Father Mihai has just called me. I am summoned at four p.m. I will see what for. Has something evil happened? Some sudden illness? – Am I that sort of a man who addresses (in French: *suis-je homme a …*) an advocate in case he is sick? I am *hearing* him smiling at the other end of the wire.

In that little hole-room from the parish house I am finding a lot of people, all of them belonging to the elite. I am quickly finding out the reason why we are here. Father Cleopa, the spiritual of the Slatina Monastery, a monk with peasant origins and with the reputation of being a saint, is sitting on the guest's chair, while father Mihai is sitting on a stool at Cleopa's feet, sapiently, piously, and a little too submissive. I wonder why this gesture of natural humbleness seems to contradict the place from Acts 22: 3? If him who sits at the feet of his master was Paul, then the one sitting on that chair would be no one else but Gamaliel.

Father Cleopa, quite young, simple, fluent in speech, having gentle looks, having his beard and his mustache very black, he is behaving very seriously. He is being asked all sorts of questions and he is answering all of those patiently and with right-reckoning, but also with obvious attention, after a long time of reflection. Codin Mironescu, Todiraşcu, Pillat, Alice Voinescu, doctor Voiculescu, Alexandru Duţu, and many young people with fiery looks are listening to Cleopa and one can tell that they have been kidnapped and they are partakers to happiness. Some of them, as for instance Pavel Sim., Virg. Cd. And others, they study theology in their spare time and they seat their exams *clandestinely*. Yeas, these people wouldn't leave sad from the Lord.

We have been here until late at night, as if the sleep or the resting or the tiredness or the businesses or the schedules wouldn't exist. And there is neither a samovar for providing tea as at the Russians. I, though, am leaving thoughtfully: why am I listening to all these inviting things from outside, why am I afraid of taking the decisive step?

August, the Year 1970

Almost all of those who were listening to pious Cleopa at the Nuns' Hermitage have meanwhile crossed through prison, or they have been at least incarcerated in the prison cells from the Secret Police's headquarters. Father Mihai is an exception to that rule. Some of them have died.

Father Cleopa, after leaving around four years hiding in the forest (eating mostly roots, having no possibility for lighting up a fire – because the smoke would have betrayed him -, being supported by a few peasants, but not after snowing – the traces in the snow would have led the repression organs directly to him -, living in a good neighborhood with the wild beasts) – he is now a simple monk at Sihăstria Monastery.

Dinu Pillat and I, after leaving from Văratic Monastery, we are reaching Sihăstria Monastery at noon. It is a great day of August: the light and the landscape belong to the incorruptible world from after the general resurrection. The purity is striking you from all quarters, it is defeating you.

At the house from the hill, belonging to father Cleopa, we are arriving with difficulty. One can see that the former persecuted protects himself, or that he is watched, or both. We have succeeded, with the mediation of some monks whom we have explained what we are searching here for (and this part has taken a long time), to be received by father Cleopa. That former monk who had his hair and beard so black and who had such a straight posture, he is now gray-haired and thin. He is keeping us, joyfully, for more than three hours; he has remained the same fluent speaker. He is teaching us about temptations and about the distinction one must operate between the temptations form the left and the temptations from the right. We all know about the left-temptations: of the passions, of the vices, and of the evil. But there is a temptation form the right side, one that is more surprising, one that originates in virtues and qualities, in the desire for doing the good. (The piousness satisfied with the self. The good imposed forcedly. God is high on heavens; all the things are good on earth. I have the grace, what have I care for anymore, I am going to chew my bone on my little corner. The exemplary, edulcorated literature. The condemning morality). We can fall through this one too. There is no surety whatsoever. *Vivere periculosamente*. The monk knows the Nietzschean slogan

as well as Mussolini did. The monastic life is equally full of hardships, of pits, of ditches, of hills, of despair, as the most depressive existentialist novel. Everywhere you turn yourself towards, there are only traps. *Parois*, as the French people call them. One needs such an existential and dangerous jump to become a monk!

We are encountering again the nature when exiting the monastery: only green and blue, a calm and relaxed brightness. What a pretending! This too is a temptation from the right side!

I think C. S. Lewis too referred to the temptation from the right side in his book about devils. The example he gave is seemingly unimportant but it has immense implications:

The "guardian devil" of an Englishman urges to the best he can the mortal whom he is "watching" upon, to sacrifice himself for a question that is preoccupying that man: the specific British matter of the tea. The mortal one wants to drink his five o'clock cup of tea on the porch. His wife and his mother-in-law prefer to drink that cup of tea inside the house. Give up, the devil is whispering to him, be humble and kind, be altruistic, sacrifice yourself, do that what they like you to do. So, the man is drinking his tea together with them, while feeling himself unhappy and wronged, for all that time, and he is chocking with his tea, and he is cursing both women in his mind, and those women too can see that he only conceded to their wish forcedly and they are feeling themselves getting annoyed. The devil is jubilating. Three prospective exemplars.

What should the mortal have done? *Not to walk the path of the virtue in a secondary matter*, and admitting his limits; he should have told those two women, openly and simply, that he preferred having his tea on the porch, even if that would have mean having it alone. The women would have stayed inside, he outside, and everybody would've been happy. The "sacrificial spirit" lacking the right-reckoning (as applied to inappropriate situations) would have been defeated and, *on a greater level of modesty* none of the three souls would have taken the meandrous path of the resentments and of the irritation – meanders which to the small devils are a predilect and true *corso*.

Doctor Al. G. protests against the superiority I admit to the Christianity over Hinduism. The love, according to him, doesn't lack at all from Brahmanism and Buddhism. The greatest joy for an individual isn't that of reaching himself to Nirvana, but that of helping others to reach the final stage of the avatars. The proof for that is *bodhisattva Avalokitesvara* whose consummation would allow him access Nirvana whenever he wanted; but he

still refuses existing from the cycles of the reincarnation and, due to his affection and mercy on people, he remains within world and *Dalai-lama*.

Me: Leading them to what? Towards a for an annihilation as well.

I cannot understand by any means how could suddenly appear to many European Christians that their religion isn't quite bad, but it neither is inferior to the Asiatic religions.

Buddhism? Buddhism is an easy solution. You withdraw yourself - and that's all. It is a renunciation; it is a retiring. Christianity is unspeakable more difficult and complex - it is theandric. Without ceasing to be a man, you must be God too, in the same time. Doesn't the head of the Christian Church ask us for crucifying our body too? but not for obtaining a state of petrifaction, but as a means of devotion. Confucius? That is a very savant and wise politeness (in the etymological sense). Yoga? It seems to me, actually, a gymnastic: psycho-somatic, of course, good, useful, but strictly functional, as any other calisthenics. Ze is a contemplation: what is his meaning, oscillating? The call of the stoic remains alive for many superior men of today. The stoicism is noble, who could content that? but it is *sour*. The stoic is dignified, but his smile is, though, wry, bitter, and full of resentment; and full of a silent (controlled, doubtlessly) frowning.

Christianity isn't either sour, or fearful in front of the life. Christianity doesn't propose a running away, but if proposes something else that is unspeakable more difficult and more efficient: the transfiguration. And this is something audacious and great.

But let's no one think that our egotism damaged by Christianity; actually, being a kind human being is the most egotistical among solutions, it is the investment assuring the highest returns.

The theory of Salom Ash (in *Der Krieggeht weited*): the Jews didn't accept Christ as Messiah because they couldn't accept the idea that the Final Good and the True Truth had been shown and therefore had been known. They wanted to postpone those for later in the future, still heavy of other hopes and still shrouded in non-unveiled veils. They didn't contest the greatness of the new teaching, but recognizing Christ would have meant admitting that the unveiling had been done: that *that's it*. They preferred to further on keeping their dreams, non-contoured; there might have been something even greater that that…

Văratec Monastery, the Year 1971

During the fasting dedicated to the Holy Virgin Mary, I am confessing my sins to father Calinic.

Among other sins: a former prison colleague keeps coming to ask me for money; he smells of alcohol, and sometimes he tells me big lies: that his child died and he has no money for burying him – but I know he is not that child's father. I kept giving him money up to a point, and then I rejected him. But I still feel an unrest. But what could I have done with such a drunkard?

You should have given him money, is my spiritual guide telling me. Next time he comes, give him money, don't judge him! I too – he tells me – have a friend, a drunkard, a miserable one, but when he comes to see me, I give him something. Give him!

I am so glad that I have become an Orthodox!

Văratec Monastery, the Year 1970

The Master and Margareta, by Michail Bulgakov, insistently recommended to me by Pillat.

Behemoth the devil, with two of his colleagues, comes on earth, in Union, taking a countenance of a black tomcat that brings with him a Primus.

A black tomcat, of course, if perfect to impersonate the devil, but what is the thing with the primus?

(Stay out! the ticket inspector tells to the tomcat. The tomcats are not allowed to travel by bus!).

This Primus is worth all the money and it is the key of the book, and it is the proof of the author's genius. This is because *like people, like devils*. Behemoth is a big sad devil, a rebelled prince of the darkness. But he knows where he happened to be and – by casting off his Byronian or Goethean coat, the luciferin and sumptuous coat – he adapts himself to the measure of the parish. The Primus is the afferent mocking symbol (*diabolo*: to separate, to mock) of the Soviet civilization exclusively preoccupied with material goods and with prosperity, after fifty years of building the communism up – a triumph of that condition.

When the devils fly over the houses and lift up the houses' roofs, they see the Soviet housewives cooking the dinner on Primuses. *This* is the communism! This, an no other: the comrade from city hall, the locative administration, the certificate of social origin, the mandatory condition of being an informant, the waiting in line, and the Primus, while a billion and a half of imbeciles in Occident sigh up, attend street manifestations, kidnap, shout out, write, grow up beard, make love in public, throw Molotov cocktails in order to achieve the ideal: the Primus, the little gas-stove of the poor.

The housewives cannot do else. But he who thinks at that billion and a half people, he can go insane.

Another communism? If built somewhere else, would it be different? Done by us it would be something else.

Illusions, nonsenses. You will work with the same constitutive elements. You will reach the same place: the same social racism, a Marxism no less Leninist (though you could be a nice guy, though the bourgeoisie had played a progressist role, we can't help you: you are what you are and *like you cannot be otherwise*, so that you must be condemned).

This is the *only possible communism*. Petty. Stinky. Illiterate. Envious. Faithful to the trinity: hate, suspicion, envy. Big evil mouth and a servant's hatred. The society of a well-being where the kitchen is the Primus placed in the corridor. The devils, they know how to embody themselves, not haphazardly.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… Whom I am coming across with in Teiuş rail station?: Dragormineanu, who was going to the station chief office. Mister Alecu remained in the ministerial passenger car. He wanted to have omelet and he sent a request to the station chief to order the restaurant car of that train to prepare it and to serve it to him in the ministerial passenger car. I am rushing to see Mister Alecu. He was going to Gherla, to see Hossu, in order to beg him to persuade Maniu to come in October to attend the coronation from Alba-Iulia. Maniu was still refusing. Mister Alecau was well-known in Transylvania even before the WWI when he was still bearing the name Ion Brad and he was bringing assistance to the Romanian schools. He hoped much in Hossu, a young bishop having a great soul. I too ate from that omelet… No, he didn't come… He didn't come and the newspapers from Budapest could write Erdely non coronat… *May God forgive him, for he died as a hero and as a martyr…*

Autumn, the Year 1964

Nichifor Craining – the inmate who, at Aiud, for a plate with boiled barley or for a cigarette told anyone that there is no God – he is condemned by everybody at his liberation from prison, after the general pardon of the political prisoners.

But no one could say what the protesters would do after fourteen years of prison regime.

But all of those protesters crowd to write articles in the *Voice of the Motherland* newspaper, now, when they are free to write.

Disgust, Nonsense.

Am I too among the last twenty-nine legionaries?

In the theater play called *The Thirst and the Hunger* (act III), Eugen Ionesco definitively solved this matter: after two weeks of hunger, when the atheist is given to smell some broth, he starts reciting Our Father while kneeled, and the believer rejects the Almighty and starts extolling Darwin.

And do not take us into temptation. Not anyone has the gift of enduring the suffering; the torture is like the bribe: the secret is not to cease persevering, increasing the offer, until you will reach the unrefusable price.

Topaze: he is incorruptible, because he asks for a hundred of thousands of francs! Orwell: there is for anyone an *irresistible* torture.

God, forgiving, He doesn't always punish us for our sins and mistakes. The devil, awake, he doesn't overlook any good deed. (On the other side of the equation the sign of the value is inversed).

That's why the good is so difficult to be done, because you will encounter at any step resistance and the skillful impediments of the cunning one.

Nietzsche: "We are especially sanctioned for our virtues".

Immediately that the man makes his decision to do the good, that man assumes a huge responsibility and he willingly places his neck in the snare. Rightly so, because of the good being of divine essence, they who want the good prove – and this is a point which we due to admit the devil is right upon – a great daring and even haughtiness. Anyway, before launching yourself in the domain of the good you need to know that: you are starting waling on a *mined field*.

The proverbs cynically ascertain this situation: "You give, you won't have", "You give with the bushel, you will take with the spoon", "You will give with your hand and you will run away with your feet", "You give him a finger and he will take the whole your hand", "He whom you welcome to your table he will throw you out of your house" and the Apostle, actually, he didn't think differently when writing (Rom. 7: 15, 1: 8, 19) that he was not doing the good he wanted by the evil he didn't want.

Anyone can do the evil, regardless how worthless he would be. But the good is only for the strong souls and for the fortified natures. The evil: milk for children; the good: meat for adults. G. Duhamel creating the poor employee Salavin, who suddenly started towards the virtue but he ended to be defeated, he understood what the things were like. The holiness and the kindness are not at anyone's hand. One is football and else is fencing. It is required a preparation, a harsh training, and even the monks mortify themselves (and strengthen themselves) in all possible ways before daring to start walking on the path of the good deeds.

It is a pity that the yogis aim to separate themselves from the world, beyond good or evil, and they do not aim to do the good and to live the love, because otherwise they are well prepared.

The movie *Viridiana* of Bunuel, reckoned by many as anti-Christian and scandalous, it represents at its turn a perfect intuition of the danger posed by searching for holiness on your own and on idiorhythmic way. *Viridiana* is a justification of the church and of the monastery and it is a demonstration of our little understanding in impropriating and in applying the teachings of Christ.

The heresy of the humbleness, of the false humbleness, somewhat the antipode of another heresy: the angelism.

The temptation to allow yourself to be condemned to the eternal torments and to go in hell because of so much love for Christ that you crave for committing that sacrifice consisting of depriving yourself of Him, this logical and demented temptation was described by Papini in one of his short-stories.

This temptation stalked also the Jansenists who allegedly recommended to the monks from Port-Royal not to be imparted, for a long time, in order to subtly and fiery suffer because of standing far from Christ.

When N. Iorga died, Ct. N. wanted to send the following telegram in Germany, to Horia Sima: "I asked for being enrolled into legion the day Codreanu was assassinated on, I am asking for leaving the legion the day Iorga has been assassinated on".

But he didn't do that, because of humbleness.

But the temptation of false humbleness – abstaining ourselves form good deeds and from legit joys – it is, in the end, the same with Judah's sin. Judah resigned, he humbled himself sinking himself into evil.

Out of humbleness we cede, we resign and keep being the wicked we are.

Explaining the reasoning starting from modesty and humiliation reaches to demonism we can find it only in the work of Chesterton who defined the insanity as the supreme form of logics.

Of course, the reasoning of the Papini's hero: I love Christ – Christ asks us to sacrifice ourselves for Him – what sacrifice could be greater than renouncing to Him forever? – let's commit, therefore, those crimes and lawlessness which surely one the gates of the hell to us – it is as logical as one can get. Only that it isn't *decitlogic*, and therefore it is demented.

As main feature of the man the Orthodox monks don't reckon either the kindness, or the intelligence, either the love, or the faith, either the patience, the piousness, or the holiness, but the right-reckoning which is a very complex and difficult to express in words virtue. (It has as vast a formula as the basic

polymers). The right-reckoning comprises, mysteriously pondered, the common sense and the wisdom and the sapience and the will added to the things mentioned above. No virtue is absolute – not even the truth -, but only the skillful weighing in of many things can help us not only to avoid the evils (this is fairly easy) but also to avoid savant blunders and sophisticated errors.

One cannot, unfortunately, cross over the iron-logics of the demented by using the rationality's path, but only by admitting the truth ascertained by Chesterton, that the pure logics, unsupported and uncompleted by the other beneficial features, it is a dangerous illness, even a deadly one.

The heresy of the false humbleness tramples also upon the urge to *conquer* the skies. We are by no means required the resignation, but the ambition and the surpassing. We are required, therefore, the concrete love that is the same with desiring the *presence* of the bridegroom, the will of being together with Him. The part of Mary, the good part. We mustn't even aim to be in some certain place – Paradise, Tabor, Golgotha, Cana – but only to be next to Christ Who is, Himself, the truth, the way, and the life.

The heresy of the false humbleness opposes also the fundamental text from *Apoc.* 3: 20, where the Savior promises him who obeys His commandments that He will come to him and He will dine with him. Christ wants to be *together* with us, he requires us the crucifixion of our body in order us to reach being one with Him, and not in order us to irremediably get far from Him in the bottom of the hell, in the frozen aseptic corridors of the syllogistic dementia.

In the whole this desert (or labyrinth?) only the right-reckoning can help; us, for it is *simple*.

The Russian ascesis usually known as of the *Iuradives* – represents a very special form of holiness. It is that of the ones pretending to be themselves stupid, imbecile, insane, confused, in order to trigger the despise and the offenses from the people around. The case of *Nun Isidora*, *The Crazy Isidora*, used by her colleagues to do the lowest jobs and considered insane, until her real spirituality was unveiled by a great hermit so that all her colleagues got ashamed.

The subtle mortification; it is true that it is awful and therefore very meritorious, but it is equally dangerous and equivocal:

a) firstly, because it implied placing other in state of sin (you provoke them, the success of your plan depends on their lack of compassion, it bets on their evilness);

b) then, it is a cause for offense to a multitude of innocent who will confound the faith with the craziness;

c) finally, it places the noble wisdom under the bushel of the craziness and that compromises the wisdom.

Everything happens in extremely labile regions, on some quick-sands; people who adopt that way dance on a volcano, on a knife-edge, from where they are in danger to fall off anytime.

Not to mention another danger: that one that the pretender who claims to be an imbecile and a confuse could reach to change in time his role in reality and to become that what he pretends to be. This side may be the gravest one and it highlights the ascertainment that the Christian life cannot be founded on a claim, on a mask, on a deceit, on a trick - in other words: on hypocrisy.

The Church always walked the path of the equilibriums and of the common sense, sometime even a little too common a sense. On the sophisticated path walked the heresies. Being refined they seemed to be superior and they conquered especially sharp minds who cannot believe that the right-reckoning is, in its simplicity, the sovereign refinement.

If Christ resurrected – and if he didn't resurrect what would be the point us to be Christians? – we could not aspire to hell that is a dwelling place of the death.

Al. Pal. and Anetta told me that I had no humbleness or compassion towards a poor old man by refusing to be a witness of the prosecution, to declare what they wanted me to, to accept I to be reeducated etc. – as so many others who were nice and valuable people – so that I did it only because of my pride. And I might think they were right if I was not well clarified regarding the heresy of the false humbleness.

And isn't *this* humbleness – that is the same with the intention of making the human worthlessness steadfast, of forbidding to the man to get out of it and to self-surpass – isn't this humbleness itself a paradoxical haughtiness colored by ridicule, as the disarming phrase uttered by a French bishop: in matter of Christian humbleness, I challenge any concurrence… ?

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

Sectarian B.: So, you lied under investigation.

General A. V.: Yes.

Sectarian B." And you call yourself a Christian? Don't you know that the lie is forbidden by God?

General A. V.: I know that. But I cannot apply the principle indiscriminately. I am compelled to tell the truth, but not all *the truth and not to anybody.*

Sectarian B.: Yes, you must tell the whole truth and to anyone. The lie is forbidden.

General A. V.: Even if I will destroy somebody?

Sectarian B.: Yes, even in such conditions.

General A. V.: Am I forbidden from lying even if I will rid somebody of unjust persecutions?

Sectarian A. V.: Not even in such conditions.

General A. V.: Then I prefer to take a sin upon myself and to expiate it.

Sectarian B.: This is from the devil.

General A. V.: Let me tell you a little story. My friend, engineer Al. Stef had a housemaid who was millenarist or faithful or I don't know what exactly she was, but, anyway, she wouldn't have told a lie for nothing in the world. She was an extremely honest woman. When lady Stef was at home and somebody rang at the door and she didn't want to receive that person (she was tormented by migraines), she asked her housemaid to tell that person that she wasn't at home. (I have forgotten to tell you that their home was in the middle of a big garden). The faithful woman categorically refused to lie. Unpleasant situations and discussions occurred. Lady Stef didn't want to fire her housemaid because that woman was honest and worthy. Finally, they concluded an agreement: the housemaid would go to the gate after her employer exited the house and went into the back-garden. Then the housemaid agreed to tell the visitor: "the lady is not in the house". The unwanted guest, because of not paying attention to such an odd use of the language, usually left. So, tell me, have you liked it?

Gherla Prison, the Year 1962

It is a cold-afternoon, out of which, though, one can notice a far promise of springtime's arrival. Through the spaces between the planks blocking the window we guess that it could be the time for thaw. I am being engulfed by nostalgia and drowsiness. I would like to be able to huddle like a child, like a cat on the lukewarm stove. I am visited by clear and near memories of the borderless yard of the factory from Pantelimon, the Armeneasca Street and its incredible peace, the Christmas three from Seteanu house, the smile of Lady Boerescu wearing a dress of violet velvet, the forest between the Targului River and Doamnei River at Clucereasa, the hurried movements of Lady Florescu, the anti-Catholic imprecations of Lady Branszky, the shouts of the street vendors crossing, numerous and diverse, the cupolas of peace and of silence built upon the streets… And Anetta is staring right in my eyes, and Manole vituperating at *Duque* against liberals and in favor of Junimea's followers…

I pray actor Serafim Pislaru to recite me one of his poems, and then, seemingly even more charmed by nostalgia, I am crouching – as more as I am allowed to – under the window cowered with planks, of the prison cell – and through spaces I see a vague strip of a hill – and, like a child whispering to himself well know fairy tales, I am repeating and systematizing to myself the theory of the nine skies, which I have been kneading and which it has been comforting me for some time.

In the first three skies rules and works God-the Creator, the All-Maker, and the All-Keeper, the Great Anonymous of Blaga, the Great Watchmaker of Voltaire, the Great Architect of the Masons. From the fourth sky up to the sixth sky dwells the right-Judge Who scares us, the Lawmaker of the *Old Testament*, the God of the harsh freedom. From the seventh sky are unveiled – to the chosen ones – the unexpected final secrets. Only that, unlike that what is believed by the Guenon-ist initiated, the theosophists, the anthroposophist, the spiritualists, or by the positive people having wide ideas, or by the atheists of gnostic nuance, the divinity from the nineth sky isn't a "force" or a "energy", as impassible and as impersonal as possible, a coordinator or constructor hidden, but it is that God wearing a white beard and who is gentle and kind, the God of the most far childhood of the carols, of the sponge cake, of the biscuits, of the most wonderful Christman nights, that one of Dickens and of the *Bibliothèque Rose*.

Here stays Christ the Comforter and the Restful Who promised us that he would heal us from evils, from sufferings, from sins, and from pains, Whom the heroes of Chekhov from *Uncle Vania* think at. *(We are going to rest, uncle Vania…)*. The higher and final God, form the mystery of the mysteries and from the holy of the hollies isn't at all an abstract God, He isn't the cold creator, He isn't non-comprisable and unchangeable Brahma, He isn't the cogitating deity of the Gnosis unveiling the eons. And in this nineth sky, a sky non-dwelled by Brahma, of course that here no longer rules the earthly seriousness; there is not trace of the so-called seriousness of the pedants, of the conscientious, of the Pharisees, or of the accountants. We are required to be serious within the world in the sense of being virtuous, honest, attentive to others' pains; but not gloomy, not merciless executors of the regulations of some passing kingdoms with their ephemeral police prefectures. The monks are cheerful – the abstain and hide their cheerfulness from the public's eyes, but their behavior tells us the truth -, sour are the devils and the clerks -, and in heavens, I bet you, there is nothing else but friskiness. How could it be else, for our Savior told us limpidly that there you could enter there only if you are like little children. Are the Children "serious" or are they of an unquenchable joy?

Almost all the people are willing to admit the Creator, even the reconciliatory atheists, and the agnostic do that *in corpore*. The freemasons, at their turn, they admit an Architect, a Supreme Being. As Robespierre did it too. All the sympathizers, in a way or another, of the theosophy and of the Hinduism (and they are numerous in this world) do not resist the idea of a guiding spirit. Nowadays, even the people accustomed to the scientific language of great popularity and amateurs of objective expressions, they mention without being bothered by it, an Energy, a force, an Engine.

Engine was at Aristotle as well. But to us, here in the prison - quintessentially life – how nescient seem all of them, from Stagirite to Rene Guenon and to Eduard Schure! It could be, I do not totally oppose it, as they tell it to us, on the first or on the second sky. There could be mathematics, gnosis, there two plus two equal four, there is architectonic, there are force lines, there are planetary orbits, law, justice, I mean calculations…

From the third sky higher, the things change. Any trace of accountancy disappears. We are ascending towards Christ. The galaxies and the eons remain behind. The difficulty of the ascension is starting. The border-customs are getting more numerous. In order us to pass from Creator to the idea of the Trinity, to the reality of a divinity Who is not only almighty and organizer, but Who is firstly kind and concerned with the fate of the creatures, Who love the people to His own expiator and consolatory sacrifice. The Christianity isn't only a religion worshipping a Maker, but it also insanely believes in a Savior Who bestowed Himself, out of His love, to the world. Lossky says clearly that the Christian is not monotheistic but believer of a trinitarian religion. The Christian enters another domain than that of the moralist monotheism, right of systematized.

As we climb the ladder of the skies, the views are increasingly unexpected. Among constellations and swarms of galaxies, *novae* stars, dwarfs and white stars, forgetting about angry sermons, volumes of theology and apologetic arguments, by passing by eternal springs of hydrogen – regulated by the spirit of professor Hoyle -, letting behind judges, builders, accountants, prophets, philosophers, and non-Euclidian geometers, the soul is ascending ever higher, getting cleaned up, until the terminus station: the place of light and of greenery, the flourished pasture, swarming with fatty puppies and with white kitties wearing a bowtie, there were sound the tones of the Mozart's entertainments, and where the winged angels of *Liliom* strive to ceaselessly offer sweets and sorbet, there where the true God is, God of the children allowed – finally – to come, regardless how old or burdened by bad memories they are, and see: the Father with the white beard, in the middle, Christ on the

right hand of the Father bearing stigmata and cross, and the cleaning and alleviating Holy Ghost, on the left hand of the Father.

The Christianity, let take heed at this, it isn't a simple school of the honesty, of the cleanness, and of the justice, or a noble and rational explanation of the life (the theology unveils us the mysteries better than the zoology doe it: Emil Cioran); neither is the Christianity a higher code of behaviors (Confucianism, Shintoism), nor it is an act of obedience to the Unique (Judaism, Islamism). Christianity is more and it is different: it is the teaching of Christ, namely of the love and of the savior possibility of forgiving. No religion conceived the forgiveness of the sins but on the logical frame of the compensation (and in Brahmanism and in Buddhism the theory, the *qainsara*, it is pushed to the absolute consequences); only in the religion which god doesn't accept sacrifices but sacrifices Himself, it was possible to occur the hope of the total and instantaneous removal of the sins, through the most-sharking and anti-accountancy – and therefore the most scandalous – act.

(In this metanoia that is revolting to the order, to rationality, and top justice, it might be found the explanation of the strange repulsion caused by Christianity alone to other religions).

The Christian tries to respect with the whole heart the Buddhism, the Brahmanism, the Judaism, and the Islamism… but let him know that his religion is very different from those. Christianity is a faith which I believe in that the final sky doesn't belong to the mathematicians or to philosophers, but to the white tresses and to the fatty puppies and to the kitties which are wearing bowties. (Once the Lord calls the children and He likens the Kingdom to the children, it wouldn't be outrageous there to be in the Kingdom things pleasant to children). The true mathematics, as the justice too, the order, and the mechanics of the spheres are only for a portion. There higher it is totally different.

The "theologians of God's death" fall into the other extreme: they contest God-the Father and they only admit Christ. But how they do it! Only as a symbol of the man, of the neighbor, of the human problems – which the hurry up to confound to their political preoccupations: the war from Vietnam, the civil right of the black people, the progress of the underdeveloped countries… Have you understood it? God is abolished, and Christ is secularized, politicized, and crypto-communist.

Until cybernetics appeared as science, maybe one could find excuses for the scientists who lacked their faith in God. Although, Bettex said, even in the past century, that the faithlessness is explainable to the simple and illiterate, but not to the savants. Bacon, more than three centuries ago, he referred also

to the scholars rebuking them because of not being they able to conceive the Father only because, according to the words of the *Gospel*: "they get astray by not reading the Scripture and by not knowing the power of God".

The cybernetics has peremptorily proven what the ceaseless progress of the Sciences has been slowly unveiling: the implicit, the absolute necessity of a Great Programmer. The biology: finally admits that the analyzers (as for instance of the sight) start functioning according to a previously established program (Monod calls it *innate*) and they transmit only selectively – there are neurons specialized only for the vision of straight lines, for instance -, and the reality is analyzed in each situation according to preexistent criteria.

The genetic code? Fixed and invariable, *programmed*. The atom's composition? Only according to certain archetypal models, *programmed*. The language? Structured, at its turn, as the unconscious too, according to a program. The species invariance? Also, a proof for some established limits. The net of the kinship connections? Hass numerous variants, but not infinite, so that, again, programmed.

These are cybernetic visions upon the world, namely equally numerous admissions of some *models*. Could all of them be spontaneous and random? Give me a break! The Cybernetics is the rational-scientific supreme proof of the *Creation*; the universal notion of *programming no longer allows* any doubt regarding the existence of the Creator. But that, of course, doesn't comprise also the necessity of a Savior and of His embodiment. These ones remain further on under the sign of the liberty, they are our most valuable act, the most specifically-differentiator act, and the most anti-entropic act: the act of faith, that is equally anti-destiny as the Art was to Malraux, as the anti-history was to Mircea Eliade.

The hypothesis of the creator hazard of the life seems to me, in comparison to that of the divine creation, increasingly less-probable: as the reality unveils in its amazing complexity and connections. Little probably means, in probabilistic language, the same with zero.

(But what about the calculus with the millions of monkeys typing at the typing-machine for millions of years? Won't they become in the end, superior even to *Hamlet*? This possibility is purely theoretical, and the example – scholastic – has equally much chances to become reality as the tragical end waiting for the donkey of professor Buridan. And even if those monkeys had become superior to *Hamlet*, *Hamlet* wouldn't have been ever *removed from the flux*, neither would have him be *transferred to the accumulator* or *stored* or *copied:* that will still be a virtuality.

The fact that the example with the typing monkeys is unconclusive and it constitutes a pseudo-scientific allegory it results from the fact that the entire implied reasoning suffers of an elementary vice: a confusion regarding the verb *to type*. The monkeys do not *type* at the typing-machine in the operational sense which alone will give birth to some combinatory series upon which one could operate probabilistic calculations, but they *hit* the typing-machine, like children sitting in front of a piano and pretending to play it. If the monkeys had been taught to consciously *type*, again this example would have failed because of dealing now with conscious acts instead of *happenings*).

God, as the Jesuit Hausherr affirms, isn't infinite but true. God isn't the Infinite, but He is the Truth. He created the infinite, but He is a Person. (As He also created the person-man by blowing upon him, by the most direct and personal relation. An Idea or a Force having to solve the same problem would have found a different means, but of course not the mentioned one by the *Gen.* 2: 1): He blew in his face breath of life). Hausherr's affirmation and the biblical text get us out from the "syllogisms of the bitterness", from despair and from the "nightmare of the dialectics".

If you allow me to talk about a white beard, about animals, about sweets and flowers in the nineth sky, I won't do it, of course, because of an anthroposophy so extreme than one cannot even intuit it, but for I am thinking at spiritual states whose metaphorical equivalence can be the best represented by fatty puppies and by kittens etc.

Would it be so? Wouldn't they be not only states but also their transfigured materialness?

This may be because we don't persevere sufficiently upon the fact that the heavenly Jerusalem won't be *another world* but still this world, unbewitched, having other meanings and values, on other levels of cleanness and intensity, but not one separated from the imagistic characteristic to the creatures created in the image and in the likeness of the divinity.

The old Haydn when asked why his religious music is happy instead of being ceremonious and solemn, he answered: this is because each time I think at God I get engulfed by gladness.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

- You could be, mister, a prince descending from an illustrious noble lineage, but you have pissed and you haven't washed your hands…

- Who, me?!

- Yes, you, stop pretending that you don't know, you have touched your dick and then you have touched the little mug which all of us use it for drinking water, we who do not descend form a lineage of kings…

- But I don't…

- Yes, you did! I have been watching you *for the last three days, mister prince, and yesterday you used the toilet barrel and you didn't wash your hands… do you want to infect all of us?...*

- If I washed my hands, I would touch that little mug with the whole hand…

- Yes, but you must wash your hands!

- But you can see that there is no water either…

- We know better. Wasn't there water yesterday? And you didn't wash your hands. You don't give a dime on us…

- You put words in my mouth…

- Shame on you!

- Shame on you because of accusing me for your own imagination…

- Shame on you, you pig and donkey a prince….

- They did right to you throwing you in prison, you deserve it…

- You stupid!

Silence, silence, SILENCE! The warden is coming!

We moved from Pantelimon in the Armeneasca Street, in the downtown. It is beautiful, but the atmosphere isn't different, only that the people are more numerous and the buildings are closer to one another. There is all old peace and some kind of trust in the world and in its elements reign down here too.

The street is asphalted, and it is as peaceful as one can get. On the sides there are "boyar" houses, front yards, gardens and flowers, just like in the outskirt we have move here from. In front of our house – a house on the corner, with apparent and burnt bricks: green, blue, white – live Boerescu family. Miss Eliza, born Florescu, she is the daughter of general Ion Emanuel, former prime minister and owner of a small chateau in the Calea Victoriei. In remembrance of the parental house, the house from Armeneasca Street has a little tower too. There lives also the sister of madame Boerescu, missis Florescu, an "old girl", nimble and walking around, always in search for sufferings which her to alleviate. Colonel Florescu, the third brother, the black goat of the family – broke, now a cashier at Hippodrome – he isn't welcomed in the house by his sisters.

Next to us there is the house of Mihai Seteanu, a counselor at the Court of Auditors; of his two boys one is one year older than me and another is one year younger than me.

The new neighbors welcome us amiably. Back then the neighbors were like kindred and not even the most wicked among people would hire the housemaid who left the job he had in a friend's or in a neighbor's house. In the house from vis a vis, the music is very cherished, and my mother, who is a good piano player, she is often invited. The piano opens her the doors of other houses too, so that we reach to know a lot of people from the boyar-like society.

At Seteanu family I am invited on a weekly basis and on all holidays. The hall of the house is immense and two stories tall. On Christmas, unmistakingly, there is a fir tree – as I have never seen before and as I won't see in the future. The uncle of the late madame Seteanu, general Zossima – wearing a patriarch beard, open in a fan-like shape, one of the most famous beards of the Capital City – he plays Santa Claus.

The beautiful and roomy villa, having an interior stair, it is fatuously adorned and it is full with guests. Countless presents, gourmet food, lights. Everything is gladness, warmth, and joy. The beard of Santa Claus seems descended from heavens and it sanctifies the place. Outside, the street is quiet. It is like in *Christmas Carol* of Dickens, charming and gentle. In the morning, on Christman and on Easter, madams Boerescu and Florescu spoil me with a huge box of candies…

It will be so difficult to me to believe, many years later, that all those people were actually some beasts. To the extent I knew them, of course superficially but enough not to commit fundamental mistakes, I rather remember them as people of much finesse, full of bonhomie and simplicity, who couldn't stand the thought that they wronged of insulted somebody, for they were resembling to the heroes of Garleanu, Bratescu-Voinesti, or from *The Life in the Country-Side*.

Jilava Prison, Room no. 9, the Year 1960

Analyzing together with Anatolie Hagi-Beca the Romanian phenomenon, we stop upon the novella *The Traveler better to Travel*. This novella has a Caragiale-like fragrance (the title; the character's lack of reflexive content, their schematism reduced to a phrase assiduously repeated: *here to the inn n the road*, *to cross-roads*, *a nimble boy is needed*, *thorn*); but it is about a resemblance which any acid or venom has gone away from.

Now the Romanian sky is totally limpid. The layers of the superficial politics have disappeared; the vain ambitions, the intrigues, the restlessness –

even in small doses – they have melted away. There appears only the archetypal background of the Romanian soul as it is: joyous, craving for friendship, wanting to see the satisfaction of another, incapable of rejoicing on his own, burning with impatience for sharing any luck of his with others. (the lonely drunkenness, so often met at the Northern and Anglo-Saxons peoples is not present at us; we can party only among friends).

In the novella belonging to Bratescu-Voinesti, the mathematical series of the traits described by Caragiale reached its limit and it is *integrated* in a consummate sum of the innocent serenity. This is for the character from *The Traveler better to Travel* are of a perceptible non-defilement, one very close to the childhood's age – individual or common.

The conscious disappears and – although there is not pursued a psychoanalysis – the unconscious in unveiled. But what a surprise! While the psychoanalysis teaches us that behind the apparently clear, dignified, and clean conscious, there boils that gloomy, muddy, complexed, and abject unconscious, lo that regarding the Romanian soul the things are different.

The conscious layer caught by Caragiale still contains cunningness, ambitions, shadows… The deeper layers of the novella belonging to Bratescu-Voinesti unveils to us the depths of a lake of a great limpidity, as the *Miorita* ballad does too, where there palpitates the same transfiguration power (in the ballad takes place the transfiguration of the tragical situation, in the novella takes place the transfiguration through sympathy and friendship of some trivial situations) and the same *peace* – the main inheritance left by the Savior to the people.

Do you see, Anatolie, *The Traveler better to Travel* is a piece of great importance for the Romanian and immortal typology in our literature, for it remains as a photography, or better said like a radiography of the character of our people. A radiography speaking clearly and being easily interpreted: the deep layers of the Romanian soul are calm and serene; in the Mioritic lake – modest as dimensions and placed at the periphery of the great civilization centers, at the "crossroads of the great empires" – there is reflected a totally clean sky.

Hagi-Beca and me are increasingly joyful enumerating the essences of the Romanian phenomenon for which our love - a nostalgic one – finds confirmations and reasons to grow even more.

What certain thing created here on this earth succeeded in reaching in heavens?

Let's give it a thorough thinking.

Our Savior, when showing Himself to His apostles after His resurrection from dead, He has an incorruptible body, a body of glory. To Thomas, when he asks for proofs, He shows him the stigmata and He invites Thomas to touch them. So, on the glory body there were visible the stigmata.

On the other hand, we know that our Savior ascended to heavens with that body bearing the signs of the crucifixion – so, He took in heavens something earthly. This something taken out of temporality: His stigmata.

Behold the only gift made by the human world to those form heights: the traces of the torture.

Could the dreadful signs happen and repeat forever and ever? Do they seem to be a vehicle getting rid of gravitation and wandering through space carrying its sinister burden?

The Romanian soul so hit by history and by happenings. Hit, but not sour.

The contact with the divine peace and with the joy of life hasn't been interrupted.

In the prison cell no. 18 not all the inmates know that I have been baptized. Otherwise, the former chief of the Cross Brotherhoods wouldn't invite me to sit next to him on the sole little bench and tell me: hey, let's now have a discussion in contradictory, the legionary and the Jew, accordingly. Do you want that?

I am showing him that we have nothing to discuss contradictorily because there where we are we think the same thing. And if we did the opposite, we would to easily let to succeed the so obvious plan of the administration to spark discussions and quarrels, by keeping in the same room people having different political, social, or ethnical appurtenances.

The destiny made him to be removed form that prison cell after a few moments we have that discussion. I went close to him and I kissed him on both his cheeks. My gesture was to some extent theatrical, but sincere. I felt that I must to so. Nobody laughed at my gesture. On the contrary, a serious atmosphere was created. The leaving man got emotional too. He left us while wearing a joyful smile on his face, uttering: the traces of the legionary revolver…

In the prison cell remained Mirel Gab. Who, tirelessly, keeps teaching me a lot of poems by Gyr and by Crainic and the splendid piece belonging to Sergiu Marinescu. Today like yesterday.

I experienced a similar sensation of seriousness in a medical cabinet, where they take us for dental extractions done with the chisel and without using any anesthetic, by a nurse. Waiting for his ordeal, the gipsy warden

entertains himself by asking us all sorts of questions: How old are you? How much time you must serve in prison? What's your crime? What were you before prison? You too invited the women to dance naked on the table while you were spraying them with champagne? (This last question is everybody's obsession as being to them the supreme proof for richness and debauchery, their ideal *nec plus ultra*, their dream, their Himalaya; it is their duchess of Montremart. One cannot go any further; to them that is some sort of limit of the light-speed for the theory of the relativity).

He is asking me whether I was Romanian. I am answering him: yes, I am. What, aren't you a Jew? My blood is Jewish, I am answering him, but I feel and I think like a Romanian.

He sees that he has lost and he remains quiet for a few moments. Then he rushes upon another: and you, old man, how much land did you have?

(In my answer, paraphrasing Churchill, whose mother was from the Unites Staes and who was declaring: I am fifty percents American and a hundred percepts English, I could have said: I am hundred percents Jew and a thousand percepts Romanian).

We can find out everything, we can know everything, we can learn everything. But not the suffering. We think we know what the suffering is, we think we can no longer endure and that we reached its end. By no means! The suffering is always new, protean to infinite, always *fresh*.

Today also like yesterday
We shout out for alarm
But our far fellow humans do not hear us
Cato is dead, Scaevola likewise…

The most extraordinary aphorism I have ever read, except the Gospel's texts, it belongs to Kierkegaard: *The Contrary to the sin is not the virtue, the contrary to the sin is the liberty*.

To C. C. Jung, in Ceylon, a priest told him: "No, you cannot pray to Buddha. You cannot beg him. He is in Nirvana".

This is the essential difference. Christ Who was constantly praying, He is waiting for our prayer. He keeps His eyes and ear on us, and He is always *at the door*.

Christ, as the Father too, He always works (JN. 5: 17), and He sacrifices Himself at any liturgy. He is not in Nirvana, at resting, in a recess, upon disconnection. He is *at the construction site* and *He doesn't spare His efforts*.

Only the sinners can *taste* the Christianity in all its fulness. The cause of that is expressed by Saint Simenon the Metaphrastes in the preparation prayer for the Holy Impartation: "There is no sin that overcomes Your love for people".

(The title of a book written by an important member of the Group from Oxford, A. J. Russel: *For Sinners Only*. Only that it seems that all of us are sinners).

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… So, we are starting with the sonnet of Frank of Anvers, the first verses: Mon âme a son secret, ma vie à son mystère… *in the category of the sturgeons: sturgeon, cod, bream, and trout, in the category of the salmonids: catfish, salmon, and the truly famous variety of the Rin:* truite saumonée *that is pink… and after you have mixed well the cacao with the sugar… Fanny Seculici, theosophist, dead, probably with malaria, at Suez, while turning back from a congress she attended in Madras… No, it is not from* Le lac: le temps, suspends ton voix… *Yes, is Bucura Dumbrava, her brother was the captain of the Austrian ship which Voivode Carolla came on, secretly, sixty-six… Dear, at Sant Moritz Titulescu staid only at Suvretta House and do you know what was his favorite meal?* Bœuf gros sel, *my dear, namely a big piece of beef with marrow…*

Aiud Prison, May, the Year 1961

It is taking place a great debate in the prison cell on the former Romanian society – meaning before August 1944. Most of participants condemn it surprisingly harshly. I am noticing also nuances resembling to *The Broken Citadel* by Horia Lovinescu. A former worker mentioned the "fierceness" of the capitalist society.

I have been silent, but, after the last affirmation, I am joining the discussion, by showing that in order I not to be reckoned as tendentious, I am going to use – each time the communism is studied – only evidence belonging to the adverse part.

(Who would want, for instance, to prove the inanity of the elections it he didn't want but to place in parallel the number of votes obtained by each personality of the party and the order-number occupied by that personality in the "nomenclator", which is the organization chart of the comrades, some sort of a *Book of Precedency*, or of a Register of the Chinese Ceremonial or of the Spanish Etiquette, in order to ascertain the indissoluble connection between the order-number form nomenclator and the decreasing number of votes, to see whether the no. 1 obtains 99,6%, no. 2 obtains 96,2%, no. 3 obtains 95%? In such a case it has never happened and it would never happen that, for instance, the no. 5 to have a superior or even an equal number of voted to that obtained by the no. 4. This very simple checking of two columns of figures – *the figures speak* – it would have been more edifying than any investigation).

The fact that the difference between "old" and "new" is often factic and that the opinion that everything new is, anyhow and fatally, better, it is a very frail one, it is decisively proven by a document that doesn't allow us to doubt because it is a creation of the "new" itself as a movie cast by the new regime. So, this evidence cannot be rejected by accusing it of being biased. Conceived and transposed in images by an official director, it cast authorized actors (among whom the people's artis, Gr. Vasiliu-Birlic), it has passes through numerous stages of control by the competent organs, and it bears the seal of the censorship, of the militia, and of the Secret Service; the movie *Two Lots* constitutes – I am telling it to my present colleagues – an irrefutable argument in favor of the thesis that the old society wasn't so "fierce" as one would want to think. This is not said by an adversary of the new political regime, nor by an agent of the reactionary forces, or even by a neutral observes, but it is told – in unequivocal photographs and in words recorded on tape – by the authors of the movie cats according to the famous novella written by Caragiale.

In that movie – a movie that is faithful to the novella, enough well-crafted and humorously interpreted – the *madman*, the chief of service of the unfortunate hero, he meets this one – who was missing from office for *eight days* in a row, without *announcing* – and he was in a pub, drunk all the time. And what the madman did (the implication being that the other chiefs of services would behave even softer)? He told the missing guy that if he won't come to office on the next day, or if he won't at least send the keys, because he didn't have even that elementary decency), he will ask for that guy to be fired.

This was said by the madman to a clerk who missed from job for eight days, he took the keys from his office, he didn't even call in sick, and who was caught drunk in a pub!

Terrible thing: the man is menaced with being sacked. And we even now feel the urge to laugh – I am telling to previous speaker, the worker detained politically, who is subjugated by the magic of the word *new* – when it is mentioned to us, as you are doing, about the severity and about the mercilessness of the old society, because we all know that, after fifty years, if a clerk is a couple of minutes late (not even mention attending a pub), because of not being able to climb on the already full bus, he will be rebuked by the human resources, reproached of being a nation traitor, interrogated like the most dangerous spy, and then immediately fired or menaced to be, at the next mistake.

How about the gypsy ladies arrested before noon and liberated towards evening because the inspection came and found them "without a warrant";

otherwise, they weren't molested and they were reasonably suspected and arrested by the police commissary without much enthusiasm and gently.

The worker whom I am talking to doesn't get any offence of my speech. He could have suffered previously, and he isn't a man whom you can easily deceive. But to the intellectual D. I. Suchianu, a writer and a beneficiary of the old society, I am going to keep grudge for the rest of my life, because of his chronicle consecrated to the cinematographic version of the theater play *The Broken Citadel*. Not only because in his chronicle he widely mocks the society which he too belonged to – occupying a fairly good position – but he decisively contests the nuancing of a character – Matei – a popular boy, careless, addicted to the pleasures in the play, but presented as a young boyar having advanced ideas, in the movie; arguing that there never been a member of the wealthy classes who could have noble sentiments: by definition and in the virtue of the social racism he was destined to remain a ready-money-boy, a parasite, a worthless.

The ridicule surpassed here the wickedness, because Suchianu curse on himself: he was a collaborator only to "The Romanian Life", the review of the generous and leftist young people and he denies his own portrait – a portrait equally burdened with mysteries as that of Dorian Gray. As about the affirmation itself, it is false, and the proof for that is "The Romanian Life" and its editors.

Day by day I am increasingly willing to believe that the main feature of the human being is not so much the love for the self, but it actually is the envy on another.

The love for the self isn't, actually, so dangerous. But the hatred and the envy are the causes of all evils. Accompanying the progress, the hatred and the envy grow up and dominate the scene.

Jacques Maritain: The history of the world progresses, simultaneously, both in evil and in good.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… And Alexander Cosma of Korosi, a Transylvanian man from the Tree Chairs Country, form Korosi Village - called Chiurus in Romanian - a great specialist in the Tibetan language, obtained more than sir Charles Bell did by only entering Lhasa… the cardinal was foaming mad… using the infrared rays penetrating deeper… with heavy personal sacrifices and with big bribes he had obtained around the year 1840 the Tibetan texts as Anquetil du Perron obtained later the text of the Upanishads*… He died in India, at Darjeeling…* Le ciel est si blue, si calme… *says Marcellus to Demetrius…*

The movie called *Two Groups of Defendants* remembers me about another movie having an extraordinary scene which will be appreciated by all of them who have been investigated by the Secret Police, like being rather of the intensity of a little cup of plum brandy, as I was tasting at Clucereasa, in the garden, in the summer, a scene really evoking the *general paradise* that wasn't, as Cezar Petrescu believed and as the press from Sarindar printed countlessly, until all of them woke up and felt sorrow, and they would have told to themselves – in the prison cells form Jilava, Aiud, Gherla, Galati, Pitesti, or Botosani Prisons, or aboard on the *Transilvania* ship in its route to Israel, carrying with them each one 70 kilos of luggage and a certificate, or, as Maria Banus, trembling with repentance in front of the long-overlooked steeple of Dragormina Monastery – that they might have been jumping on the conclusion in their judgment.

In that memorable scene – and I keep being faithful to the principle of using only the pieced form the other part's dossier – a young communist painter is arrested by the Secret Police of the capitalist state and he is taken to an investigation room. There, after being *slapped on his face, twice* (where are you major Jack Simon to die laughing about that), he sits on the chair right in front of the investigator and he is submitted to an interrogatory. His answers are recorded by a dactylographer who writes them down on a typing machine right next to the defendant. This scene – evoked by the director of a censured movie, censured, of course with the whole care – it tells us everything and it is more edifying than hundreds or thousands of volumes, for it admits that, during to the investigation done by the capitalist Secret Police the defendant wasn't forced to wear black glasses restricting his vision, he was investigation in the presence of a third person, and his answers were recorded by typing *as they come out of his mouth*.

The communist Secret Police, together with the new doctrine, it also revived the inquisitorial system; the answers weren't recorded by typing by the investigators, exactly as the Inquisition proceeded in the case of Joanne D'Arc. Her answers uttered in French were translated in Latin by the registrars of the inquisitorial tribunal who totally changed the meanings of Joanne's answers. The communist Secret Police adopted the same tactics.

Had you been in the house of Gheorghe Florian? Yes.

The investigator notes: "Yes, I admit that I was in the conspirative house from the street... number... where I had criminal connections with the legionary Gheorghe Florian".

When the defendant is given the declaration to sigh it up, he exclaims: Bu I've never said that it was a conspirative house, neither that Gheorghe Florian was a legionary, nor that I had criminal connections with him.

Inutile protest. A protest reckoned by the investigator – in the same good faith as the registrars of the Inquisition were – as being absurd. The investigator types the answer translating it in his *modern Latin*: in other words, he transcribes the declaration in the *aulic language* of the institution he serves. Any institution has its official language and it cannot perceive the reality except through the channels used by the informational organs which it disposes of. Didn't the investigation organs establish that at a certain address there is a conspirative house? Didn't the same organs of the State establish that Gheorghe Florian is a notorious legionary? Can one have with such and individual and in such a house, connections other than criminal? (*Once we know that the so-called Saint Margaret who you claim that was talking to you, it is a devil-woman, isn't right and correct to note: a devil-woman told me to go to Quinone?!*...).

Consequently, it is recorded the truth and nothing but the truth, except that the truth is perceived and recorded by the investigator and conveyed in his *style*, appropriately. Because the investigator cannot address the hierarchy except by using this protocolar, aulic language, only the truths admitted by the institution will be expressed, so that the house where the defendants were meeting is translated by using the locution *conspirative house where the plotters were meeting*, the tea party where we were invited is translated as *the enemy meeting organized by phone calls* (do you deny the fact that you were announced by phone?), the voices taking to me reach to be *the demons tempting me* (the inquisitor father himself and the theologians established that those whom you heard were demons).

Stylistics and highlighting.

Immediately that there is no longer a recording machine which to nicely record the words of the defendant, this trick works. Without tortures, without beatings...

But the filmmakers weren't able to hide the historical truth. But it is probably that only a few spectators could understand how important was the typing-machine, all-recording; that represented an entire world, a now dead universe: the galaxy of the objectivity.

That little typing machine represented everything that has been achieved on the way of the progress for centuries. When removed from the rooms destined to penal investigation and the investigator was again authorized to record by handwriting the answers of the defendants – namely to stylize those

answers according to his conception and point of view and in the respective institutional language -, the whole work of Beccaria was annulled, the history's clock was turned back to five centuries ago, and the situation which the pure little shepherdess from Domrémy has turned back – we should admit that at the year 1430 the dactylography hadn't been invented – and her situation has become also the situation of the countless defendants investigated by the communist Secret Police of a social regime that promised – even more strongly – to provide the people with their happiness.

The Year 1965

The misfortune is that for centuries in a row – and now more than ever – even the people of good faith (or especially they) see in Christianity some sort of vague and gentle cretinism, one good for bigots, for gullible, and for emotional beings, while Christianity is actually boiling, it is scandal, it is "pure insanity", it is daring, and it is more exigent than any extremist theory about *adventure*, it is a *happening* – the most formidable *happening*.

The Christianity is dogma, it is mystique, it is morals, it is everything, but it especially is a way of living and a *solution* and it is a recipe for happiness. I would also say that Christianity is also a supra-entertainment, supra-LSD. In comparison to the Christian doctrine, to its requirements and results, all the narcotics and hallucinogen substances are old-woman's cure, or minimal Hanemann dilution, or a neolithic wheelbarrow.

There is no therapeutics to be more shaking (it asks us for the impossible), neither there is a more efficient medicine (it gives us the freedom and the happiness without us having to meet the drug dealers).

The Christianity provides peace, quietness, and resting – and not dull and monotonous, but on the way of the most daring adventure, of the ceaseless struggle, or the riskiest stunt. It is a trapeze on height – but there is not safety net beneath it.

I cannot understand how comes that the pilgrims of the adventures and the petitioners of the happiness are unable to see that they pass by that what they actually search for. I for one, I see the Christianity as a hyper-lysergic-acid, and a stronger version of some books as *The Art of Being Happy* or *How to Succeed in Life* authored by Dale Carnegie.

Hesychia: happiness. And not only in some places, as for instance at Mount Athos. But everywhere. A universal recipe.

The Year 1971

The rock-pop opera *Jesus Christ Super Star* enters, I think, the definition from above. I reckon it as something resembling to the novella of Anatole France called *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame* – a novella that actually is the result of processing a history from *Paterikon*.

The buffoon does what he knows best in front of the icon of the Holy Mother with the Child, he worships it on the only road open to him: that of his tricks. The reglementary officiant, hidden behind a pillar, he looks at the circus, dreadfully scared. But the Child laughs and claps His hands; and His Mother wipes with His scarf the sweat of the holy efforts from on the forehead of the buffoon.

The bodily dirt and the dirty toilets should be the conditions of an authentic monastic life? Don Bernard Besret, the young modernist Normand abbot, removed from his office by Rome, he too raised the problem (*ah! la crasse) again*, in order to solve it; and one could ask himself are all that misery necessary? Could that misery be one more mortification? Could accepting that be the proof of reaching a state of indifference and of exceeding the worldly unimportant things?

Answer: "in the house of My Father there are many dwelling places" (Jn. 14: 2). The salvation, consequently, can be achieved on diverse ways. The things take place here as in the plastic arts where Lionello venturi writes that there isn't a *sole* way for achieving the absolute, but there are very numerous ways, equally valid, the judgment taking in account only the result: the beautiful work justifies and homologates the used method.

One is saved while climbed in a sycamore, another by descending into a fountain, another on straight road, another by fishing, another by writing down the register of the customs.

So: he who succeeds in overlooking the bodily dirt and the dirty toilets, it is good for him.

But he who cannot remain indifferent to those, he who gets troubled and who is bothered by his bodily dirt and by the dirty toilets, let him *wash himself*, because the mentioned realities aren't mandatory for his salvation!

(Then, there is something more: the discussion starts form the normal supposition, but not a certain one, that the dirt is due to some theological reasons: the surpassing of the earthly and the souly ataraxia; but there is also the possibility that the dirt is due to laziness and indolence. In order to be valid and admissible, the bodily dirt and the dirty toilets must necessarily be wanted and intended).

Good is the dirt to whom can defeated it, good is the cleanness (because of being also true that the body is a temple to the ghost) to them whom the dirt is cause of offence.

Actually, I am paraphrasing the apostolic words: “And he who eats, he eats for the Lord… and he who doesn’t eat, he doesn’t eat for the Lord”.

One could say similarly:

He who washes himself, he does that for God. And he who doesn’t was himself, he does that for God.

This regards the bodily cleanness where each one does as his conscience urges him to; referring to the toilets, the situation is more complicated: not cleaning them up means infringing another’s right who wants them clean. We cannot impose our solution and our ascesis upon others. The Gospel’s texts are clear, and in the book called *The Morals of the Ambiguity* Simone de Beauvoir fully confirmed, with the means of the modern philosophy, the theses of our Savior and the Kierkegaardian exegesis. Once we are sons of the freedom and once opposed to sin is not the virtue but the freedom, I think that the bodily dirt remains at each one’s free will, but the toilets must be kept in state of cleanness.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… I am coming from Braila, but I was born in Buzau, in the year 1877. A Turkish army came on Danube River to attack Braila and my mother, fearful, seek refuge at Buzau, where I was born… The bisector is the straight line separating the angle in two equal parts… There is no Romanian word for garrigue*, it is a phenomenon specific to the karstic regions form around the Mediterranean basin and especially in the south of France… I’ve been thinking for the whole night and I have recalled it: Simplizissimus is by Grimmelshausen, Der griine Heinrich is by Gottfried Keller, and Galgenlieder is by Christian Morgenstern… But if you don’t mix well the butter with the cocoa, you won’t achieve anything… yes mister, after party, the merchant was traveling in a chariot, followed by another chariot transporting his hat, and then followed a third chariot transporting his walking-staff… some different times… we reckon the circumcision as a ceremonial law and therefore has fallen, but keeping the Sunday is in Decalogue, it is a moral law, so it has remained… You have killed me with your moral and ceremonial laws, you Adventists… Demetrios is telling to Marcellus…*

Varatic Monastery, the Year 1970

There is a strange temptation – one on the right side, according to Father Cleopa -, which I would call it the temptation of the faith reckoned as a totalitarian panacea of the worries and as a general replacement for the human virtues, which is a fourfold hypostasis of the pride intertwined with the naiveness:

a) The conviction that by faith we escape the illnesses, that we cannot be sick anymore; or, if we get sick, we don't need physicians or medicines while we can heal ourselves by prayers.

This conviction seems to be similar, to some extent, to the observation made by Gide to Maritain *(you make a phone call to Jesus)*, it is the same with tempting God by asking Him for doing wonders. He who tries this places himself in the situation of the plaintiff who instead of filing his complaint to the first competent tribunal, he asks directly for a recourse.

This is, in the same time, lack of modesty; the physicians and are too from God, and the believer who gets sick *just like everybody else*, he will be healed *just like everybody else*, and not differently – with the help of the physicians and of the medicines (of course, if it is his destiny to get healed).

God is the only one working wonders, but He does that when He deigns – and the history of the Church shoes us that the wonders aren't very often and neither are they obtained by request. (It is true that Sadhu Sundar Singh summoned the Lord to show Himself to him and Sadhu was listened to, but he didn't ask for a bodily healing, but he walked on the Gospel's path of the violence – in the sense from Mt. 11: 12 – towards faith). At Lourdes the number of the miraculous healings certified by the medical commission surpasses by far the cases validated by the Church. The Church proved to be more prudent than the medical science. As, in the case of the shroud from Turin, the Church prioritized the historical arguments above the scientific ones (infrared rays).

Saint Apostle Paul remained with his old ailment (at his eyes?) even after being given the grace: "I have been given a thorn in my body, and angel of satan to beat be on my cheek".

(Then, what should the believer do? *He prays* God for *helping* him and for *blessing* the treatment).

b) the Conviction that by faith we can escape the torrent of the temptations. No. It is even somehow the opposite.

In the *Paterikon* it is written: at the entrance to a village inhabited by wicked people stay two devils; around the monastery inhabited by pious monks living in ascesis, there stay two thousand devils.

c) The conviction that the usual virtues of the average man are no longer necessary: the wisdom, the healthy judgment, the skillfulness, the striving…

The believer needs those just like all his fellow humans do.

The faith helps us, it strengthens us, it elates us, is rejoices us, but it doesn't replace the human features and qualities. (By and large – and this is the rule – the faith doesn't provide an exceptional status. The faith gives us happiness, but in report with the world and with the people the faith not only doesn't create us privileges, but is even appoint us more duties).

If the believer makes a mistake, or commits an imprudence, or something reckless, he will endure all the normal consequences – and he cannot complain or wonder about that. The believer doesn't benefit of extraterritoriality.

d) The conviction that we can achieve anything without making any effort; no, we can obtain by prayer the supra-natural spiritual gifts. But the gifts of the nature and which depend on our weak powers, we must achieve them by using common means. This is the meaning of the proverb God helps you but He doesn't fill up your boots, a prover that is but the metaphorical summary of a paragraph from *Acts* (12: 7). The angel opens him the gates of the prison and the angels unchains him, because he couldn't to those by himself, but the angel commands him: girdle yourself up… put your sandals on… put your coat on, because it stays in the man's power to do that and he owes to do that with his own hands.

It could be that also the wicked Cromwell understood how the things are, when he said: *Put your faith in God and keep your gunpowder dry*.

The four types recognized by the German pedagogue Koenecke appear, invariably, in the prisons too: *Caesar* (*Close the window! Do not use the toilet after nine o'clock!*), *the Star, the Whiny* (or *I want my mom*), and *the Trickster* (in order to avoid not being noticed, he chooses to play the role of a buffoon).

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… reaching to argue that the grammar of Panini too, it cannot be understood except by applying to it the most modern methods: the linguistic structuralism and the logic formula… Titulescu, despite his monarch-like behaviors, he was very childish too: the was ceaselessly playing with electric trains which his house was full of… we are continuing today to present the general system of the plants according to Linne, we have reached at the branch… I have forgotten that Samuel Vernon's dog was called Dingo… Does anybody know the name of the ship of Ahab from Moby Dick?*… it starts with the letter P… The Aristotelian logics is useless, we need an analogical logic… and it*

is made of Balsa wood… says the cardinal, cursing fiercely, the musketeers who are long gone by now… A science called aero-photogrammetry… right in the head of Milady Winter…

Bucharest, September, the Year 1964

Father Mina told me repeatedly the name of the priest whom I will have to meet if I am liberated from prison. I forgot the name of that priest on the day of my liberation.

Immediately after I arrived to Bucharest, and during all the time of my fight against the bedbugs (two disinfestations haven't worked and the insects haven't given up – *armis suspectispugnaverunt deinde victise dediderum* – except facing the *Paris Green*, a substance bearing a charming name and a poison as in *The Flowers of the Evil*) I am striving to remember that priest's name.

I asked my godfather to find me a priest, anywhere, and to do that without delay. But V. is caught among thousands of worries and entanglements and, despite I know I can rely on him, I still am waiting impatiently. But everything went so well in prison, why shouldn't go the same outside too? I need to struggle.

Mariana V. is happy finding out about my baptism. She escaped from being arrested and from being prosecuted by the skin of the teeth. She too was investigated while arrested for three days – and she proved not being for nothing the daughter of a very great lawyer and a very smart man. (She admits that she read *The Forbidden Forest* and she immediately after burnt that book: she doesn't change this declaration). I am showing to Mariana how the things are in my case. She is immediately proposing to introduce me to the priest from the Darvari Hermitage, who is her confessor.

Darvari Hermitage is a dream-like little church, in the middle of a garden form a bucolic novel, and it is a former Athonite property. I passed by this hermitage for many times, craving for visiting it, and once I attended the Resurrection mass together with aunt Viorica. That place cannot but attract by its grace, by its smallness, by its hidden serenity. *Fascinosum.*

So, I am accepting Mariana's proposal without hesitation, and I see int this suggestion too some kind of wonder, a "rappel", a call from past and its fulfillment. I have decided to see that priest on the next day and I ask Mariana for his name: George Teodorescu. I am remembering that this was the name communicated me by father Mina.

The priest is receiving me without asking too many questions, and he is establishing the date of 12th of September when, at two p.m. when - being the Day of the Cross - he will administrate me the holy impartation.

I got anointed with chrism on Saturday evening, being present there, together with the priest and the deacon, my godfathers too (V. came with his wife, Rodica), Mariana and her husband, the engineer I. Petre, and Paul Sin. A short ceremony was held. Exiting the church, I felt the fragrance of the garden and I saw the sky or a kingly day of September.

Husbands V. must "run" immediately for taking care of their businesses (they are in a more complicated situation as she was forced to divorce in order to be able to keep their children in schools and the "remarriage" faces the subtle opposition from the bureaucracy of some zealous judges). Mariana and Sorin are inviting me to have a tea where – I am starving – I am spoiled with good food. Mariana composed for me and for my father the following verses:

A mes amis Saint Oscar and Nicholas

Statistique perplexe
A vrai dire ii ne s'en trouve
Pas tant, dans le monde, qui soient Dédaigneux de gros qui prouvent
Amoureux de ce qu'ils croient
A vrai dire el ne s'en trouve A peine que deux ou trois,
Chevaliers de l'impossible
Mélancoliques de la loi Pour tout dire, ne sied-il guère ?
De se mettre en chasse de joie,
Carie monde du possible Redoute ce genre d'émoi.

My father is laughing hearing those verses. Not only five years, but even ten years would have been worthed.

The hazard.

The Atheists make of hazard a great fuss.

But there is nothing in the world to confirm the hazard, neither the extraordinary multiplicity and specialization of the organs, nor their precise interconnections of their functions. And this concerning the power of assembling.

As triggering of events: I wonder if it acts only haphazardly, as they say. The hazard too has its selective faculty and, as Bernanos said, not anything happens to anyone.

The writers know it too well, all of them. Auerbach, in *mimesis*: almost immediately after the knight left his castle and rode his horse for a little while, he came across with a beautiful and noble lady kept in chains by a tyrant.

Likewise, Jean Genet: he has just left his home when he has come across with a blond sailorman. Does Father Brown go to take a walk? The mysterious crime takes place at the first corner, or at the second corner. *Als ob* the fact would we exercise a magnetic attraction for some sorts of events, our psychosomatic organism would have in his magnetic totality its global selective power, exactly as the cells composing it, and we would circulate on unseen preferential orbits. Not all the Pi mesons take it to the right.

If the world was only a hazard – or even a hazardous hazard -, or if *homo sapiens was* only a product due to a totally improbable hazard, why there are innate talents? Where the nature knows from how to produce children who are specifically prepared for certain occupations or for certain instruments produced by the human society? Where did the cells know from (namely the neurons too) of the fetus of Mozart that there is a piano and there is a clavacin and there were courts, so that those cells were programmed for a job they couldn't know about? (Through Leopold Mozart? But then, how about all the musicians whose parents had not connections with the music?). And why each species if endowed not only with a different physical constitution, but also with a different *character*, one so specific to each one, one so nuanced in comparison to that belonging to other species?

"I am giving you a new commandment, says the Lord, to love on one another. As I have been loving you, so you too to love on one another" (Jn. 13: 34).

The usual formula "love your neighbor" is replaced, because the Lord know that not all the people love on themselves. Some people are upset and frown upon themselves, and they do not love either themselves or others.

The Lord, cautious, He doesn't take as benchmark the one love for himself – which can miss -, but His proven love – proven with blood, with torment, and even with death – for people, the only species whose egotism can be defeated by love.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… in Szatmary's painting, my grandfather, colonel Blaremberg, stands next to king Carol, both of then mounted on horses on the evening of the battle from Plevna… Osman Pascha was searching for the Romaniana, in order to avoid to surrender himself to the Russians... YOU, BANDIT, WHY ARE YOU MOCKING ME? I KNOW WHAT YOU WERE TALKING THERE… The female dog was called Molda… Yes, Smetana calls is Vlatva… That is form Martin… As Saint Martin of Tours… from Poitier is the Pinctavin… Grantchester, namely Granda Castra… And Lytton Strachey and John Maynard Keynes, they both

were rivals… They knew only to make roads, while the Greeks… he was desperately searching for the king, who later left his sword and received him so kindly… In Bucharest I watched the parade from a window of Imperial Hotel, in front of the Palace… In Greece, yes, at Corfu… She was killed by Luchini, an anarchist… The Monument of the Reform, in Geveva, isn't so ugly at all… And on Sadi Carnot… The declaration of war my father handed over to Burian wasn't written by Emil Porumbaru… I knew Beldie well, The European Idea *was an interesting paper… He was a great gastronome: he didn't eat dinner and lunch in the same restaurant, but each one there where he could find something more refined, for instant he ate the appetizers at Risnoveanu and Babes, the fish at Iordache, the steak at* The Uncle *in Buzesti, and the desert at Capsa – YOU, WHAT ARE YOU PLOTTING THERE? YOU BANDIT!*

Later on, when reading *A l'ombre de la croix*, I am realizing that I lived the whole my childhood – Pantelimon, Clucereasa, Armeneasca Street – under the shadow of the cross. I didn't now back then that I followed not to run away from the shadow of the cross, from the calling of the cross and of the bells, but I followed to be partaker to another solution: sitting at the cross's feet and embracing it.

The fascination took my hand long time ago and tamed me up. And the weight of the pile of sins which it was unburdening me of – a wight imponderable for a long time and then suddenly gravitational in prison (*tremendum*) – it was the most valid free-access permit.

26th of December, the Year 1970

An emotional Christmas evening at Doctor Al.-G. foods from Transylvania (according to the father) and from Bessarabia (according to the mother). The gentleness of doctor's mother, not so old a woman, but remained form previous times – restful times. Evoking the patriarchal life from Bessarabia: the table, on Easter, stays set for three days in a row, covered in food and cakes. The doors stay open: anyone who wants to eat, or to drink, just comes in.

The danger, says dr. Al.-G. consist of searching for the perfection on this earth, where – by definition – the perfection cannot exist. In the world of the sin the perfection cannot coagulate. So, we owe to have a new ideal: our ideal no longer to be the perfection – generator of bloodbaths, of oppression, of intolerance, of prisons, of tortures, and of prison camps, but – on the opposite – the imperfection. Let's admit that, worldly, we are limited, and let's tend with the whole our power towards as less evil an imperfection that is possible here.

Even in the religious service officiated on the feast-day of Transfiguration, it is always repeated that to the three apostles who

accompanied Him, the Savior showed Himself in His divine glory *as much as it was possible*.

Because the apostles still were human.

As much as possible. We cannot even look, all the less we could achieve here the consummate perfection, and all the regimes assuming the perfection as their goal unavoidably end in tyranny and in horror, because of aiming to a fantom which he finally realizes that they cannot reach it except by imposing it by decree. He who aims to the perfect society, he will always reach to the mandatory happiness reinforced by police and by the penal code. Only the relativistic governments are peaceful – and, as colonel Broser said, it might be that the most sapient thing expressed, cynically and revoltingly, by count Taafe, the Austrian-Hungarian minister: all the kingdom's nations must be kept in an equal state of discontent.

(This is the reason why the *putrid political men* form the period of the French directorate could have been reckoned as real angels in comparison to the incorruptible ones from the Robespierre's period).

He who believes that the Christian religion is an urge to stupidity, he bitterly deceives himself. Bitterly deceived himself also him who believes that the Christian religion is a school for weakness and whining.

Behold what the Christian author Georges Bernanos says, giving a practical lesson of Christianity, namely of courage: "The only danger affecting a desperate man, when facing the hatred and the contempt, it is that of getting emotional about his own fate".

The Christianity, and this should have been known also by Henry de Montherlant, it is some sort of chivalry too: it doesn't require less enthusiasm, ore less power of endurance, or less dignity and stance, or less training than any sports, any exercise, any religious-military system, or any *bushido* or of group type moral (Péguy, H. Franck).

It's only that the Christianity has, in addition to those, a *super-rogatory* noblesse of the kindness and of the love. The reflex of coldness or of disgust of the knight or of the stoic, it is limited by Christianity. The conscience about the final vanity of the worldly shapes doesn't collide here with the impediment of the melancholy, neither the contempt can be something against the love springing out of a euphoria inaccessible to the frown stoic, or to the strained champion, or to the careful gymnast.

Codin Mironescu:

There are people starting from the second floor. An egg-white, a yolk, or a coin… There is a joke about that, do you know it? I believe in Baptism, I believe in the Holy Impartation, I believe in icons… But in God? Well…

Such people have not discernment, namely that essential gift of discerning between truth and error. They do not integrate themselves in the truth of the Church. Take care, they have many features, but they lack the basis where everything begins from.

To Max Scheler, on this earth, when it is normal, accompanied by love and free, the sexual act represents the sole way of merging into universe, of communicating with the finalities.

I too believe something, surprising too in the beginning, as it is also the affirmation of the great Catholic philosopher: the sole way to overcome the earth is the physical courage.

And this is not only the secret of the constitutional law, but it is also the proof of assuming the condition of man.

Chesterton opinionates that keeping one's word it specifies the one who keeps it, like a bird is specified by its song. The characteristic chosen by Chesterton is charmful, but I think another characteristic which I am going to tell you about it doesn't seem less decisive. There is another characteristic, more particular, with a more individualized quantic number, with a more imitable specter, with a more identifiable mark. Christ didn't' climb the cross haphazardly: the courage of enduring some sufferings was the only way to show that He made Himself a real man, entirely; which He could prove his good-faith through.

Neither the intelligence, nor the wisdom, nor the healings, not the teaching, nor even the kindness or the mercy would have been sufficient evidence: He had at hand only the courage in front of pain and of death. The beating, the blood, the death, these ones are proofs which do not deceive, which cannot be falsified. Ugly? Rude? Gruesome? Simplistic? Maybe, but categorical. And having something of the brutal vulgarity and of the great defiance of the accomplished fact that *breaks the mouth* even to satan.

October, the Year 1963

The accountancy still remains my foe, the red woman from Babylon (that one whom the Jehovah's Witnesses, poor them – are four of them in this prison cell, all of them executing punishments longer than fifteen years – I see her installed at Vatican), the perfect hypostasis of the devil.

The law, with its curse, it is expressed by accountancy.

The Year 1967

Claudel, very limpidly: "I have concluded a pact with the hell. There cannot be freedom, there can only be the Law, a precision, a justice in the same time penal and mathematical".

Under the regime of the curse and of the Law, even God is limited. Only under the grace the divinity is truly almighty. Only after suffering on Golgotha Jesus could descend to Hell and untie the souls of the righteous and He could replace the talion for the forgiveness.

Balance, again and again.

God isn't worldly sapience, or formalism and conventions, or exemplary literature, or finicky piousness. But He neither is a sadistic or masochist delirium. Transcendence He is, transfiguration He is, ecstasy He is – but He isn't frenzy and dizziness; to frenzy and to dizziness were leading the sacred dances and the orgies of the pages; there, or somewhere very close to that, I'm afraid the dances of the dervishes lead to in Sufism. But in Christianity the ecstasy never is mirky. Dionysus and Apollo don't limit on one another. A simultaneously crazy and controlled happiness.

Besides, the great saints, in the lead with Theressa of Avilla and John of the Cross, they reckoned the ecstasy as connected to the beginner phase of a mystical and contemplative life. In time, the "convulsive" states – despite having nothing in common with the frenzy and with the *fanatic*s (in the sense of the antique mysteries) – cease and they are replaced by states of calm happiness; after agitation there comes the quietude and the decent interiorization; the hesychia is smiling and wise, and it doesn't make noise. Why is that? That is because the hesychia goes to essences, while any extravagance stops the attention upon the exterior detail. That man who for the sake of Christ would dye his beard in blue or who would wear a big hat with a big peacock feather, in the eyes of his fellow humans he won't be the man of Christ, but he will be the man wearing a blue beard or a peacock feather on his hat: the picturesque detail (regardless how innocent or even funny) it is an impediment on the way leading to essence.

All the more, the Christianity cannot have any connection with the magics of all sorts (*magic* understood as typified procedure having sure effects independently from the spiritual effort: namely in a sense opposed to alchemy that supposed a previous mental and soul cleanness of the operator), with the hedonistic frenzies, of course, neither with the possessions, with the hallucinogen substances, with the drunkenness regardless how prophetically and far would they go on the paths of the night, on the alleys of the delectation or of the stupor (Henri Michaux). I don't quite know how to express myself; I

would want to say that in the Christian ecstasy the human being doesn't cease to be rational, modest, and especially discrete. The hesychast, mandatorily, he boils with happiness, *but that can barely bee noticed*.

The hesychast doesn't resemble to those fantoms form an English police-story, fantoms who kept appearing at a certain hour in a deserted house, wearing candles and making noise. About these, the detective answered that, of course, he believed in fantoms (he was a Scotsman), but he also added: he believed only in the discrete and interiorized fantoms who do not draw the attention upon themselves and do not appear always at the same hour and in the same place, wearing lights and ostentatiously making noise. The ostentatiousness cannot be the trait of an authentic fantom. The fantoms exist, but they are sapient, they mind their own businesses. The sincere Christianity – Lord, forgive me! – is submitted to the same modesty rules.

(Rene Guenon: the people who have reached the advance stages of the spirituality and or the initiation are unknown to us, like they wouldn't exist, for they are totally *detached* from the world, from the world's problems, and from us. They do not manifest themselves, exactly as the hones fantoms do).

In *Pale Fire*, Vladimir Nabokov explains: "As Saint Augustine says, we can know what God isn't, but we cannot know what God is. God isn't terror. God isn't despair. God isn't dust gurgling in the throat; God isn't the dark hiss of the fainting taken us to abyss through abyss".

So is contoured the Christian' reaction in front of the pain: non-causing it; assuming it; refusing to transform it in a perverse joy; overcome it.

The *Miorita* ballad. The Absurd of the life: crumbled down, decentered.

The atrocious absurd of the crucifixion is *disintegrated* by the Lamb: and forgive them fort they don't know what they are doing.

Gherla Prison, December, the Year 1963

It is blizzard outside.

How much I hated the behavior of my former classmate Rafael Cristescu. How little the spoiled child that I was understood him; I was haughty, I was sure about the few French novels I read, I was lazy and nerd (this is not a contradiction), I was narrow-minded, I was locked-minded, I was constantly tormented by my fiery wounds of my haughtiness.

(How could Christ God notice me? I was, increasingly, so hidden into a content mediocrity, in stupid haughtiness, in evil never looked at from exterior, and in mud. And then, in time, in cesspool. How could He notice me, because even the wicked ones, in order to be seen by Him, they should raise themselves a little out of weeds? How had He mercy on me? Could He see also *differently*,

in another *perspective* – as the cross in Dali's painting is seen from elsewhere – and then the fainted sinking into filth is shown to Him also in a relief, as an excrescence?).

It was an act of great courage. Secondary professor under Carol II, he was among the few who, at plebiscite, he voted openly against the royal constitution. On the front, under Antonescu, he went as volunteer. He fell in front of Odessa, maybe like Péguy: fulfilling his duty with excessive zeal.

He didn't bear any grudge on me. He sent me letter from the battlefront; he told me that I was a good man. (Like the Irishman announced me that Christ followed to call me).

The sick with fever still lies on the hospital bed, but the doctor has told his relatives that he is on the path of the healing, and his relatives are hurrying up to give him the good news: the patient lies on his miserable bedding, *but behold that on the corridor one can hear hurried steps*.

The blizzard form outside is bringing in my mind verse of Trakl's poem, which I learnt it when I was 34, from Bruder Harald:

Wenn der Schnee am,
Fenster fălit
Lang die Abendglocke lăutet
Vielen ist der Tisch bedeckt
Und das Haus ist wohl beştelit.

Then the final stanza, with the final verse.

The bread and the wine. At Ignazio Silone too, in his scenery of baren mountains, poor, tough. The bread and the wine, the living and the surplus. The bread and the wine, the body and the blood. The matter and the spirit. All-clean body and all-cherished blood of the Lord.

It is not given to us to see them, the bread and the wine, as transformed in flesh and blood. But can we see them at least in their material simplicity? Can we – the non-spiritualized ones – even notice their household shininess?

There is an atheistic frivolity, a hurried up one, of the elegant ladies who pass by rustling, vaguely perfumed, towards the meeting place. A blind, stubborn frivolity, which Montherlant says about that it is "hard like steel".

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… One didn't need to be a great strategist in the year 1939 to understand that France followed to be defeated, torn down. Frederic II, the one who said that the sovereign must be the first servant of his people, he uttered long before also another truth: the war isn't gained by the armies, but by the moral resistance of the nation… Mandala *is a mystical Chinese circle, from it starts… The whole*

Polytechnic school from Vienna came to see the wonder form Cernavoda, the first long bridge in the world entirely made of steel and having cantilever beams… At English people it wasn't different, they didn't' have an army but they had a moral resistance… Edward the VII told Clemenceau: at you the government always changes, you have not stability. Clemenceau answered him: you have government, but you don't' have an army… The year 1940 infirmed Clemenceau, that wasn't a defeat, that was a decomposition*… Marcellus is telling to Demetrios…*

These Adventists who won't eat for days if they suspect the presence of the tiniest trace of fat on their bowl… these legionaries who give their piece of bread to the ill people… these young people who lived like the wild animals for years in a row up into mountains… these children who put together a Revolutionary League and who tinkered a bomb (it missed only the trigger, the explosive material, and the possibility of being set off).. those peasants who refused to enter the collective agricultural exploitations, or who, being drunk, they shouted out their grief in the pub and cursed strongly after a long silence… the Uniates who didn't understand to forsake their denomination… behold the people I wanted (maybe unconsciously); the prison, as I see, it is my accomplishment place, as Toynbee says about the Roman Empire that it was the universal state of the Orthodoxy. These heroes, some of them ridiculous (actually, there are not ridiculous heroes: *accessorium sequitur principale*), I am comparing them to what I saw in Paris, between the years 1936 and 1939.

Wellness. Abundance, paid vacations, cremes darkening the skin, trips, automobiles, appetizers. Appetizers, labor-strikes, vacations. To satiation. Monotonous, known form before. And let nobody tell them unpleasant truths. And let them be. It's all they want.

Andie Suares: Ignatius of Loyola is interesting, namely interesting are the problems of the soul and of the spirit, interesting is the morals, interesting are the problems of the relations between man and godhead, everything that isn't but it could be, the unexpected, the surprise, the bitterness, the sweetness.

They have no noble ideas in their heads even for a penny. Soulless bodies. Everything consists of clothes and of material life's forms. The soul is a waste; the spirit is some sort of incoherent parrot; one multiplied in two billion copied; it barks in the cage of the matter supervised by Vaucanson. And the big hot sigh of Loyola raises out of this chaos: "To what avail you would have everything, if you had not soul?".

Rightly so, yes, the hedonistic and indifferent world, the world of *je m'en fous*, the universe of *that's not my business*, it mainly is this: boring and sterile.

In this regard, any Augustine monk form Libia – and this is admitted by one like Ludwig Lewisohn – it is more alive than a neighborhood of sportsmen from New York. And the vice too is desolating and unchanging; and, woe to us, ascertains Flaubert, it isn't more fruitful than the virtue is.

Whipping, mobilizing, perspectives openers, and windows of the thought, of the sacrifice, of the lurking for truth.

Je m'en fous. I don't' care, I don't give a dime, it is not my business. The country of King-Pernod. That was their slogan: *et un-Pernod pour aujourd'hui*. They didn't care about their parents, about their country, about their neighbors, about yesterday or about tomorrow, about anything, they were fed up, bored, dead. They hadn't been defeated, I swear to God, and the victors had no merit: they were waiting – and that was their only awake feeling – for being liberated form the Burden of the Freedom. The irony takes its revenge: at the end of the lucid intelligence stays the blind stupidity and the supra-refinement end in precipice. And I walking in the streets: everything is God, the heroism is everything. From here gushes up the spring of the charm and of the interest in life, the flame. The mocked morals is the poetry of the life and it is the fear: as retrograde as one can get; as chocking as one can get; the blinds are shut, the history and the upsurge stop.

They attend the opera for *the subject*, the delicate they are… *Apre moi le déluge* I think it was said at that time; and not by Louis XV, but by all of them!

Of course, the Buddhism, the Jainism, the Zen, the anthroposophy and the theosophy etc. are easier than the Christianity is. In Christianity the Lord is always present, but He doesn't affect even for an instant our absolute freedom. He stays at the door and knocks. He doesn't' enter without being invited. And before giving us, He asks us: do you believe that I can? He doesn't ask whether the petitioner is worthy of receiving, but He asks if the petitioner is free to believe. And he answers also on the measure of the freedom: be it to you according to your faith.

The Christianity is the closest to the fundamental law of the universe: a law that can be called of the contradiction (*coincidentia oppositorum*), of the paradox, of the dialectics, of the simultaneous bipolarity. I believe, help my faithlessness.

Brice Parain: the freedoms comes out of incertitude. Our Occidental need for freedom, our essential characteristic, it comes from incertitude.

Everything to us is how can we evade the locked chamber and the inferno of the dialectics.

If the universe is but a rhythmical pulsation of expansion and of contraction (at each eighty billion years a period? …) then it is a nightmare.

A serious nightmare, and not a theoretical one, once the doctrine that has made a creed out of dialectics, after it has ascertained the law, it still declares the law perishable and it abolishes it in a without-classes society. It was, but it is no more. And he who doubt this, let him be thrown into jail.

The dialectics is the inferno. The rhythmical universe is the nightmare. Only that (Hausherr) God isn't the infinite. The infinite is only an aspect of the created universe. God, Person, He is something else: He is the truth.

Ground for hope.

The Year 1969

There is only one Christian art, that isn't Gothic, nor Romantic, neither Baroch, namely that art of bearing the cross (Franz von Baader).

The problem of the evil within world: the first unanswerable you are asked by those who wonder about your faith.

There is no conclusive explanation or categorical answer to it.

Among all answers the most conclusive seems to me that given by Dostoyevsky, and impropriated by Paul Evdokimov:

God created the world innocent, without evil. But God created the man free, namely free to create the evil, free to introduce the evil within the world. This is the *risk* assumed by God by the creation act, the divine risk upon which Lossky insists (I would say rightly so) in his apophatic theology. The man has crossed from the idea of evil, from the possibility of the evil (known to God as virtuality), to committing the evil.

(This doesn't mean that the evil preexisted to God otherwise zero opposed to one in any binary system; once something is possible, the opposite may be possible as well: the relation between evil and good doesn't imply the preexistence of the evil to God except like zero is implied by one, the negative is implied by positive, the inexistence is implied by existence).

Introducing the evil within world, as active principle, it was *an act of creation*, one analogue to the divine act of creation. Satan was tempting Adam by whispering him: "and you will be like God". By speaking thus, satan didn't entirely lie: the creature, for an instant, had become divine; the creature created, parallelly to the divinity, the evil. And the evil contaminated the world.

And that also explains why the only thing Jesus took form earth into heavens are His stigmata.

The Manicheist, as Rene Nelli specifies, they do not hold that there are two equal gods on earth: one god of the good and of the light, another of the evil and of the darkness. That would be, I'd say, a too big nonsense: the Manicheism (Nelli treats it on its Cathar form) hold something else: that by the

creation act itself, of the crossing from inexistence to existence, there are triggered forces which were previously latent, virtual. The evil's forces would be unavoidable *residues* of the creation, a synthesis product; actually, *la part du diable*. (The devil, in any crossing from unity to binary, being zero).

Dostoyevsky and Evdokimov: the evil isn't a necessary consequence – the finite result of an infinite division – but a free act of the man.

The breaking, anyway, it took place by crossing from one to two, to bipolarity, to dialectics. The antagonistic systems of Stephane Lupasco aren't, at their turn, the expression of any binary system?

"Give Caesar what belong to Caesar and God what belongs to God" (Mt. 22: 21; Mk. 12: 17; Lk. 20: 25).

This phrase is clear, and the totalitarian regimes, adding to it also Rom. 13, they ask the believers to obey and respect the state authority. And many Christians, who confound their faith to their stupidity, they rush to approve such a request: "there is text!".

But only that they do not read attentively. Give Caesar – it is interpreted: the State – what belong s to the state, if that really is a state and if that state really behaves accordingly. When the state (Caesar) minds its business, it repairs the roads, it maintains the public order, it extends water-supply lines, it extends transportation, it defends the country, it administrates and served the justice, then it deserves the respect and everything that belong to it: the taxes, the conscript military service, the civism. But when the State is no longer Caesar but Mamona, when the king becomes *medicine-man*, and when the civil power become ideology, when the state requires souly adhesion and admission of its spiritual power, when it asks for enslaving the conscience and when resorts to "brainwashing", when the statal happiness becomes a unique and mandatory role-model, then the rule established by our Savior no longer can be applied, because one of the conditions making the contract mandatory it is no longer valid: the identity of the contractual parts (Caesar has been swapped by Mamona). Our Savior not only that He didn't tell us to give God what belongs to God and to give Mamona what belongs to Mamona, but quite the opposite (Mt. 6: 24; Lk. 16: 13) He established that one cannot serve both Mamona and God. When on the chair of worldly reigning sits a Caesar, the obedience to State is not forbidden, and the Church had its policies along centuries. But when the policy is taken over by the other one, then it is applied the rule of the British ships committing piracy under a foreign flag: immediately the enemy ship opened the fire, the national jack was erected. To Caesar the due things. To Mamona not connection, regardless how tiny – *not*

even regarding the common points. To Mamona only the curses from the Euchologion book of Saint Basil the Great.

(The devil: let's conclude a pact. NO. Let's then sign a document which we agree, both you and me, that two plus two equal four. NO. Why? Don't you admit that two plus two equal four? Why wouldn't you subscribe to an uncontestable truth? BECAUSE I won't place my signature next to yours, even for admitting that God exists).

When there takes place a conflict between the divine commandment (or the natural law) and the human commandment (the positive law) there is no doubt allowed to a Christian.

But the Christian, as Hamlet did to, he is justified to not want to lose his life. So, he will try to find a solution for both not transgressing the divine commandment and not to die. Solutions, by and large, there can be found, and not all of them are necessarily dishonoring.

When King Eduard VII asked England to remove from the oath formulate the paragraph opposing to Catholic citizens, he was answered that the formula cannot be changes and all his insistences were politely denied. The king was determined, though, not to offend part of his subjects. He uttered the oath and, when coming upon the mentioned paragraph, he had a violent crisis of coughing, mimicking the actual uttering. Then he continued uttering his oath. The Christianity calls us not only to blind obedience, but also to tolerance, to wisdom, to right-reckoning, and to intelligence, so that King Eduard VII's solution was a Christian one. But, if there is no escape in sight, any skillfulness is excluded: we raise the national jack, we sell our coat and we buy a sword, and we face the danger while preparing ourselves for our death.

Otherwise, we still live, but we will live having insomnia, as my dad used to say.

The French dramaturg Paul Hervieu was an ambitious man, full of irony and of practical sense. Still, as F. Vanderem who knew him well shows, when it seemed to him that he had a duty to fulfill, the irony, the practical sense, and the ambition vanished. He was *militarily* obeying, no longer thinking at his personal interest. The people's man became a hero. The brothers Jerome and Jean Tharaux: The only important thing, whatever you do, it is that of constantly being heroic.

The great merit of the monastic orders in Catholicism – each one with its accent place on another preoccupation of form of proving their love – it is that of admitting the plurality of the styles. Each one manifests his faith according to his *personality*.

There is no mandatory style.

Anna is a great Christian, but she wrongly believes that only her style – uninterrupted seraphic smile, the unctuous gestures and the hands hold together, the exclusively pious words – it has circulatory power.

In *Paterikon* there is clear everywhere: not even the type of Christian life of a great hermit from Thebaid isn't incomparable or non-imitable: the life style of some poor shoemaker from Alexandria, a married man and having kids, can be above to that one practiced by Saint Anthony himself, who was a great ascetic.

June, the Year 1968

I cannot resist the temptation of repeating to myself, to chain it to myself, in order to rejoice my soul and my mind, my collection of paradoxes which I am convinced about that all of them lead to Christ. It is some sort of litany, and it is some sort of *via dolorosa*, but it is full of enchantment:

Luther: Hier stehe Ich. Ich kann nicht anders. Gott helfe mir. Amen.

Salvador Dali: The sole difference between a crazy person an me it is that I am not a crazy person. (This is a Gospel-like-dizzying saying, or Pauline-like).

Kierkegaard: The contrary of the sins isn't the virtue; the contrary of the sin is the liberty. (The strongest human saying ever. It comes *immediately* second to Gospels).

Thomas Moore: I trust I make myself obscure. The true proof of the friendship and of the trust: Christ speaking to His disciples, at the end, *as to some friends*, He is becoming increasingly obscure. (As you have to say more important things, as you fully entrust yourself and as you confess yourself increasingly unreluctantly, you must become more difficult to be understood and you must express yourself more paradoxically).

Last month I added to the enumeration one of the slogans of the French Revolution: "Be realistic, ask for impossible". (They probably didn't realize how Claudel-ian and Christian this slogan was).

And again, always, ceaselessly: Mk. 9: 24: If "Love your Lord God with the whole your heart, with the whole your soul, with the whole your thought, and with the whole your power" can be the summary of the Law – Mt. 22: 37, Mk. 10: 30, Lk. 10: 27 -, then: "I believe, Lord! Help my faithlessness" seem to me being – how could I say it? – the most mysterious mystery of the Christian teaching, the new teaching, and on a certain way it seems to be the seal of the Holy Ghost.

Jilava Prison, the Room no. 18, March, the Year 1960

Out of all the things knew by everybody here, as I hear, out of all the cited things, I don't think that anything can stay next to "I too do not condemn you", to "Great is your faith, woman", to "I believe, Lord! Help my faithlessness". Each of these three sayings is enough to confess the supra-human character of the Gospels, within each phenomenon contributing to composing these phrases *shouts out* the divine.

Gherla Prison, February, the Year 1963

Longly tormented by the most embarrassing illness in a crowded prison cells having a sole toiled barrel.

(At the Secret Police headquarters, during the investigation, they enforced the same interdiction for the defendants to go to the toilet for several hours in a row, while they, the investigators, worked in shifts).

Two sorts of sufferings: on one hand the cross; on the other hand, the crown of thorns, the slapping over the cheek, the spirting in the face, the whipping, the red coat. In other words: the pain and the mockery.

There seem to be lives unfolding under the sign of the tragedy and others unfolding under the sign of the mockery.

The first sort comprises great catastrophes, dilemmas, never demeaning; a classic air shrouds them. The other sort of lives comprises not so many sufferings but troubles, complicated shortcomings. In the first category the illnesses will be: heart diseases, tuberculosis, cancer. The another leads to striking deaths, fatal accidents, it is lurked by the chronical demeans: furunculi, varices, leaking, eczema, intestinal worms. Instead of radical medicines, remedies; instead of harsh pains, persevering embarrassments. On one side: enmities and violences. On the other side: treacheries, suing, blackmail. The hatred and the shout out of the pain; the contempt and the whining of the exhaustion.

The French proverb: the devil is obsessed; he strikes always in the same place. This is because he knows what he does: 1) the monotony aggravates the suffering. The Fourier's system of crossing from a work to another it would bring some alleviation to the pains; 2) the monotony exasperated even the best of intentions, it tires up the compassion, and it triggers the disgust.

The cross calvary *decomposed*, as the light crossing through a chromatic prism: out of it spring the great water of the trial: the tragic, the derision.

Let's pray to be us bestowed the grace of the courage or the grace of the patience, namely the most adequate to the battlefield which we are going to

face the evil, and the most adequate to the challenge-mode chosen by Adversary.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… Glycophylusa, Platitera, Hodrigita, Blahiternise… Only the explanation provided by Nandris to the external painting it more connected to the Greek philosophy, to Platon and to Plotinus… I met Demostene Botez, in '54, I was just liberated from forced labor to Canal, I haphazardly read a poem belonging to him, I don't know how, in "Contemporanul" magazine, it started like this: In the garden of my country a Russian planted a tree… *The supreme commander was general Cerbacev, but the commander of the Nineth Army was general Tarakanov… and the poetry ended:* it is called the tree of the liberty… *Madam Tarakanova, in her fifties, it still was a very beautiful woman and had splendid jewelries, very* grande dame… *And the orant Turks, they do not go towards the hell, maybe they too are saved because they pray too… he wished me a good day, but I: I hve been staying for four years in the shadow od your tree and I have tasted its liberty, so that I no longer know you… Demetrius says to Marcelius…*

The Year 1965, Autumn

On a Tuesday evening, at Saint Josiph Cathedral, the religious service dedicated to Saint Anton. On my way out, I am passing by the big building from vis a vis, I am going up high stairs, and I am finding long and clean corridors with a multitude of doors. It seems that nobody is in the building, because everything is so quiet. After finding a person staying there, I am asking him for directions and he is guiding me towards the room where my former French professor dwells, Iosif Frollo, a fervent Catholic suspected of being a *Jésuite a robe courte*. Did he take from Jesuits – as the popular prejudgment imagines them – the custom of rubbing his hands while smiling?

The popular prejudgment judges on stereotypical images – as those from Espinal – and it doesn't know that the Jesuits have been always constituting the liberal and progressist wing of the Catholic Church; that they taught and set in circulation the positive sciences, and their predilection has been towards mathematics and astronomy, and that in their dispute on grace they took the side of the conception that was the most lenient regarding the man (the Jansenists were those who upheld the harshness); and they took Galileo's side during his trials – the accusers where the Dominicans not the Jesuits! – by applying the theory of the probability – whose creators they are – and they

proposed, very rationally, that Galileo's system to be reckoned as a scientific theory.

When Henry Poincare reached to write in *The Science and the Hypothesis* that it is "more comfortable" to say that the Earth is rotating around the Sun that the vice versa, when it was proven that the movement of all cosmic objects and system is revolving ones around others, when the relativity physics established that between movement there cannot be established relations based on dependency except by using fixed reference points – relative at their turn -, when the existential philosophy, through Camus, it admitted that, actually, the problem raised by Galileo and Copernic is a trifle, because the true preoccupations of the thinking man are others: what the life is? what the man is? what the pain exists for? how can we reach happiness? It was seen that the Jesuits weren't totally wrong and they didn't jump on the conclusion.

I am finding my former professor in a lengthy chamber, having the aspect of a quite good but modest guesthouse; he is in bed, ill, but he has blushing cheek and serene eyes.

He is experiencing some difficulties in remembering me, then he rejoices for succeeding to place me among the chain of student generations and I am helping him to partially recall the members of my class.

He is rejoicing even more when I am confessing him (that's why I am here, it has seemed to me a duty, some sort of projecting a present happiness upon a passed charm) that I have been baptized in prison (where he also crossed through). But you see, he is telling me, there was easy, the difficult part is here. Now you must pray for keeping your faith.

An old lady takes care of him. She has brought me some jam.

Though I know that the professor is old and ill, I cannot see anything tired of blasé on his face.

I am living and when reaching the door, he is stopping me and he is repeating me: Don't forget, there was easy, the difficult par is here and now. Take a good heed not to lose what you have received. Pray a lot.

Yes. Since the moment of my liberation I have been fully ascertaining how right are the Catholic theologians discerning between the sufficient grace and the efficient grace, and by declaring we need the last one on every moment in order us not to fall; it is necessary even to the ones who are most advanced into virtue, even to the saints (they too pray for theirs sins to be forgiven, not *humiliter* but *veracitei*), not to mentions how necessary it is to us! Saint Philip Neri: Hold me, Lord, by my ears, or otherwise I will sell You like Judah did.

There in prison Christ is always present (and not like Gyr saw Him: "Hos sad was Christ"), and the efficient grace was there working without pause.

After the shock of the prison and after the tension of the baptism there follow that the neophyte to reckon himself as a machine endowed with *feedback*, namely to fuel the burning on his own, on the ground of the initial combustible material. The battery is charged for life. But the functioning requires self-supervision, self-setting, in order to last not only when happy and enthusiastic, but also when cold: on those moments when no longer are able to hear the *uninterrupted music*, which Charles Du Bos was talking about.

Above it is uninterrupted. But here we have to manage without musical accompaniment too.

(Should I paraphrase Valery here? *Il faut tenter de croire*).

A summary of a speech held to the roommates at Aiud Prison, after the evening meals, during the burdening time until going to sleep.

He who wants to understand the essences of the regime who accommodates us here, he must appeal to four important personalities – four, as *The Three Just Men of Cordoba* written by Edgar Wallace, and *The Three Musketeers,* belonging to Alexandre Dumas. Those four important people are:

Andersen with his story about the naked king. Everybody sees it, everyone knows that the king is naked, but nobody can tell it. Nobody can say that two plus two equal four. Slowly, the world gets accustomed, it gets resigned, and it becomes totally indifferent whether the king is naked or not. Regarding the child shouting out that the king is naked, in communism *he* is the most conditioned, the most prudent, the most careful not to talk what he shouldn't.

Jules Vernes and the novel of the rochet launched towards the Moon. The rochet doesn't reach the Moon and it becomes Moon's satellite. This fantasy of Jules Vernes expresses the communism's tragedy: starting from the idea that the purpose justified the means, it forgets, while on the road, about the goal, ant it transforms its terrorist means (meant to be temporary) in goal and in institution.

Koestlera raised the problem *into darkness at noon*.

And the *Victims of Duty* written by *Eugen Ionesco* in the final stage (avalez, mastiquez...) presents with a formidable dramatic sense the tragedy: everybody sits at a round table – agents, suspects, benefactors, accomplices – and throw to one another the bread pieces, they torment on one another even without no longer knowing why, having long forgotten about any purpose of that. The circle is perfect, the equality is unchipped, the dance goes around dementedly and incessantly.

I too am dancing and shouting out: *swallow, chew, swallow, chew...*, increasingly loudly and more quickly – as in Ravel's *Bolero* featured by

Toscanini. And I am impressing. This improvised theater, with only one actor, and with a makeshift play, it entertains my colleagues.

Rostotzev, the great historian of antiquity, he explains the decadence of the Roman Empire in the Century II, by the fact that the military class reached to lead the empire, but they actually were peasants: very ignorant people terrified by responsibility. In order to solve the difficult problems, which they were facing, they resorted to *the most comfortable* to them solutions (the morals of the producer, as called later by Georges Sorel who prophesized those solutions as the future misfortunes of the mankind) and the more accessible to their simple minds. For instance: why bother us to watch the way the taxes are collected? Let each citizen stay in place, fixed! and we are going to know where we find him. Thus, collecting the taxes become easier and thus too the eve of the new medieval world founded on colonization is founded.

Edgar Wallace: in one of his novels, the chief of the gang, Tod Haydn (*Two o'clock Tod*) distributes the roles: one will play the lord, another will play the secretary, another the old valet, another the beautiful daughter of the lord... (It is about scheming a rich inheritor coming from Australia). And in order the impostors not to get entangled and to disclose themselves, Tod forced them to play their roles "in continuation", to use the conventional language even when they were alone.

Reach to be thus both the terrorized ones and the reeducated ones to talk to one another, like there would always be present an agent of the Secret Police. Later on, there will be needed no traitor, neither self-censorship: each one assumes his role "in continuation", instinctively, automatically. The Pavlovian reflex has bene achieved.

The Pirandello-like effect. And why would matter any longer if the lord was really and lord, once everything take place *as he would be a lord*. *Pseudomorioze*.

Although I realize that I am contradicting the sayings of the Apostle (1 Cor. 6: 18-19): "Run away from fornication! Any sin a man can commit is outside the body. But he who indulges to debauchery commits sins in itself his body. Don't you know that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost Who is within you, and Whom you have from God and you don't belong to yourself?"), to whom the bodily sin is the most compromising and which *completely engaged* the human person, I think that the sin of the getting upset and of the getting angry is graver. That individual who, in a store, on a bus or on a tram, or at his office or while waiting in line for something, he gets rude, he insults and he get out of his mind, not only that he defames himself in an ugly manner, but he also totally parts himself with God. I think that in all brothels

from Paris, from Hamburg, and from Singapore, or even in all perdition places of all ports and metropoles of the world, in the prisons of Guyana, in the prisons from Sing-Sing and Dartmoor, the committed sins do not shout out to skies as there do the unnecessary quarrels, the gratuitous insults uttered with a vitriolic hatred, by quarreling and frowning upon people. (The crimes, the thefts, the debauchery are somewhat related to the world's injustices and complications, but the quarrel isn't).

These annoyances – which we don't even notice them, though if we collide with them, they will burn us like a corrosive substance – they aren't actually simple annoyances, but they are unveilings of a souly state of unreconciled state of opposition to the world created by God; they are signs of a stubborn and immense distancing from admitting of the vanity of the worldly realities. Suddenly, the least detail takes big proportions and it gets in flames and it doubts the whole greatness of the genesis and the whole joy of living. The man is anchored in diabolism, caught in the quick sand of the gratuitous anger. The cunning, here, he truly deserves his nickname, he a hundred percents wins, and without making any effort.

But the words! those words like a bite of a dog stalking us from behind, like some barking and fangs shown beyond the fence, which, of course, they aren't related to the involuntary push or with the elbow touched while passing by, but they are itself the satan's puke. Saint Apostle James presents the exact opposite of the one tending to easily get annoyed, as role-model to us: "Because all of us mistake in many ways, and if one doesn't mistake a word that is a consummate man, capable of entirely restraining himself".

Choosing the solution of discharging one's nerves by issuing insults is petty and coward, because it is risk free. If a man truly believes in God, let him better go up to the end of his conviction, as Ivan Karamazov, and let him kill his father, directly or by using Smerdiakov. Yes, it is better you to commit a crime, and to formally reject Christ, and to convert yourself to paganism (among pagans, sys Chesterton, there were admirable people, and Julian the Apostate as person looked irreproachable): it will be more honest so. And I quite believe – founded on Lk. 16 – that God will look at an apostate with less wonder, or to a thief, or to a murderer, than to one who betrays Him in the obscurity of his curses spread over to a crown.

The gravity of the bodily sin comes from that what isn't bodily. Denis the Rougemont: If the sexuality remained pure, namely purely animalic, just like all the other body's functions, the devil won't be preoccupied with it.

Being God infinite, the ways which we get closer to Him are infinite as well, and discerning among them isn't possible because of being related to the insolvable problem of the *n* relations among bodies.

In this infiniteness of ways there are – as on the topographical maps – some ways that are more trodden, or more colored, and they happen to bear person names. The name of the Irish Oxfordian who prophesized me my baptism, I don't recall it. But there are the three ones whom I reckon as the wonder of my Christianization, transposing the work of the grace in terms accessible to me.

I knew Virgil Cand. and Paul Sim. through the mediation of Tr. Paul – she was calling him Pavlic. She was working at the library of the History Institute, in a chamber with only one desk, a chair, and a big cupboard; the big window, disproportionate relatedly to that room's dimensions, had its view towards the bushy trees of the Kiselev avenue and Jianu boulevard. From that little chamber one could enter the reading room of the Institute's library. It was mastering there a full and beneficial quietude, totally rare in the noise and the unrest and the panic of the '50, years meaning to so many Bucharest's inhabitants: evacuations, lines staring late in the night, endless and useless visits at the rental offices, inutile efforts to find a job, repeated visits to diverse personnel-resources (the audience hours were usually scheduled between two and three p.m., while the hours for stalking the chiefs of the rental offices were scheduled between four and five a.m.), autobiographies on dozens of pages, recommendations, relieving the sending from Anna to Caiaphas (how clearly the people in suffering are given to do and to redo each step of the calvary) – and the people couldn't believe that Anna and Caiaphas were plotting against them, they were working in perfect collusion, the had the same phone number, and that all the early morning visits, the petitions, the complaints were useless, and all the old flowers of the tree of the knowledge of the good and of the evil had become venomous fruits.

To others the Bucharest meant hiding, fearing of receiving letters, fearing their neighbors, their friends, and their enemies, day and night – as in Moses's curse from Deuteronomy: Oh! if the evening wouldn't' come! Oh! if the morning would come!

But in that small room, in that small oasis of peace (and cleanness, for it was also an attended place, while the streets and the houses outside were floating in dust and dereliction), Paul Sim. handed me the two volumes, copied at typing machine, of the book *The Confessions of a Russian Pilgrim*, translate by father Chirucuta. He told me: "It is a book which you either put it aside after reading the first pages, or you will read it integrally and it will take you far".

Paul – a giant body, a childish smile, a peaceful voice, and a nimbus of kindness – was a young historian attracted by all époques and by all cultures. Virgil Cand. – short, thin, wearing glasses, high pitched voice, piercing looks, and quick gestures – the same vast culture didn't allow him wandering too much; he had been interesting especially in the Balkan can Byzantine quarter of the Romanian quadrant. Like Paul Sim., Dutu and other few young people from around Mihail Avramescu, faithful attendants of the afternoons and of the evenings at Nuns' Hermitage, he studied – clandestinely – the theology and he obtained his bachelor degree in addition to many other occupations he had.

I received form him books consecrated to the Southern Orthodoxy (Paul was less Athonite and Hellene; at him predominated Paisius Velichkovsky, and some sort of uncertain Slavic gentleness): the Byzantine icons (he reckoned Duthuit's little volume as paramount), John Climacus, John Damascene, Maximus the Confessor, Gregory Palamas, Nicholas Cabasilas; he was urging me also towards the history of the Romanian-Bulgarian Empire, towards *Gaetica* published by Parvan, and even towards the Zane's proverbs. But he cherished above all of these the *Lives of the Saints* which he had many editions of; he was urging me to deepen especially these ones. Among *Synaxarion*, works on iconography and on iconology, I had been slowly advancing. (I had received *The Philokalia* as a gift from Pavlic).

Virgil had in his chamber from Popa-Tatu Street a vast and precious library and he was allowing me to borrow whatever I liked from it. I was allowed to borrow everything, but not everything was beneficial to me, so that he was guiding me, with his smile of an erudite and refined intellectual, a little surprised by my vaguely mundane and worldly preferences, because I was visiting him not only attracted by Christian Orthodoxy, but I was also craving for reading everything like there was a public library. Virgil proved also a firmness as of a spiritual father, maybe taken from his numerous friends who were monks; I came across with some of them (the discretely sneaked in) when I came to return the books and borrow others.

Aunt Viorica was the older sister – a widow and stricken by life – of my office colleague Marta Const. (Marta was the embodiment of the gladness, of the optimism, some kind of Olguta, maybe more reserved, attracted to mischiefs and cats; she was even more childish than me, she was making to herself paper-moustaches and she was introducing herself jokingly as a cat. She was living in an attic where there was no stove, she was taking care of her ill mother, she was helping her sister, and she was striving to find out which prison her fiancé had been taken to). I too had, since the great purge of the bar took place in the year 1949, numerous jobs where I couldn't stay too long; after

a little while, the personnel-management wrote in my dossier "enemy" or "he isn't trustworthy" or "worse than a legionary" (this was the formula preferred by the personnel-chiefs who were jews, and it followed to be very useful to the investigators from the Secret Police, and especially to major Jack Simon), and that constantly forced me to search for another job. (I once came across with a kind woman who was chief at personnel-management office: I am hiring you, she told me, whoever you would be, for I see you in need and I need a person having some education, but with a condition: do not come to work drunk. In the year 1952 somebody wrote in my dossier: *totally inadequate*, and that made me totally non-hirable).

A member of the communist party had mercy on me; he was chief to administrative litigation at a ministry and I was hired as registrar to archive. Marta was legal-advisor, she introduced me to Stefan Popescu, and at Stefan's home, in the garden, I met Viorica. Marta's fiancé, R-an (an Armenian) and Stefan Popescu were communists in their youth and they issued clandestine publications and they spread manifestoes. (Hat off to them!). Their belonged to Patrascanu group and they were regarded for their enthusiasm accordingly: R-an was in prison and Stefan was coming home, in and out, between several detentions, stricken by a bone-tuberculosis, he was barely able to walk. His wagon-house from Perfume Street, full of books, newspapers, paintings, reproductions, illustrated post-cards, pictures, statuettes, and vinyl-disks, furnished eclectically, and all those charming paraphernalia of good quality revealed their owner as differing from an average man. In the garden there was a volt of vine, high beds of onion and tomatoes, flowers carefully cared, and a bunch of cats (many of them born in cellars, being feral), and a black, fat, and fluffy female dog called Smaranda... A little heaven.

Stefan, son of a hairstylist from Carol Street, a terrible child who brought a lot of grief upon his father because of politics and of revolution, eater of books, himself a writer, drunkard, drunkard passioned not with the alcohol but with printings, ideals and ideas, he started suspected in prison (the first prison) the existence of a God. He still was reserved in that regard and he limited himself only to making some allusions. But Viorica was openly manifesting her piousness. Did she guess these thoughts which even myself hadn't understood?

Anyway, she was of a great help to me. Differently than Paul Sim. and Virgil Cand. Not by readings.

I owe to her the fact that during all these gloomy and agitated years – which the moments and the hours were passing in infernally slowly, and the emptiness of the weeks and of the months passed quicker than a summer

storm – I didn't waste the whole my time waiting in line to the housing office (wherefrom I was twice sent home), to the city hall, to the human resources, to the diverse offices… Instead, I had been visiting the churches, almost all of them. She knew all of them better than anybody, like some ladies know the coffeeshops, the groceries, or the dyeing shops; she knew all the priest personally, their way of serving, their merits and their shortcomings, whether it was better to attend the vespers, the anointing with Chrism, or the Liturgy, whether the sermon was more lenient, or more savant, or longer or shorter, at any place.

I attended, together with her, the Saturday vespers at Plumbuita Monastery, reaching there by tram no. 1, and I met there staretz Sofian; we climbed the narrow stirs of the little Church called Bucur, crossing through flowers beds, in order us to listen to the words of father Alexe, and we climbed the Metropolitanate's hill on 27th of October, early morning, to attend the getting out of the relics of Saint Dumitru Basarabov; we attended the Resurrection at Mihai Voda church in the courtyard of the State Archives (you would think you were in Sienna), at the Saint Archangels (or Voivodes, it's the same); we have listened to great Liturgies at the churches Saint Spiridon and Little Lady Balasa, in big basilicas as that from Vergului Marketplace or next to Saint Elefterie Bridge; we entered, bowing down our heads, the miniature church from the bank, called former Saint Spiridon, that containing an inscription in Syrian language; I saw Viorica bowing down in front of the icon of Saint Varvara in the church called Ene, or in front of the working of wonders icon of the Mother of the Lord, form the Icoanei church, or from Olteni church; we even reached faraway neighborhoods, in Fundeni where I spent my childhood, in the Martisor Street next to Arghezi, in Ferentari, at Ghica-Tei; and we came back to the downtown, to the Greek church from Pache marketplace, to the Lady's church hidden among the stores from Calea Victorie boulevard (I am tempted to write: among the sheds from on Mogosoaei Bridge), at the Bibesti chapel in the Sapientei Street having an aspect of Methodist cult-place – the Orthodox Church and the Romanian's history were both of them charming me. I was gladly following Viorica everywhere; I once heard Olga Greceanu commenting the Scripture on a Sunday afternoon, at Bucur church: of course we are not criminals, thieves, or burglars… of course… but is it that enough for us to call ourselves *as His*? Is it enough not to commit graver sins? Do we limit ourselves to this? And we still dare to ask for being imparted! And I, not being even baptized, as *a simple spectator*, I swallowed, while listening to her, a liquor presenting weak traces of poison. We were going everywhere; of

course I was marking myself with the sign of the cross; I was listening, I was praying: twitching, unsure, undecided, confuse. But not tired, not fed up.

Jilava, Prison Cell no. 24, 16th of April 1960

Tomorrow it the first Easter Day. The pills have been calculated according to the *hand of Damascene*. In the prison cell, towards evening, the numbness affects all of us. One cannot hear even a whisper. (Have you all died? the warden shouts out at us through the little opening in the door). On the benches, crowded, the inmates – as the soldiers in Bratescu's sketch, caught by Resurrection while searching for Stavropoleos Street – are carried away with their thoughts – in space and in time – far from the place they actually are in. Next to me, V., my recent godfather, usually a talkative man, now he has been silent for a long time.

He suddenly is whispering to me: if the light goes out this evening, but not for a few instants, but if the power is off for some time, you will know that we will be liberated before serving our whole time. I will cut the power off with the power of my astral being.

I am not answering him.

The seconds are falling indifferently, the quietude is deepening; a dozing is descending and isolating each of us in the realm of our dreams, of our regrets, or of our own nonsenses. After a quite long interval, the light suddenly goes off. In prison this event is extremely rare. V., keeping his arms crossed over his chest, having his body strained, he isn't flinching, he isn't saying a word. But I am feeling him being like in a trance. The darkness is lasting for quite a while; on the corridors one can hear the boots of the wardens running around, and their curses. We are guessing that the faint light entering under the prison cell-s door is coming from torches.

When the light turns on again, it is almost the time for going to bed. I am looking at V. and I am seeing his chubby face shining, inundated by a calmly lived victory.

The Year 1931

Anetta, before lunch, in the chamber, a flooding with light. She speaks quickly: See, yesterday I listened to a vinyl disk at Germaine:

The waltz from yore is gone Shimmy, foxtrot and Java…

It was so, after 1920, wasn't it? The fatal woman was destroying the happiness of the house, the bourgeois was wicked and he didn't marry the beloved woman, she went forwards, indifferent and evil, he went broke, outside was raining, the trains were passing through the night and their light were

reflected by the rain drops, the people were committing suicide, the thieves in dress-coats jumped through the window, the young girls were running away from home, all the people were playing a game called the new world… Do you want to go to cinema at six o'clock? They project a movie casting William Powel and Myrna Loy.

Gherla Prison, the Easter, the Year 1961

Long time in advance, Marinica P. told Sile Catalinoiu and me that he had, perfectly sown in a corner of his handkerchief, a few crumbs of impartation, given him three years ago by father Ion Iovan, who was the confessor father of Vladimiresti.

All three of us have decided, because of not being any priest in that prison cell, to take care of ourselves. We are going to fast on Saturday and of Sunday morning, and if we could we would keep something of the meal from Saturday. Sile, who recently turned back into the prison cell coming from the kitchen where he has been serving for a couple of months, he has a little bag of plastic holding int it a few dry biscuits and eight pieces of sugar. Marinica knows all the prayers of the impartation by hearts.

We have succeeded in sparing the little slices of bread which, this week, they have been given to us on Sunday. We are fasting, we praying.

On Sunday at noon, we have climbed on the fourth "floor" where Sile's bed is. We are sitting crouching our legs. Marinic is slowly reciting all the chain of prayers. Then each of us is saying: I believe Lord and I confess… and: Take, eat… We carefully washed our hands in advance, and now we are licking from the palm of our hands a little crumb of impartation; those crumbs are incredibly tiny, almost invisible. Then we are eating with a great appetite the boiled potatoes which, on this day, they happen to be peeled up and almost boiled. We are chewing the biscuits and the sugar. The Marinica recites the thanking prayers.

After waking up, the attempt to mumbling *Christ has risen!* Had been brutally repressed by wardens. Bot now, at noon, they are letting us alone and here and there, from some corners of the prison cell, from the beds which we are climbed into, there can be heard – as from faraway valleys, as from beyond – some whispering-singing, which we start whispering it too.

The Christianity by rejecting the fear and the stupidity, which are dreadful sins, it cannot but approve aphorisms like these: "The activity leads to more achievements than the prudence" (Vauvenargues); "You better are wrong than doing nothing" (Goebbels); "He who doesn't risk anything he is going to lose everything" (Fouche).

And to the question: "What should we do?", the answer (implied also by the aphorisms mentioned above) is: "We should to something", there stays in front of them the phrase belonging to Yves Guyot: "the first thing we must do is not making any stupid things".

There is in the *Gospels* and in the patristic literature short sayings worthy of classics. For instance, at John 13: 30, when Judah exits the Last Supper, we read: "And it was night". Not even the great poets found a more evoking and a shorter way of saying it; and the rapidness – as Pasternak thinks – it is the mode of the poetry. In Paterikon: there was a whore who, on each time a great hermit came into town she liked giving his presents and listening to his words; once, after the old man talked to her, she asked him" Father, is there expiation?"; and the old man answered her: "It is". That's all. (She immediately followed him and she entered a nuns monastery situated in the desert).

Ion Tomescu is thinking at composing a theater play which he wants to write it down after he will have been liberated from prison; he reiterates Raynal's thesis on Judah: nothing could have been done without him, he only played his role, so why should him be condemned?

Myself I think that though Judah knew what he was doing, he still remains guilty. God, all-knower, He has the prescience of our reactions and behaviors, but He doesn't' force us to react or to behave in a certain way. We have options, ceaselessly.

If you do something good to an evil man and if you don't expect him to be grateful to you, his expected by you evil reaction won't surprise you, but it stiller main an odious reaction.

Judah's betrayal was expected and useful: but it still remains betrayal.

One could say that this expectation (you will see that…) makes Judah even more odious: he was unable to exit his skin. He remained in automatism. And the first commandment is: he who wants to belong to Me, let him exit from himself…

Bhagavat Gita presents the aspirations of the superior man: getting liberated from hatred, desire, fear, love, and mercy. These words define limpidly the axiological position of the Hinduism and, it the same time, they define Hinduism's limits in the theory of the values.

Liberated from mercy and love!

What a huge difference and it is not difficult for one to say in whose favor – I am telling it to dr. Al.-G.

Dr. Al.-G. holds that the liberation from mercy and from love, in *Bhagavat Gita*, it cannot be interpreted as a shortcoming in comparison to Christianity, but it is actually an absolute surpassing of the bipolarity.

Well, it could be, but I am confronting him with his own theory on the originality of the Christianity.

Since the manuscripts from the Dead Sea have been discovered and offered information on the sect of the Essenes, and the University from Jerusalem, the international rabbinate and the Jewish scholars from all over the world made a very big deal of the resemblances between Essenes and Christians. The clue of the amplitude given to the Essenes' texts it can easily be identified, in the fact that it was an attempt to prove that the school of Jesus Christ was only a certain branch of the Judaism. The Christianity is an interesting doctrine, an honorable one, but – you see – it is only and nothing else but a rabbinic community among many others, a variant. And by being so – and the discovered texts prove the profound likeness (actually the identity) of the Christianity to its surrounding environment and to the anteriority -, to what avail there is so agitation around a religion claiming to be a new religion, whose chief we don't even need to reckon him as divine in order to explain the Christianity? Read the scrolls: it is almost the same things. *Ishu* is the "king of the righteousness", namely the chief of a purist and a little dissident synagogue.

Are the things like that? No.

No, the Essenes' doctrine does not resemble the doctrine of Jesus. There are both major resemblances and differences. There are resemblances up to a certain point, and then they stop form being similar. The fetus too, during embryogenesis repeats the phylogenesis but the fetus doesn't stop to the stage of a fish. The human child makes monkey-like gestures, but around the age of ten months the young primate becomes stereotypical, while the human child starts walking the unsure paths of imperfect adaptation, the pats described by Edgar Daque. The water starts steaming around 60^0 C, says dr. Al.-G., but it doesn't boil before heated to 100^0 C, and the boiling water is *totally different* form the lukewarm water or from that water approaching the boiling point but not boiling. The boiling *is a new phenomenon*, irreplaceable, unparalleled, it is a surprise, it is a reason for wondering.

In comparison to Essenism the Christianity is like the boiling water to a steaming water.

Further on, after I have reminded him his own metaphor, I am able now to answer dr. Al.-G.: Ther are in the Vedda's and Buddhist texts and in the texts belonging to other religions too, paragraphs speaking about mercy and

love and about precepts similar to those form the Gospels. But they are random, they are isolated, and they are not the coordinated upholding the whole building and they do not summarize those doctrines. The love isn't either in Hinduism or in the Old Law the axis, the ground, the essence, the principle, the criterion, the *everything* – as there is in the Gospel. In those doctrines the love isn't that water that boils.

In the arithmetic systems in base 12 there appears the figure 10; but it has a different value from that it has in the decimal system.

In Christianity the love isn't a concept among other concepts, but it is *the one*, it is *the only thing* remaining after all the other things will have gone.

God respected His creation so much that in order Him to enter it and Him to intervene in it (a reason that later on inspired Francis Bacon to write: *Naturae non imperator nisi parendo*) He humbles Himself and Hs sneaked in among us by taking as a way of His birth the birth out of a woman, and by taking a truly human body (the Lord's body wasn't, as some heretics liked to believe, only a fantom). The Creation isn't – as we can see with our own eyes and as we are told by the holy Scripture – a game or a trinket to the Creator: once He gave His only Son for it, and once He took upon Himself the immense *risk* of *losing the game*, that means that the Creation is something terribly serious both for Him and for us. That means also that we must not imagine by all means that God is disposed to transgress His laws or to suspend their effects too easily. He is ready for *helping us* to find our way through those laws, due to His mercy and charity – and He rather strengthens us than He removes the natural order from our way. Let's take heed at that.

There's nothing more anti-Christian that the morals of the producer, the unfortunate contrivance formulated by George Sorel. It is contrary to the principes of the Christianity: the spirit of sacrifice, and the idea that him who gives hasn't necessarily have the right to be rewarded.

The producer morals – essentially an accountant-like one – doesn't know anything about *generosity* or *serving*. It belongs to the mentality of the talion which was no less narrow and simplistic.

The world was not created on the ground of the producer's morals; but all the way inversely: on the ground of the bestowing and towards the exclusive good of the consumer. Actually, the Maker always allows Himself to be consumed in Eucharist.

Jilava Prison

The worries do not allow you sleeping, or they wake you up from sleeping. But it happens also because of your happiness you to be awake in the

middle of the night. It happened so to me after I had received my baptism. Only out of sheer joy – *aus lauter Freude* – I was opening my eyes, I was engulfed by a euphoric state, one springing to me not doziness – as I would have taken drugs -, but a euphoric state springing me a state of vigil, a state of supra-intense life; was I feel like wanting to sleep, or to rest, or to get oblivion, or to evade? No, I was so overflooded that I felt like getting up from my bed and running around and shouting out with joy and to shake others and tell them how happy I was, and to bed them realize what a treasure all of them have, what a wonderful little-stove, and also *what a tranquilizer*. Lucky me for the harshness of the regulation impeded me for showing off. But something from inside me betrayed, at least partially, my inward gladness, because to some people around I was surprisingly endearing while to others I caused a solid antipathy.

January, the Year 1961

We had been moved from Jilava Prison to Gherla Prison. Crowded in the prison-van we are like some sardines supra-pressed by using who knows what highly efficient electronic procedure as the laser, of the stereophony, or the Wi-Fi; unbelievably. May God not give the man everything the man could endure: instead of complains one can hear political memories of frivolities, verses, scientific controversies… I am pressed against Al. Bile, a writer, a poet, a journalist, and a humorist – and he also had a very high masonic degree. But I have a bad luck because of his being a fat person, but I am also lucky for he is a talkative. He met Ionel Fernic, Cincinat Pavelescu, and Maurice Maigre. Lady of Thebes read his palm. He met Alexandre Millerand.

The prison-van – overloaded – is advancing slowly. We are reaching the rail station at dusk; we are stopping somewhere outside in a field far from the platforms whose lights can barely be seen through the snow blizzard that is surrounding us with a grey curtain that is stinging us with cold; it is a blizzard like those from tundra in deadly nights. We are throwing our luggage on the ground before debarking the prison-van. Then we are picking the luggage up and we are running towards the prison-wagons. Here we are meeting another trouble: the ladders are so high that most of us cannot climb them. A few younger inmates are helping other to climb up.

I didn't want to tell Bile how stranger I felt and I still feel myself from franc masons. Manole was smiling when reading the extravagances and the confusion contained by the anti-Judaic-masonic Bulletin of doctor Trifu (in the foretold Judaic-masonic government was mentioned as interior minister the investigative journalist from "The Truth" called Blumenfeld and nicknames as

Jerk – Jerk Blumenfeld -, and as finance minister Marmo Rosch-Blank, like the name of the two bank associates would have been the name of only one individual), but he was approving the tendency. The mania of secrecy at masons was getting him out of his mind so that he couldn't stand them. He too was ready to attribute to the masons if not all but many of the disasters which have been striking the poor mankind. Bile has a thirty-three degree and he is in the international council, but he specifies that he belongs to the Scottish rite – antique and accepted – and that he isn't part to the great-oriental revolutionary and atheistic rite. They from the Scottish rite believe in God and in their loges are enrolled the royal and princely families of the west and all the American important merchants. Manole, of course, he would have condemned my courtesy I am manifesting towards the poor mason, who was rejected 0 in Koestler words – hy his own children (as also by his father-in-law, Dinu R.). Isn't here doctor Trifu too?

The blizzard – and not only the young inmates – is helping us too, to the ones of us lagging behind, by a sudden change in the direction the wind is blowing, so that it is helping us to climb in. Even now are buzzing in my mind and in my ears the words from *Kindertotenlieder* of Mahler: *In diesem Wetter… In diesem Wetter…*

And then, without pause, the tonality veering not less quickly than the wind in the verses of Cincinat, the friend of Bile:

My beautiful girl with green eyes
As two mystical emeralds
You are leaving for warmer countries
In order you to lose your melancholy

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… Tacumerimus, tacueritis, tacuerint… *That Ford with mustaches was a speedy car… No, sir, not* sarailie, but sarai-gli*, that means imperial cake, form the palace… The strategical essential principle of the Romanian armies has ever been to attract the enemy in a valley or in a corridor so that the enemy couldn't unfold their forces; it was so at Posada, at Rovine, at Calugareni, at Podul Inalt… Engulfed by fury, milady Winter crushes her teeth…*

When Kierkegaard writes that God doesn't want to show Himself under an extravagant countenance, blinding and mandatory, like a red parrot, he paraphrases the words from Luke 17: 20-21: "The kingdom of God wont' come in a seen way and neither will they say: Behold it here or there. Because, lo, the kingdom of God is inside you".

It is a wonder that such a sharp people as the Jews are could stop themselves upon the image of a glorified Messiah, one descending from heavens accompanied by a definitive procession, one that wouldn't allow anyone to doubt, one that would force anyone only to worship and to ascertain. How haven't the Jews been able to suspect that the divine plan will resort to a less simplistic way? The messianic solution imagined by Judah is equally naïve to the scenic solution of a *deus et machina*.

At Mark 9: 24 the problem of the simultaneity of the faith and of the faithlessness appear in the whole its sharpness. At a first glance, once the faith coexists with the faithlessness, the last one is predominant, because, actually, it is the only one remaining.

But that's only a wrong first impression.

There is in the dialectics of the simultaneous faith-faithlessness a *cricical point* which, by continuing us to pray, we will exceed it. By the fact that I pray, though I doubt, namely I don't believe in an absolute manner, I actually believe! This is the faith: the surpassing of the dialectic's critical point.

This surpassing (persevering in prayer despite I am in a state of incertitude) supposes and act of courage. As in the theorem of R. Thom, I am on the neutral and catastrophic top, at equal distances between faith and faithlessness. If I go further, if I pray, if I am not scared of believing, it will mean risking, betting, jumping off in a void, taking chances – I will dare. This is exactly as in the rule established by the Lord Himself: you dare!

(As regarding the sensation of humiliation which we are going to experience by seeing that we cannot believe totally purely and unhesitatingly, that is part of our human condition, as there belong to so many other infirmities and superiorities. To the humbleness too it belongs the essential adding: "he said with tears" – the savior tears of the repentance, of the hope, and of the beatitude).

August-September, the Year 1931

Readings for this end of hot-summer (through curtains the light *flows* into the room): the *Poetries of A. O. Barnabooth* by Valery Larbaud (recommended me by Anetta, insistingly and with accomplice smiles), *Perri at End House*, the recent "police" novel of Agatha Christie, also at the advice of Anetta; and – their turn has come after a long waiting – *Le Grand Meaulnes* by Alain Fourier, and the letters exchanged by Alain Fournier and Jackes Riviere.

All of them delight me. But the verses by Valery Larbaud disturb me, make me emotional, and it seems to me that these verses have the mystery of

the communion between me and Anetta: *Oh, splendeurs de la vie commune et du train-train ordinaire, a vous cette âme perdue!*

Between instinct and intelligence, between crowd an individual, between automatism and freedom, to the Christian who does not decide to enter a monastery but to live in the world, the sole solution is the balance and the right-reckoning.

The man looks at the crowd fearfully (or at the beehive, or at the termite-mountain, or to any other animal society) where the individual is only a *piece* endlessly repeating its function, and where on the perfectly circular horizon there is no "omega point" inscribed.

Descartes guessed, cybernetically, the aspect of automatic machine of each unit belonging to an animal species – as of itself the species as well.

And now, when – due to the demographical explosion and due to the science's progress – *the organization* (which Bertrand Russell saw in the antipode of the individual's freedom) it is showing itself increasingly obvious and grabbing, aren't we decisively going to automatism whose only equivalent on biological plan is the instinct? In other words, isn't the instinct - far from being the precursor and the heralder of the intelligence and an elementary for of behavior – a superior procedure, one infinitely surer?

May that not be so.

In His image and likeness. And He blew in his face breath life.

One doesn't need automatism but only civism.

The liberty doesn't mean libertinage or insanity.

After disorder – and the debauchery leads there – it always follows (Erich Kastner in *Fabian*) the stupidity, namely another persecution.

(Heliade Radulescu: I hate the tyranny and I fear of anarchy).

Due to civism, on one hand, and on the other hand due to the freedom supported and limited by morals and by faith in God, we can exit the nightmare of the beehive, of the organization, of the dressage, but without falling – stupidly – into anarchy.

(Of course, the clerks, in the name of the producer's morals and of the comfort, they would prefer this: the beehive, or, at least, all the people waiting in a line).

The equilibrium protects us from the hell prepared for us beyond the formula of Ivan Karamazov: the beastly herd.

We are should read more about the history of religions from the works of Mircea Eliade. We could thus find out that the sacrifice is a constant of the history and an impulse for the man. Without the sacrificial sense are lack the tools for construction.

We want the Tabor but without crossing through Golgotha. *It is good for us to be here*, but not *Take up your cross and follow Me*.

In this world – within which the devil reigns, so that the accountancy masters – there are two accounts, two columns, two parties; at Hindus the system of accountancy in double party is called *karma*. The Talmud speaks openly about scribe and registers. But the meaning is one and the same: one pays for everything.

The Lord *paid a price*; He *redeemed* us. The payment or the sacrifice is a law of the world, irremovable, as absolute as the physics' Boyle-Mariotte law is.

One cannot get along with a world which grants blind faith to the physics' laws but which doesn't realize the law of the sacrifice.

But in sacrifice, I who confound the accountant to the devil, shouldn't I see a calculus too, a *captatio benevolentiae* or some sort of *downpayment* as in case of *transactions*?

No! That's is an admission of the duality form the created world (*yin-Yang*, Vishnu-Siva, creation-destruction); there is also a gratuitous act.

Then, the gratuitous act of Gide is remarkable too? No, because Lafcadio reaches the ecstasy by killing, namely by another's misfortune, while we can find another absolute law at Dostoyevsky: anybody has the right to be happy, but nobody has the right to base his happiness on another's unhappiness, on mocking and on doing injustice to another. (Each individual must *invent* his own happiness on his own, by using original means, from where comes also the condemnable character of the crime, of the theft, of the adultery, of the deceit, of the denouncement; in all of these the happiness if obtained from another, it is taken away from another. The crime is parasitic).

But what if the victim is a worthless and he doesn't deserve to live? It doesn't matter, because:

a) the victim's turpitude doesn't justify the assassin;

b) the crime of Raskolnikov is a tragedy not because of the death of an old money-changer lady, but through the collapse cause within his own being;

c) the human individual – regardless how endowed and superior – still isn't God, so the human individual cannot replace God.

Constantin Hr. (my pew colleague from Darvari Hermitage) is a plumber as profession, he wears a big monastic beard, he helps the priest in the altar, and he doesn't hesitate to prophesize. He menaces with the hell anybody who: doesn't listen kneeled to the whole liturgy, or he who eats (regardless how little) meat, or he who drinks (even in small quantities) wine, or he who doesn't wake himself up at midnight to pray. He often exasperates me, but I respect him – as all the people visiting the hermitage" the sincerity of his fiery and formalistic

faith is absolute – and he belongs to the category of preachers who do what they preach. I call him "pal Costica", and especially: "brother Hr." – and he likes it.

But I know that his menaces (You cannot get saved! You cannot be called Christian if you drink, eat, or go to theater…) are part of the devilish temptation of the absolute consummation, as the laymen imagine it to be.

That is known also to the Jews: if one doesn't observe all the three hundreds and thirteen Talmudic commandments, and if you don't live in a ghetto, you cannot be a Jew.

The same mentality. One is the monastic consummation, while something else is the usual Christian life. Invoking the fact that you are not consummate – and how good that would be – it doesn't mean that you are the devil and regardless you would do all the sins it would be equal to you!

(C. Hr. is, otherwise, a devoted friend and an admirable man).

After attentively reading his last novels, Dostoyevsky appears to us as one who knew the great final mystery of the Orthodoxy: the hesychia and the prayer of the heart.

Makar Ivanovich from *The Adolescent* – the always happy man, the glad and tireless pilgrim – proves this abundantly. Makar Ivanovich cannot be touched by injustice of by evil; he is the itself embodiment of the ideal from the *Confessions of the Russian Pilgrim*, and of the verse 17 from the chapter 5 of the first *Epistle towards Thessalonians*, he is the Orthodox ceaselessly living the joy of the resurrection.

It is right that *The Adolescent* as literary work isn't the greatest among the great Dostoyevsky's novels; but Dostoyevsky buried his treasure in this *secondary place*.

September-November, the Year 1964, Fundeni Hospital

A warm, kingly autumn. The only season – usually a short one – which Bucharest unveils in how beautiful a city it is.

I am suspected of having arteritis. My bowels went crazy. And I am quite frail. S. F. told doctor Marian L. about me, and the doctor received me in the section of cardio-vascular diseases from Fundeni Hospital.

The section is on the third floor.

Everything seems to me – and it is – clean, careful, inviting, luxurious. The surgical procedures haven't started yet. My colleagues in that ward are young and glad, they have the impression of being in a vacation. We do not eat in the ward, but in a small eatery; one could say that we are in a wellness resort. At the beginning the young people still curse, especially of holy things,

but then, at my prayer, they consent to replace the curses' object for marble, sky, wax, and other innocent substantives.

(I regret the fact of being I unable to translated those curses, and so to clarify the origin of the French curse *jarnicotton*, contrived by the confessor of Henry IV, the abbot of Cotton, instead of the horrible *jarnidieu* – a contraction of the words *je renie Dieu* – the abbot proposed to the sovereign to use when cursing the word resulted from *je renie Cotton*; adopting that proposal, in a big laughter, and with great exaltation, - and validated by posterity – it is as honorable as one can get for the involved ones).

On the evening, I take the lift to the eight floor where, on the whole surface of the building, there is an immense terrace. The lights of the city spark in the distance. It creates a wonderful effect, one of greatness, and especially one of limitlessness and of freedom. *There is no wall*.

By and large, on the evening there are quite a few people on that terrace. I run from an end to another and I shout out in my mind, or openly: Glory to You, Christ our God, glory to You. I bow and I thank and, to the extent my voice allows me, I sing.

This lights-play is a little cheap, but it is enough to me. The contrast with the prison cell's wall and its blinding light-bulb is therapeutic.

A project of a letter towards Manole who lives in Brussels:

My dear, as Mauras-ist and Voltaire-ist as you were (still are?) you told me so many times that if you prayed, you would do it like La Hire did it: Lord, behave to me as I would behave to You…

Lo the way God behaved to me.

Yes, I can tell: "You have sweetened me with my longing for You, Christ, and You have changed me with Your godlike love".

On the other hand: "to the shininess of Your saints, how will I the unworthy enter? Because, if I dared to enter the chamber, my coat would prove me that I am not prepared for the wedding".

(To the imperial feast there can have access around the round table the big criminals and sinners, burning up because of their awful crimes; but what will be to "the poor and wicked", the small and petty even in their sins? They who need to be forgiven for their fear and for their rejection. The Lord forgives *anything*. He forgives even the miserable sins. There is a hope – flickering as the light of a candle – also for the dregs and the chaff of the sin).

Trixi, whom I have been often paying visits since she was excluded from the communist party, he is an easy-crier. The dramatic exclusion meeting has shaken her to the bone. Anyway, this crying differs from the crises stirred up even by the most modest joke of mine regarding the beloved rulers. I too

reached to had enough, I was avoiding her; she was susceptible and paying attention to any inflexion of the voice, so that she hung up the phone on me because of who knew why, sighing and crying. I was having harsh days and as she was raising (of maybe sinking) into the hierarchy, the misfortunes around me were multiplying, they were acquiring proportions, and I was literally going insane, I was leaving home, I was wandering – walking lonely or thronged in banger-buses – around Bucharest, in forests, to little-churches, to old mansions: Pasarea, Pustnicu, Bragadiru.

Her exclusion from the communist party, followed by the loss of her position as secretary of the organization, and then a long muscular atrophy accompanied by an acute depressive state, coming all of them upon her, they brought me again in that house from Corneliu Botez Street.

Now Tr. Is crying softly, she is telling me that she is sorry, that she is disappointed, that she wants to organize a reactionary saloon (so I to help her).

In the springtime of the year 1953, almost fully recovered, she started visiting again, once in three or four weeks, her friends from Campulung, Tanya sand Irina Ol.-ky, two Russian women born in Romania after the year 1917. In September, she handed me over a letter from Dinu Ne. whom I met at the misses Ol.-ky; Dinu has a forced residence in Campulung, he was interested in my reserve regarding him, and he hoped that I didn't bear grudge on him. In very amiable terms, he invites me to visit him.

And I have decided to visit him. Trixi is rejoicing greatly about that; she is childishly clapping her hands, and she is jumping as high as her ill legs are allowing her to do. Now she is teaching me how to proceed, where to stay in Campulung; she is giving me the address of a house next to the house where Dinu and his wife have their forced residence, and she tells me that I better won't go to the police to announce my visit.

This clandestinity seems to me a little exaggerated, but it amuses me so I obey it. I also am finding out that I am going to meet there another former student of Spiru Haret Highschool, a lot younger than me, who is a "fugitive" in that city where I haven't been since my childhood in Clucereasa, and he lives there under a false name and using a forge id card.

I am integrally following the instructions given me by Tr. I am amazed of how cordial Ne. and his wife can be and I am feeling from the beginning a reciprocal sympathy. They live not far from the river's bank, in a house having a tower and a garden, full of damp and mold, sad but not without charm, having its walls rotter my moss and invaded by a dark-green-colored ivy. (It seems conferring to the forced residence an appearance of hosting a boyar exiled to one of his mansions because of being suspected of plotting against the

voivode). I am finding out that Campulung is visited by a lot of people, that Dinu reads, exposes, summarizes, asks, answers, and comments. Among the students of Nae Ionescu he inherited the Socratic spirit to the highest degree and perseverance. The mysterious spiritist friend of his is being introduced to me as Craifaleanu; he wears a mustache grown obviously for camouflage, ridiculously bushy on a young face of a thin intellectual having reflexes of refined mundane man.

The meetings form the house with tower – during which we are served sugar-less tea, each one of us bringing his own sugar plus a couple of buns – the discussion of a highly-philosophical level exercise a strong attraction on me. Craifaleanu is a charming man, widely informed, he read all the book in the world, he adores Alphonse Dauded as I do too, and he is a strong tea-consumer – he knows how to brew it according to the procedure – he shines; a lord of a great class. He knows me from the high school, when I was in the seventh grade and he was in the first grade; I cannot remember him. We are making a strong friendship in not time, and I am quickly finding out that Craiffy is the son of the advocate Misu Paleologu, a man of great feat.

Dinu – a strong personality endowed with charismatic gifts – exercises his influence not only by speaking, by reading, by dialogues, but also by an extended and intense correspondence by letters.

After I will turn back to Bucharest, we are going to write to one another with a great and industrious regularity. As Tr. Goes to Campulung almost every fortnight, I intend to give her my letters, but then, because of being I engulfed by an absurd fear, I think that it will be better if she communicated my thought to Dinu only verbally; but she insisted to write letters and to us the regular mail (Dinu finds a great pleasure in receiving as vast as one can get correspondence).

(Dinu wants to preserve all my letters, as also the letters written him by Mihai Radulescu and others; he keeps them nicely packaged, tied up with a ribbon, so as they will be placed on the investigation table by second lieutenant Onea).

On occasions, Craiffy and Dinu come, - of course, clandestinely – to Bucharest. I am my dad accommodated them for a few times. Craiffy is venturesome, his mustache is a comedic shield, it seems to belong to acrobat props, exactly like in *Captain Francasse*, as in the circuses of Pascally or of Matei Millo at the end of his life. But the disguise holds and Craiffy has never been suspected despite living for six years in Campulung in a house next to the police headquarters; the servants of the popular-democratic state (this is a pleonasm, Manole used to say, and I will write a study called the pleonastic

political regimes) have never asked him what he is living on, where is he working at, what is the matter with that mustache-bearer and elegant young man (elegant, or dramatically in rags). Only after the amnesty granted to the political prisoners, in the year 1955, they will find out the truth.

The Year 1966

Reading the *Gospels* reminds me of this phrase uttered by Cardinal Retz: "The truth spreads around, when it is a certain karat, some kind of brightness which one cannot resist to".

Another argument, at a first glance consistent too, against Christianity, which I encounter in diverse prison cells, it is: how can be, the people say, and not only the atheists, that the deeds of a short life (oh, how short!) can lead to eternal happiness or to eternal damnation?

Surely, this disproportion seems absurd. Eternal condemnations – T.L. feels horrified and he is weighing in, he is deepening, he is retaining the second word, he is not passing further, he is trying to round that word up and to petting it with the palm of his hand but from distance, as an electrically-charged ball that can discharge a deadly lightening – eternal condemnation for things happening inside the barriers of an infima temporality! How could one possibly establish causality relations between domains separated by such a dizzying precipice as one between Paradise and hell? This is like in the examples of the elementary arithmetic teaching us that one cannot add apples to nuts.

This argument, I am answering T.L. every time, it is impressive but it is invalid because of overlooking some psychological observations regarding the perceived duration.

The suffering moments which we experience, exactly like the moments of pleasure – it we are destined to live those – we are living them as an absolute time that has exited the temporality. Well, what are six hours on the cross, they pass away! They pass quickly into temporality, but – Bergson-ianly speaking – *I do not pass at all* as *duration* – because they immobilize the time. Yes, they pass quickly to the spectator or to the commentator, but to them who doesn't only counts those hours but who crosses through those hours and who lives those hours, namely who *fills up* those hours' infinite (discontinuities of the pain pulverized in billions of billionths of a second, and who fuels them up with the particles of his blood and with the splinters of the pain along to the infinitesimal series where integration is impossible – a calculus artifice equivalent to despair – those aren't six hours, namely three thousands and six hundreds of pendulous oscillations – but those are six hours of eternity.

Ten years of absolute power of a tyrant aren't, to his impatient inheritor, aren't a simple decade but they are a time brought out of flowing and relativity, they are another entelechy that that of Heraclitus or Einstein.

But aren't the seconds of the organism connected at their turn to the cosmic absolute? On, on a trivial plan, let anyone think at the moments of a painful surgery, or of a dental extraction touching the tooth's nerve: do they seem to be synchronized to the number of pendulum's beatings?

Consequently, the disproportion which we are talking about is less absurd than be think it is. Doesn't the artistic masterpiece take us out of Time for a certain while? Proust. *Verweuile doch*. Faust didn't sell his soul for twenty, or thirty, of fifty years, but for an absolute dose of life (or duration), namely for eternity. And Brahma creates new and new eternities. Let's not make the devil more deceitful than he is: in the pacts he concludes with diverse Faust-like persons he offers them not years but eons. (Fake eons, because of being issued without the warranty of the legality reserve of the creation, and because of being useless to them to build their illusions on those eons).

Corollary: it is the same with the ancestral sin. That sin hasn't taken place only once. Each of us are committing it, individually: we leave the unity and we step under the curse of the duality of the good and bad. This sin is not only ancestral but also original.

After Investigation

No one is asked to be a hero or a martyr. Not everybody has the grace of the Saints from Lyon: Blandiana and Irenaeus whose torment exceed and defy our recording capacity – the power of the earthquake breaks up the seismograph.

(Back then was ruling the wise Mark-Aurelius).

But anyone can be required not to give more than he is asked for. The impose portion is enough, you are not required to remove with a wide gesture of your arm the little spoon stretched to you and you to grab the ladle and start stuffing yourself with the bad-smelling shit.

Here can be applied also the Talleyrand saying (Toynbee attributes it to Voltaire): *Surtout pas the zèle*.

(For God's sake! No judge grants *ultrapetita*. No sane merchant gives fifty thousand to one who asks him for five thousand. But it seems that the terror causes a phenomenon similar to those knows as paradoxical regarding the brain's physiology (for instance, a big noise doesn't wake somebody up but hearing whispers does that), with the pit effect form the nuclear physics (in the beginning the nucleus rejects with huge force the approaching particle, but if

that particle succeeds jumping over the critical point not only that the resistance decreases but that particle is even attracted, so that the rejection becomes a reckless hospitality).

Fearing a real and immediate danger – a danger localized in space and time – it is called a fear and it is a normal feeling. Fearing a virtuality (often conceived by a winged imagination) it is called cowardice. I fear: the car coming towards me at a great speed; the maniac rushing upon me wielding a knife. A rabid dog bites me or major Jack Simon hits my head against walls: the fear shivers within me. The abjection creator of catastrophes starts with the formula: Let one not say that… Let one not call that… But if somehow, I will better go and denounce him…

The panic of the terrorized one means cowardice too. The terrorized one's panic excites the terrorist; this mirrors play has an amplifying power analogue to the intensification of a spring of light placed between to reflecting surfaces.

As normal as the fear is (the fear's definition has been provided by the English people: courageous is called that man who is the only one knowing that he is afraid) as it can – by its gratuitousness – the cowardice makes mad even the most lenient man.

This challenge of the evil (because we are the ones stirring the evil up), these defensive measures taken in the absence of a motif, this zealous guaranteeing of an uncertain future (and therefore an available one), the invitation to not sparing and to dementia launched to the executioner merge to one another and they constitute a block of stubbornness colder than a glacier is, an inaccessible dense and smooth mass. Felicien Marceau's smooth uncrossable surface. The cowardice of the clerk who doesn't decide to take a perfectly legal measure, The cowardice of the references' authors who are not forced by anybody to say *absolutely everything* they know. The stubborn refusal to answer the legal and inoffensive request of a plaintiff because who know what one could think about that… The cowardice of the choir of adulators inviting the tyrant to lose any remnant of common-sense. The bribe voluntarily paid in excess to the tax. The imagination stalking, non-asleep. The contest among the terrorized ones on who will denounce more. The outrunning of the thoughts which the terrorist doesn't even dare to think and express. Diabolical, darkened, perverted preparation and smoothing of the evil's paths.

Or, maybe, the secret of the terror is that of placing the terrorized in the situation of challenging the terrorist to ask him increasingly more. That of establishing between them a tight collaboration as between the partners to a sexual act, as between patient and surgeon. That of obliging the terrorized to

redo the terrorist's thinking process and to attribute him crueler and more subtle reasonings that he really has.

Only thus I can explain the image still remaining unclear to me for a long time: the defendant *helping* the investigation (and the investigation pretention to be helped).

It is likewise with the egotism too, one that differs from the gratuitous evilness. The egotism is natural. Between two bowls I will chose the fullest one. But the gratuitous evilness isn't from the clay, it is from the devil. We are forty people in this prison cell and we have only three spoons which we barely can use. After the chief of the prison cell had been removed from this prison cell the other inmates found under his mattress ten good spoons. The evilness combines with the stupidity is a denser product, like the steel allied with wolfram, tungsten, manganite…

The benevolence and the gentleness do not necessarily imply the stupidity and they don't exclude the irony. A proof to that is the anecdote with Talleyrand and a young goldsmith. Talleyrand, in the presence of the lady, he received the young envoy of the goldsmith. He is offered two equally shiny rings. The lady can't decide which one she would choose. Talleyrand asks the young goldsmith: which one would you choose for your fiancée? The young man, hesitates a little, and then he makes his choice. Very well, take it and offer it to your fiancée, says Talleyrand smiling, I'm bestowing it to her. And the lady remains with the other ring.

We are required to have the tragical and heroic sense of the existence. And not to take them tragically.

We are required to get out of ourselves and not to think at ourselves.

And we to be indifferent to the world's things.

And we to reckon the happiness as our first duty.

And we not to forget that the first duty of the Christian is that of knowing how to suffer.

And we to be courageous and daring.

And we to be gentle and humble in heart.

And we not to draw out the sword.

And we still to belong to One Who didn't come on earth to bring peace on earth but sword and fire; a discord and separation between son and father, between daughter and mother, between daughter-in-law and mother-in-law.

And we not to value our life and we to always be ready for sacrificing our life, by defaming the vanities.

And we to have as supreme goal the achieving of the eternal life.

And we not to search for our salvation in death or in nothingness but by preserving the modest fighting condition of the man.

And we to behave like princes, we to be consummate, we to deify ourselves.

And we to see in Christianity the recopy of the perfect happiness.

And in the same time, we to see in Christendom the doctrine of the torturing of the being by a Creator determined to heal us of the world's things.

Can we any longer wonder about Kierkegaard and Chesterton making out of paradox the ground of their philosophy?

The Year 1924 or 1925

Travelling by car. (Un *Pierce-Arrow* convertible, huge). I am on the back bench between my parents.

Suddenly, among trees, it is appearing a church and the cross shining in the son.

I recall the powerful sensation produced by the shininess of the metallic cross and by its *uniqueness* in the frame of the landscape where everything was natural, only the cross was made by the hand and by the thought of the man.

Jilava Prison, January, the Year 1962

A lightning dream: a winter night with blizzard and snowdrifts, awful and ancient. On the snow-blocked and empty streets of Bucharest, a desperate man wanders around chased and tormented by the question: where could he hide himself? The police are pursuing him having the order to shoot him on spot. The fugitive looks on all directions not knowing what door him to trust his fate to (the passages or the yards wouldn't be safe). This chased man is the Captain. He is randomly taking a few steps, he is ringing the doorbell to a whatever door, whatever will be. He is in the Armeneasca Street. He has rung at my door. I am the one living there. I am opening the door, I am inviting him inside, I am not asking who him who he is (I know). I am helping him to take off his winter coat. In the room the fire is going with big flames. I am immediately starting to brew some tea, I am bringing some rum, I am agitating myself, I am serving him. I am putting the second room to his disposal – the apartment has two rooms, exactly the needed number. He is sitting frowned, the clouds of the precipice surround his tall forehead; he is enjoying the warmth and the food, but he is remaining suspicious, nimble, and relentless. He is not ready to believe whatever sayings, he is the chief, he is the fighter who studies the terrain paying attention to any detail when advancing into the unknown. I am telling him my name and he gets chills because of thinking that

I have sold him. But I am managing to convince him not to go out in the blizzard and to his perdition, and to go in the other room; still unconvinced, he accepts only because he has no other alternative. When coming back to the first room I see the flames engulfing the whole apartment…

The believer is happy, and therefore he is protected, but he is also vulnerable, *exposed* like a convalescent, as a man skinned alive. He is in his glass-house, everybody sees him and even in the most intimate situations.

As many as into Christ have you been baptized, into Christ you have been dressed up too: but not only in the glorious Christ but also in that Christ of the pain and of the abjection, that One slapped in the face by the hierarch's servant, asked while having his face covered to prophesize who is the one slapping Him, urged to rejoice, by those who kneeling before Him were actually mocking Him.

He who will drink My blood and who will eat My body, I will be with him: but it is about that blood that flowed on the cross and about that body that was tormented through crucifixion.

We not only have to elevate ourselves but we also have to light up the divine spark.

Any theophany-zed participates to the two sufferings of the Savior: the mockery and the crucifixion. He must know that in many people's eyes he seems irresistibly ridiculous, and he must also know that he has made brotherhood with the pain and he has become secret cross-brother.

I wonder, is there dwells within us some certain *main sin*, one that is truly damaging to its bearer? Does that sin - but its simple presence - reduce all the other sins to unimportant accident? Can one affirm, similarly to Buffon, that *the sin is the man himself*? Can on speak as Taine did, about the rigorously personal sin as about *une faculté maîtresse*?

Do we know which surely is the dangerous sin, by taking us heed at the path *reserved to us* towards the hell?

The medical science - by demonstrating that all the microbes are in the man's body and that only one of them, when the man is sick, it becomes a killer microbe – it describes a parallel situation.

There are physiological and moral temperaments; there are sensitivities corresponding to elements of the environment. Allergies. Sensitive to cold, for instance; let him avoid exposing himself to cold wheatear. Allergy to some perfumes: let him protect himself against some fragrances. Against the essential bringer of death sin will fight him who knows himself as having that sin; he can afford to mock the other sins.

The statistics seem to prove that only a few people sick with cancer die of tuberculosis on in car accidents. The devil is specialized. He knows where to push. He has for every man a certain gate, a *personal* gate, as in the apologue of Kafka.

The Year 1969, on Sunday

Today's sermon uttered by father G. T. reminds me about the Wednesday's prayer. By our sins we crucify Christ, by our unclean thoughts we *mock* Him.

In a sense, sinning in thought is more abject that sinning with the deed, because – by being unseen – it is necessarily accompanied by imposture and hypocrisy. You are in the privileged situation of a crook in comparison to the burglars who risk their lives, you are in the privileged situation of the thief living in the house which he steals from (*and you cannot protect yourself against such a thief*) in comparison to the highway robber, his picturesque procession, horse, and pistols included.

Each evil deed of ours puts a *spike* in His cross.

A dreadful image.

The cup which we taste out of, at impartation, it is full of His blood, a blood which there are in all the sins, all the persecutions, all the wickedness, all out pettiness. We are drinking out of those. The woman bringing to the despot the vessel full of the blood of her son killed at his command: take, satiate yourself.

A dreadful image.

But it is more dreadful that image of the spikes driven in the cross together with each sin. What the people do when, from on the cross of the little chapel the blizzard has blown away the Lord's body? They pass by it minding their own business.

And when the time has come, they stretch him again on the cross and they drive the spikes in place.

Jilava Prison, May, the Year 1960

V. is confessing me that on 10th of May he was worse than the people living in the slums were: the woke up while still was night, he prepared himself and he put on a nice countenance, and he ran on the boulevard for attending the parade. At the showing of the royal family, he had tears in his eyes. A little later on, between sleep and vigil, I am being visited by the shadow of madame Branszky, accompanied by the shadow of the pair executed in the year 1893, by the shadow of the killed king painted by Vad Dyck – so thin, to helpless -,

and by the shadow of the legitimate count of Chambord wearing his little beard seeming to that of an Austrian archduke. *Ich bin auch könig*.

Gen. 8: 12: "But the pigeon didn't come back to him". Why do I see in this sentence the whole sadness of the childhood's end? Some sort of *Mystere Frontenac*, some sort of irremediable degradation of the innocence?

The nostalgia of a world that cannot exist anymore: the childhood's street, the summer vacation, the two purifying veils: the memory and the hope?

In September the lights are turned on earlier, when the sky still isn't invisible, but it is pink-blueish, and the evenings are lukewarm: on the Calea Victorie Boulevard (I am coming from Calea Grivitei Boulevard where I have taken from, from painter Petrescu-Gaina, form his little chamber from Bratu Hotel, a pile of *Historia* magazines) it penetrates – charming, sweet-poisoned – the subtle fragrance of the Suburra.

Gherla Prison, Zarca, March, the Year 1964

I don't believe; I only play to myself the game of the faith. I am not a Christian, I cannot be one. It is an illusion, it is a good intention, it is a struggle (meritorious one, yes), but it is an impossibility because I am too far.

Long hours of calm desperation.

Then I calm myself down: good, bad, little or much believer, I still am baptized. That's a fact. God judges us also according to our thoughts. The devil holds us or not by our deeds: the deeds are opposable to him, as also through deeds he capitalizes his claims (at the scales). At him *the acts speak*.

If it is so, I am bearing the indelible seal, the tattoo; and too am forever marked with the hot iron of the Cursed One and of the Mocked One.

I am not member of the Uhlan guard regiment, but I am first lieutenant of the Infantry Regiment no. 743 dislocated in a village on the North-Eastern frontier, so that one can still say that I am an officer of the German army.

The *natural*, in the famous verse of Boileau, it of course is the same with the *truth*.

Chassez le naturel, il revient au galop. I wonder if only the natural, when chased away, it quickly comes back? The lie does the same, because of us being descendants of the sin from old, a sin committed under the sign and under the shelter of the lie. One might say that the lie has achieved a rank of natural trait in our psychical constitution, in any *episteme* generalized by Michel Foucault.

And, as the Roman-Catholic priest Ion Pop says (we are in the room no. 44 at Gherla Prison), not only in a pejorative sense: of willing and interested denaturation of the truth. But, also as a need for falsification, for changing, for

fantasizing, for masking; it might be this the reason why the Church was condemning the theater and the actors for such a long time. In this sense, the art starting with Picasso, and especially the supra-realistic art, which reassembles the created things *differently*, by dismantling the reality and by forging other reassembling of composing parts, it betrays an anti-Thomist and sinner vision on the world.

In father Ion Pop's opinion, in *Doktor Faustus* Adrian Leverkühn is punished because the dodecaphonic music it a luciferic pretention for establishing different harmonies and to contest God's laws.

To the inmates, the much-enjoyed Indian saying – it is better to stand than to walk, it is better to sit then to stand, it is better to lie down than to sit, it is better to sleep than to lied down, it is better to die than to sleep, and it would have been better for you if you hadn't been born than you to die – it represents itself the contrast value of the Christianity, that is love for life promised to be lived forever. Unamuno: the craving for the self's immortality, behold what the Christianity is.

In India, all the religions have as purpose the disappearance, the abolishment, the disgust. The Christianity, on the opposite, it is *white*, it is Goethean (*Am Anfang war die Tat* is a Christian affirmation which the author *jumped* by over the: *In the beginning there was the Word* directly to *Through Him everything was made*), it is exaltation: the happiness of *being*. In the image and in the likeness of Him Who uttered; I am what I am.

Buddha entices us with the nothingness. Christ offers us everything.

Paris, the Year 1938

In addition to the love for life the Christianity is enthusiasm too.

(How sad I imagine God must be to see the immense disgusted boredom of India, or the theorized and intelligent indifference of France!).

Chesterton: "The whole evil comes not out of the fact that the locomotives are too much admired, but out of the fact that they are insufficiently admired. It is not a sin that the locomotives are mechanical, but it is as sin that the people are mechanical".

Paris, the Year 1938

"*They were eating, they were drinking, they were marrying, until the day when Noah entered the ship and the flood came and destroyed all of them*". (Lk. 17: 27).

I am seeing so well now that the only important thing is the heroism, in a wider meaning, namely the man's possibility for suffering, for vibrating, for

struggling. The camping ideal, the formulas of *why would I care*, of *I don't give a dime*, this contempt for all *big words* (Duty and Soul and God and Man and Revolution and Mystery and Freedom and Order and Civilization) might dissolve the world.

They say they are modern. Modern was Péguy who was praying while he was on buses, for he was a hero and an enthusiast; he went to die with his body for the "bodily strongholds" in a worldly war which he reckoned as just.

(Adding, in the year 1965: Péguy followed the guidance provided by Krishna and Arjuna in *Bhagavat Gita*).

Paris, December, the Year 1938

Montherlant (in *The Equinox from September*): "Anyone who believes anything is reckoned as a sucker, ad a dumb". The whole that book was written against the "smartasses" who are convinced that they "cannot be tricked".

Feeling dreaded of being tricked – this is the obsession of the tricksters, their *honor*, the only one – it is the impulse of the lowness. Balzac (*Modeste Mignon*): "Not ever being tricked, a wicked aphorism dissolving all man's noble feelings".

Not to forget that *sucker* in Romanian comes from the German *Freiherr*, namely a free man. The free man (in chivalry the free man is confounded to the noble man) doesn't care about being tricked by a wicked one.

Bucharest, the Years 1935-1936

Manole on tradition and progress: Condorcet might have been revolutionary, but he didn't lack his common-sense, he didn't conceive the progress outside researching the past experiences and the connection with the history. Read him (thank God, the library of Carol Foundation is open for the whole day), and you will see that he expresses himself as Ortega: one cannot achieve progress except by knowing what it has been, in order him not to fall into the same mistakes.

I am respecting my grandfather much, and I must totally understand my grandfather. But he must understand me up to a certain point, and then still not to be able to understand me. This is the secret of the traditionalism.

Tradition and progress mean that there are things which he mustn't understand, but I must understand those things – deeply. Despite all of these, if he lived for a hundred years he should understand them, because those things understood and tasted by me aren't perversities and deviations, but they

are a continuation of the begun line. (As the progress would be a line drawn in advance).

Manole greatly admires Guizot.

Lo, for instance, if Guizot had come again into the world he should have found absolutely unchanged and intact: the primary notions of the human soul; the basic dispositions of the civilization; and the morals' principles. These ones have a static and permanent character. They are not into becoming. Once found out, once planted, they will be preserved. The progress consists in maintaining those or even in transforming them in more static, more indisputable, in more absolute rules.

But he should have been also in the presence of something knew and non-understandable to him: the poetry of the modern world, the aesthetics, the sensitivity, and its charm and melancholy. These ones I understand, he couldn't have understood them.

He should have found on a degree differing form the epoque he lives in, on a higher degree, the progress's thermometer. Namely the order and the freedom stronger than at the time he lived in.

But he should have quickly inform himself regarding all the things, by walking again the walked road, for that road is the logical and natural road of the progress that doesn't walk blindly, but it walks of the drawn line, it goes *further* but *in the same direction*.

And we mustn't play with the words! Lo, the comradery is for very, very nice people, and it supposes a great moral progress, it is a psychical and ethical subtlety, it is possible only among men and women strengthened in morals. But people usually say comradery while understanding debauchery. They have changed the namely, not the relation. The debauchery has been existing since the world has been existing and it doesn't constitute any novelty or progress. While the comradery – which would make Guizot wonder about, during the first moments – it is a progressist notion.

Bucharest, the Year 1931

Manole on the necessity for practicing the religion which we are born into:

My dear, I am with Jehovah in cold relationships, but honorable. Lo what Alberti, the Florentine, said: he told the city's bourgeoises to ostentatiously attend the church; not because of their religiousness, but *ad pompam*, in order they to differ from those gambling at lottery, from adventurers, and from the undignified capitalists.

We must, brother, to somewhere dominate the history and the life, but without going out of them. We need a perspective of the dignity: let's make, consequently, with much calmness, the savior hieratic gestures able to ensure the human perpetuity and honorability, let's differ from all bums: let's attend the church, namely the temple. We don't' attend the temple due to our mysticism, but ostentatiously, in our quality of modern and proud men.

Why will we make the hieratic gestures of the religion which we have been born into? Because, despite being those gesture individual, they have a social intentionality, they are collective gestures expressed individually. And why are those gestures expiatory? For they give the man the conscience of his own value by subsuming it to the historical flux. And those gestures are absolutely necessary for they are the exterior mode which we affirm in our good relations with God, God being the personification of our being's superior part and of the social elite. The hieratic gesture, therefore, they express that what is above our waist in us, they are a source of honorability. Let's go to the temple. And not discretely, not modestly: but ostentatiously!

Bucharest, the Year 1933

Manole on revolutions: how comes that immediately after the year 1789, namely after beginning and Victory, the reaction was unchained? This was because the democracy unleashed the most terrible among the reactionary forces: the masses. And why the wars started soon after? Because, as Sorel said, the pacifists are the best associates of the weapons merchants.

Do not throw pearls to the pigs, says the world. But the Gospel's text is tougher and sadder: "Do not give the holy things to the dogs, neither throw your pearls before the pigs, lest they will trample those and, *by turning, to tear you apart*" (Mt. 7: 6).

Our attention is being drawn: doing the good is a risky action, and not only that for most of the times it is useless, but it also can lead the committer to mortal dangers.

Paris, the Year 1937

In the older book written by Henri Franck before the war: If the new division of the work intended by the social regime had as only consequence the diminution of the material misery of the people, if it doesn't introduce in life, together with a little more real justice, also a new idealism, the renewal of the product ion, the rejuvenation of the art, if it doesn't spread within people's hearts an equally fiery enthusiasm as that one that animated the Christians, the Napoleon's grenadiers, and the revolutionaries, I will have deplore the ruin

of the bourgeoise civilization and I will be afraid of turning us back to barbarism... I fear, I dread... If the people don't get animated anymore by things like the Dreyfuss Affair, as the Polish uprising, as the sufferings of Alsace, as the Russian Revolution, if the people are content with a sterile Marxism, a disgusting materialism, then I will despise them and I will fear them. If the people aren't moved but by their lusts, envy, and hatred... if the people aren't ready to sacrifice their life... then everything will be lost... And, unfortunately... I am afraid it'll be so... then the people's endeavor will be aborted because the heroism lives only through zeal and trembling".

The Year 1964

The limitless importance of the incertitude feeling. The same with the anguish. I don't know. Until the moment which we receive Christ on, we don't know what the world is. And after that: we won't know what will be to us, at the end. The anguish is the sign of the human species; it is our chromosomal number of psychic plans.

God gave us Moses and the prophets; Christ gave us the Revelation and the Gospels. But on each time, actually, we are the ones who must make the decision. Hans Failada: every man dies for himself. Making a decision is equally lonely to death.

Christ helps us by His Word, but He let us decide by ourselves. And who do we decide? We have at hand to powers: the teaching of the Holy Church and the right reckoning that is an act of freedom according to the definition formulated by Denis the Rougemont: the freedom isn't a right, but it is a risk which we must assume.

We are helped, we are advised, we find mercy, we are guided: but at the end, it is the self who speaks, namely the ghost who is free.

O totally Christian phrase belonging to J. P. Sartre: "Important is not to say: Lo what they have dome out of me; but: Lo what I have done out of what they have done out of me".

July, the Year 1966

With dr. Al.-G. on Europe and Asia.

Me: The main feature of the Occidental civilization-culture is its character of generality; it can be easily adopted and adapted anywhere. The other civilizations and culture, regardless how sophisticated, they are rather regional; China and India can impropriate the white culture incomparably more quickly than Europe on theirs.

Isn't right this facility a sign of inferiority? No, there are cases which the facileness, far from signaling the superficial, it reveals a grace, and according to Alain the grace if the economy of means.

The Latin alphabet, for being the easiest to read among all existing alphabets, does that mean being inferior to the others? The Arab figures (actually Indian), are they inferior to the Latin figures? Is the decimal system inferior to other systems? By discovering the zero, didn't the Indian prove that also what is "practical" can create unguessed significations and unsuspected thinking domains"?

The generalization of the Occidental civilization-culture, the simplicity of the Latin letters and of the Arab figures, they do not belong to some areas of superficial and inferior, but they participate to the quickness and to the release of the glorified bodies. "Easy" doesn't oppose "difficult" here (in the sense of being deep, or serious) and it doesn't mean frivolous, but it defies the "burdensome", as at Simone Veil (*La pesante et la grâce*) the grace is placed in contrast to the gravitation (= attraction of the earth, slowness, burdening, fat, thickness, rudeness).

Gherla Prison, October, the Year 1963

It had been brough in our prison cell doctor L. who is a psychoanalysis. I am telling him that I don't believe that the psychoanalysis is so scientific as one claims; but I though believe that the great, the true, the touching merit of the psychoanalysis could be this: that it has studied with understanding (or, anyway, with benevolence, without disgust or suspect curiosity) some new pains.

Leon Bloy: there are in the poor human heart still inexistent places and where the suffering enters in order to finally bring them to existence. The relativity: likewise: not the space aprioristically comprises the matter, but the matter – in its expansion – creates the space.

On this line the psychoanalysis is shows itself to be if not on the more scientific aspect, at least on the most human and durable of its aspects. But than means that we encounter an appeal to "sympathy" and to compassion, and that's not quite scientific: in the first place, the psychoanalysis has forgotten a medicament, one that only ulteriorly has become a science claiming systematism and objectives, and that medicament is compassionate by definition.

Another conversation of mine with the same one:

While the terms of complex, libido, or repression were becoming so popular, another important word of the psychoanalysis was left in the shadow.

It is not a less important word; it has been overlooked because of being less pleasant and it is lass handy to everybody making of psychoanalysis exclusively a justification. That word is sublimation.

The vulgarizers of the psychoanalysis resemble to the Innocenti heretics who, out of the verse *where the sin has multiplied, the gift has been abundant* (Rom. 5: 20), they deduce not only the right to existence but also to thriving and to spreading the sin.

The truth differs: the grace helps the big sinners to get out of their ins and not to stubbornly keep committing it. Out of libido Freud doesn't make a dwelling place for leavening the neuroses or the psychoses, but he makes of it a ground for perfectioning, a substance which one can filter out of increasingly refined products.

So, the sublimation is the decisive word of the psychoanalysis; it is the target, and right this word has been covered with the forgetfulness's and indifference's veil.

My last conversation with doctor L.:

I am telling him that there are some verses by T. S. Elion which wonderfully suit the psychoanalysis. I am paraphrasing those verses for him.

Later on, in Bucharest, I read them again: "*We must try to penetrate the other private worlds / of make believe and fear. / To rest in our own sufferings: evasion of suffering. / We must learn to suffer more*".

We must try to penetrate the other private worlds of make believe and fear; this is because the unbalanced *have got out of generality*, they have searched for refuge in some universe of theirs, one differing from that initiated by the divine power, and there dominate the devilish weapons: the unreality, the fear; *if we remained only in our own suffering, we would shun the pain*: the pain can be a school of the egotism, the contact with the suffering won't ennoble if it becomes a reason for self-compassion, for self-pampering, egocentrism, a cult of the suffering ego; *we must learn how to suffer more*: it isn't only the object of any psychoanalysis, but it is the mode which the Christian attacks on the problem of the life, it is *his approach*, it is his wrench, it is his key for escaping the hedonistic life.

Why do we suffer? Why there is injustice? Why the things aren't as they should be? Why am I, Lord, so despicable, and why are the others so indifferent? Why do we get sick and why do we die? Why the evil people thrive while the good people are punished? Why the cunning one laughs at us?

The *Bible* solves all these logic, wise, modest, justified questions of ours by *an act of authority* and by an undisputable answer. The sentence is served while sitting on a chair, the deliberation hasn't taken too long. Both in the Old

Testament and in the New Testament, the speech is direct, plain, non-meandrous.

Paul (Rom. 9: 2-23) cuts the chase short: "But man, who are you to answer against God? Will the creature say to Him Who created it: why have You made me like this? Or, doesn't have the potter power over his clay so that him to make of the same clay an honorable vessel and another dishonorable? And what is if God, wanting to show His anger and to make know His power, He endures with much patience the vessels of His anger prepared for perdition? An in order Him to show the richness of His glory towards vessels of the mercy which He has prepared in advance towards glory?".

Voilà ce qui s'appelle parler. Short and comprising. *Good old strong language*. That's why Luther, Calvin, and the Jansenists thought they could jubilate. That's it! Right in the face. If you like it.

In the *book of Job*, Elihu, the son of Barahuel of Buz puts an end to the complains of Job and to the skillful discussion of his friend in the same military style:

Job 33: 12-13:

"But here I am answering you that you are wrong, for God is greater than the man is!

Why do you speak against Him, because he doesn't answer anybody for all the things He does?".

Job: 35: 4-7:

"Lo what I am answering to you and to your friends:

Look at the skies and direct your eyes there; look at the clouds; how high are they in comparison to you!

If you commit sin, what harm will you do to God, and if you have numerous sins, will that harm God?

If you are righteous, what gift you bestow Him and He accepts it from your hand?"

Job. 36: 22-23:

"Yes, God is unspeakably great by His power! Who can teach like He does?

Who taught Him how to behave? And who can tell Him: You did this wrong?"

Job. 37: 23-24:

"We cannot reach the Almighty with our power, for He is absolutely high in power and rich in judgment and He never tramples the justice.

That's why the people fear Him and worship Him, but He doesn't look at any of those who think that themselves are wise".

And after Elihu's speech, Job draws the only possible conclusion, speaking to the Lord:

Job 42: 3:

"Who dares, as You said, to gossip my plans because of his lack of wisdom? I really talked without understanding, about all-wonderful things for me – I didn't know".

People usually like reading the first thirty-one chapters from the *Book of Job*, recounting the creature's dispute with the Maker, and the bewilderments, and the protests formulated by logics and by the sense of the justice – the meeting of the quarrel of the man with God. But they usually avoid reading the end of the mentioned book. Still, the end if the one providing the clue of the cypher.

The deciphered cypher is simple: we cannot understand. We are surrounded by mysteries. The only thing we can do is that of humbling ourselves, to become sapient. We only can repeat the prayer: "Have mercy on us, Lord, have mercy on us, because we are unable to give any answer to that we, Your servants, are bringing this prayer to You as to a Master; have mercy on us". *Not being able to give any answer*.

Why do we suffer and why there is injustice? Among other things, also because the life is an adventure, it is The Adventure. Chesterton: Adventure isn't boarding a luxury yacht and going around the world; adventure (and romanticism) is to bring forth fruits in the life *fallen to you* where you haphazardly were born and in the *given* conditions. This is the most tied to dangers, to unpredicted, and to Mystery.

(As also the greatest wonder is that there are steadfast laws and that the universe functions according to those laws, the wonders being the exceptions from those laws).

There are people among people. The regulation is *one* and the orders are *the same*. But not al the wardens apply those in the same way. Some of them use a zealous care, stubbornness, and they enjoy doing it. An entire panorama. A warden nicknamed *Church*, at Jilava prison, who received his nickname because he curses using only the word *church* just because he knows that he offends the believers (and he imagines that the political detainees must be very churchly). The *Marechal*, short, overwhelmingly content with his position and with himself, throwing superior, cold, and despising gazes, he crosses along the front of the inmates' formation as he would have swallowed a spear; when he received the report he passes by the front of the formation with a delighted smile, as he would be Napoleon before Austerlitz battle – and that (unwillingly) always produces some fun. *Cat*, whose pleasure is that of unnoticedly sneaking

in the prison cell to catch in fact those napping. And the others: the cruel ones, the savages, the bullies, the distributers of solitary confinement days, of hours of standing kneeled or under the bed. One who has a thin nose and who wears glasses with a metal frame like he was a character from Caragiale's writings, short, stinking of evilness from distance as the drunkard stinks of buzz. Those who are evil because they are indifferent, because they are conscious, of because they are stupid. The ones suffering of psychical complexes. The sadistic. The eaters of crushed glass and the bearers of barbwire on their bare skin, like the aunt of Bertie Wooster. The imbeciles who *believe* the oral instructions they receive and who take seriously what they are told about the criminality of the political detainees. We are identifying their manias to all of them, in order to protect ourselves, in order to accustom ourselves, like the girls in brothels know the *mania* of each of their client.

Lieutenant Stefan exceeds all of them by his innovation: the shaking of the mattresses, a main torture and a supreme trouble. The mattresses at Jilava Prison aren't squared, aren't rectangular, aren't spherical. Their shape belongs to the figures of the descriptive geometry or of the non-Euclidian geometries; it is an equivalent of the unreal numbers; they are some sort of non-flying UFOs. They are made of some worn fabric, torn apart, and at the slightest touch they spread clouds of fabric debris, of dust, of darkness, of rime composed out of crystalized dirt, which float through the unaired chamber for days, like a smog. Armies of devils come out of those mattresses in the same time with the debris and with the dust and they nest in the inmates' souls, they poison those souls, and they exacerbate their nervosity and they drove them to desperation. They pollute even the most hidden corners of that prison cell.

But behold that the live isn't only white and black, and not all the people are alike. There are wardens who do not apply the regulations with the same stubbornness and who do not obey the order without reflecting on them. The *Korean* and Boiereanu from Gherla Prison, Nedelea from Jilava prison (the names of the investigators from the Secret Police and the names of the wardens are pseudonyms), or him who tells us (when he knows that there are not informers present): If I applied you the regulation exactly, none of you would get out of here. Those wardens do not open the prisons gates and they do not cut the bars with the file in order us to evade. They do not contravene to the orders. They do not break the laws. But they aren't overzealous. They do not offend. They perform body searches without being convinced that a needle mare of a wire could endanger the state's security. Finding occasions for leniently smiling, for throwing in a cigarette butt, for solving a situation without applying disciplinary measures. Moderates.

That is a proof that a nice and a little clever man can go around the criminal orders without conflicting the rulers.

That is something possible.

There is heroism and holiness. But there is also a moderation, of course, an unpretentious one, but which is very valuable too. For how many times aren't blessed them who – avoidantly – know how to apply – humanly, Christianly, Romanian-ly, old-ly – the unyielding letter.

But does the existence of the decent wardens prove that the regime is good? Does that prove that, still in the frame of the regime, one can achieve the forms leading to freedom?

By no means. It doesn't prove such a thing.

But what does it prove then?

It proves that God is Almighty.

Once He can find His servants even among the wardens of the prison and among the workers of the Secret Service, and that means that the divinity's power has no limits.

In *Doctor Jivago* there is an episodic character whose manifestations are always benefic; it is a general of the Secret Service, called Yevgraf, and he can do anything: he provides apartments, butter, chocolate, oranges, and medicaments which one cannot find to buy anywhere.

Does the presence of Yevgraf prove that the communist regime is a good regime?

It proves:

a) in the communist regime the good can be achieved only *haphazardly*, on *meandrous* and *illegal* paths, namely unconfirm to the principles, and therefore *unprincipled* (conclusion: between the idea of communism and the Good there is a principled discrepancy);

b) it proves that God – Who is beyond good and evil – doesn't hesitate to work with anyone and to resort to anyone in order to fulfill His plans or for alleviating the sufferings of the people, even though that would mean employing the oppressors, as: Nicodemus the Pharisee, who was *one of them* (member of the judgment board); Paul the persecutor; Cornelius the centurion; the publicans…

What does it work like, the perfect demented logics? The premises: the bourgeoisie must die; who is not with us, he is with them. Conclusion: Hit him with the crowbar.

It might be that the arrests from the period 1947-1950 had also a character of political terror. The arrests form the period 1958-1959 were only demented. The regime was consolidated, any political justification to continue

arresting people vanished. The machine kept rolling by itself. The broom of the sorcerer's apprentice beats the drum. They forgot the target. *Swallow, chew up*. There were arrested the spiritists, the bridge players, the dancers, the choir members. The group of the spiritists, the group of the bridge-players, the group of the Patriarchy, the group of the radio-listeners, the group of the commentators, the group of the philatelists (on one postage stamp was the image of marshal Antonescu).

Be aware, gentlemen, that the devil too stays at the door, exactly like the Lord stays. But, instead of being applied the *Apocalypse* 3: 20, namely the discrete and the noble "behold, I am staying at the door and I am knocking, *if* somebody hears he will open…", it is applied the *Genesis* 7, namely the rude: "*he stalks* at your door". And the insanity – that is the absence of the ghost, of the divine breath -, daughter of the devil, it too stays having its luggage prepared, ready to enter anytime – gloomy or debauched – the house, the mind, the limbs.

They are waiting only for being called, all of them: the good, the devil, and the insanity.

The difference is in manner: it is royal at the first one, it is rude to the others. Heine: *rief den Teufel und er kamm*. Only that, the people living in the XX Century could ascertain that it is not so "charming" as the progressist poet thought it to be.

Maurras : the civilizations are equally vulnerable as the individuals are, it is enough to stick a dagger into their back so they to vanish.

The mental equilibrium of the individuals and of the collectivities isn't less fragile, it stays on a knife edge.

(It might be that I'm not mentioning haphazardly this object uses also for killing).

When some entelechy becomes absolute (regardless of being good) and it achieves a monopoly character, the dementia is nearby.

The politicians of Calvin, Robespierre, and Hitler sort, who don't experience any other satisfaction or who have no other preoccupation except that of applying in practice the way of the politics of their unique idea, they reach insanity easily.

Ian Knott: Hamlet is insane, because when the politics eliminates all the other sentiments it becomes itself a big insanity.

One can go so far that to uphold the weaknesses, the vices, and the vices of the political leaders even become ground for limitation and taming, a source of freedom. A "putrid" as principal Barras will be more tolerant and he will do less harm than the incorruptible Robespierre. Our luck, says a noble character

of Balzac, it was the fact that Napoleon's sister were some whores; otherwise, it would have been very bad to us!

The paradox is explainable: the virtues too are submitted to relativity and they do not become efficient except by being place in the service of the divine Good and by being practiced in the name of Christ. Otherwise, the vegetarians, the anti-alcoholism adepts, the sexual abstinent, the industrious, the insomniacs, they can very well serve the devil. Both the monks and the heroin addicted reach ecstasy, but the monks do that by practicing the prayer of the heart. The Lord warned us by telling us that the demon can take a countenance of luminous angel.

On the other side of the mirror – if I may say so – it is the same: not any suffering is valid. The evil thief didn't suffer less than the other thief, but he did that to no avail. The virtue and the suffering, therefore, they too are submitted to the relativity of the worldly realities: they are valid only through their meaning.

But the impartation itself! it will be to you according to the way you have come close to it: towards good, towards the healing of your soul and of your body, towards the forgiveness of your sins and toward the eternal life, towards joy, towards health, and towards gladness – or towards damnation.

Henry de Montherlant in *Port-Royal*: "There is a fruitless suffering, a dead suffering and which drags in its death everything the soul has around it… But, pay attention! If you believed that it was enough to know the suffering in order you to be saved, you would be utterly wrong.

You will suffer to no avail if you are outside the Church. How many heretics risked their lives? The devil has its martyrs too.

While I am recounting the *Karamazov Brothers* in the prison cell no. 44 and making the distinction between the suffering that is not always savior to the sufferer, and the always holy suffering as a show, father Ion Pop get upset with me and with Dostoyevsky, and even with the Orthodoxy (I am the one to be blamed because I affirmed that that is the Orthodox conception).

Dostoyevsky, speaking about the difficulty of contouring positive characters says that he doesn't' know in the universal literature but two such positive characters: Don Quixote and mister Pickwick. "Among all the beautiful figures of the literature the most consummate is Don Quixote".

Thibaudet. His idea is that to the writer comes more easily that what is inferior, and more difficult that what is superior.

Example: Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, where Homais is so alive, and professor Lariviere is so faded.

Prince Miskin must be, of course, added to the two names mentioned by Dostoyevsky, as Hamlet and Alceste too. At Miskin, Romano Guardini dares to discern eristical elements. The nimbus surrounding his head after he had been slapped by Ganea. In *Pickwick again*, without any doubt that everybody behaves like Chesterton notices: as they would be in Paradise. Here, the bonhomie, the good will, the kindness, and the gladness, they are the steps of James's ladder.

But nowhere the evangelical paradox is so obvious as in Don Quixote, nowhere the problem is so universally put, nowhere the distances and the closeness to the ideal, the oscillations between what we are and what we want to be, between what we have forgotten that we are and we should be, between that what we have reached to be and we are destined to be, are not more heartbreaking contrasted, nowhere else the endless game: castle-pub, wicked man–noble man, man–demon or man–angel, they do not unfold anywhere else in a more thrilling rhythm.

The Year 1965

The Romanian translation of *Don Quixote* (E. Papu, I. Frunzetti) allows the reader to deepen the so extraordinary meanings of the book.

As the translations by Murnu do that as well. Why (this question belongs to Lovinescu), after being translated in Romanian, Homer is savorier, and more untransformed as in case of being translated in other languages? This is because the Romanian language preserves a telluric fragrance lost in other languages in times immemorial, so that the Romanian, as such, it is matched by the saying about Nicolae Filipescu: the only boyar smelling of peasant-like sheepskin-coat.

The French translations which so many Romanian readers snook in around Don Quixote are cold, adorned, gracious, but mechanical; the subjunctives are sumptuous, but the stylistic figures are sterilizing.

The Romanian language, by the opposition between Latin and Oriental elements, it specifies the parallelism, it reflects in the mirror of the speaking the Don Quixote – Dancho Pancha duality, amplifying it, bringing in the backstage the bipolarism of the human nature, without needing, as in other languages, to resort to trivialities.

The knight is closer to Latin language, while the shield-bearer uses everything that is Balkan, Turkish, Levantine, Phanariot. Thus, the breakage is even more intense, while the hero appears a little further on: poor like Dionis, insane as Calin, equally noble to the Morningstar, joker like Nastratin, older brother to Pacala and Pepelea, himself is the man called by Christ to exit

himself and to dare to be, to become again himself as he was in the beginning. The re-ennoblement, the re-deification of the man and of the world, behold the purpose of the Gospel, and behold also the theme form *Don Quixote*.

April, the Year 1960

The most awful part of the lawsuits which the defendant confesses and admits all accusations in, it is the fact that ninety-five percents of his confession corresponds to the truth, except one thing: those deeds aren't criminal deeds.

That's why the Occidental lawyers were deceived: they had been used to the classic forms of the trials, they had researched the conformity between declarations and deeds, but they hadn't ever realized that those deeds hadn't been criminal at all. They were so convinced, it seemed so obvious to them that the incriminated deeds were crimes, so that they reckoned the whole thing as obvious. They didn't revise the axioms.

The accusations brought to us were false. I read some books by Mircea Eliade, by Cioran, by Eugen Ionescu. I often visited T. where we had tea out of the *Rosenkavalier* tea service, to have fatic dialogues, and to unburden our souls.

Tajk, rightly-so, he met Tito: why wouldn't the chief of a government have visited the chief of the government of a neighbor and allied state?

It would have been much less grave the condemnation for inexistent deeds. It would have been a simple judicial error. Giraudoux: *Titanic's* wreckage was a gentle misfortune, it entered the rhythm of the life, the last good life was before the year 1914 when it started the unexpected, original catastrophe. Soljenitin (of Pasternak): when the war broke out in the year 1941 the people sighed of relief because of finally getting out of the phantasmagory of the terror in order to walk again on the normal road of an old human misfortune. Jules Romains saw it, Kafka foretold it: *The police for the nice people*. What does the anti-Christian-ism do? It generalizes the sin, now all people are in a state of permanent guilt, you are no longer condemned for what you have done but for what you are.

The Year 1968

The conception of architect Nicholas Schoffer on art (the artistical emotion can be achieve in its entirety on cortex, without any longer be needed the intervention of some artistical means) isn't it a mode of expressing the religious ecstasy?

The artwork provides a state totally similar to hesychia (Quietude + Souly Peace – Happiness, namely a spiritual QSPH similar to the basic chemical formula of CHON of the organic life).

Manole:

Ortega teaches us not to give the "new morals" the honor of reckoning it as new morals. There is no such thing as "new morals", it is only a label adopted by the mass-man as title for his immoralism, to his desire for no longer having any duty, for no longer obeying any rules.

Right without duties, y'all, it is like wanting to have light without darkness and eating polenta without boiling the corn-flour. The right and the duty, behold the best example of invariable couple.

Ortega (close to the WWII): the today's people adopt tragic attitudes and they play the tragedy because of thinking that the today's world is no longer possible.

They seem kike spoiled children affording to do anything because of knowing that they won't risk anything, and they issue bad checks because they know their family will eventually intervene and pay. But the tragedy is still possible.

The war and the ulterior happenings confirmed Ortega's sayings. Now, as the tragedy got banal, it is partaker to the environment, it is too an element of the ecology.

The truth about the *immediateness* of the tragedy has been revealed, since the beginning, by the Christian. Once the Savior has died on the cross paying for us with His blood and death, there will be no doubt that at the basis of the surrounding mysteries there will be something tragical. The resurrection is joy, but Gabatha, the Calvary, and Golgotha don't allow us, even for a moment, to lose the tragedy from our sight.

Pascal didn't lose it: The last act will be bloody, regardless how funny the comedy has been; the man gets dirt thrown in his face, and that's the closure.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… Ah, I've forgotten, Hispano-Suiza, a good car-brand appears in the book of Piètre Fondai, L'homme â l'Hispano*, that young man committing suicide because of lying to his girlfriend that he was a rich man, while he actually was broke, and he borrowed the car of a friend of his… But the coffeeshops! Without any doubt, the best in the country was Embacher from Fagaras, then I would call Dimbovidceanu from Cimpulung, Manzavinatto from Galati, Flagnerla from Brasov, Avgherinides from Balcic, at Issi there were two of them, Tufli and Georges, equally good… But what about the novellas of Negruzzi and Odobescu?*

And with Interior *by Finteneru, or with* The Dead Girls *by Missir?... In Bucharest the great master was only one, Marinescu from* Orange, *on the Pache Boulevard, who worked at Capsa, unmatched in making chestnuts cremes... The best trout, let me tell you, it is that smoked in pine blades... Nestle is* ortie, *of course... Demetrios tells it to Marcellus...*

The fact that isn't so simple, that isn't anything on a pink background, that at the beginning it had been a catastrophe, something terrible, it is proven by the sufferings and by the killing: starting with the killing of the righteous Abel – crossing through the slaughtering of the little children – and up to the awful Crucifixion and to any sadistic crime. Ove all of these persists like a mist of blood and darkness, of absurd and of helpless shouting out, doubtlessly indicating something dreadful, fierce, ugly.

Cardinal Newman: "What can one say about this fact of the human suffering that pierces the hearts and that confuses the reason? I cannot answer but: either there is not Creator, or this living society of the people is truly banished away from His presence... *If* there is a God, and for *God exists*, it means that the human species is involved in some terrible origin calamity".

Jilava Prison, March, the Year 1962

Painter George Catargi, the miniaturist, he is an extraordinary stories teller – and he has plenty of stories to tell. He was born at Reni, he knew the sybarite life lived by the landowners before the year 1914; they had their own club constituted in the image of the Londonese clubs; they bought their clothes in Paris; they washed and ironed abroad almost all their clothes except underwear, as for instance did Alexandru Marghiloman.

Catargi studied in Odessa and Petrograd, he was officer in the Red Army, and he travelled around the world accompanying Queen Mary.

Due to the fact that only a few painters chose to pain miniatures (he had only one rival, a Sweed), he earnt a lot of money and he exposed his works in very diverse countries, some of them vary far away (South Africa).

He was arrested and condemned for practicing the spiritism and for practicing the therapy by magnetism, he doesn't lose any occasion without speaking – convincedly – about horoscopes, hermetism, psychosomatic impulses, pyramids, Mayan civilization, the ruins form Yucatan Peninsula, the fourth dimension, the parallel worlds, the huge statues from Rapa-Nui Island, the process and the secrets of the Templar Knights. Moses, of course, to him is the nephew of Ramses II from his sister, the Egyptians visited America, Atlantis is the mother of all civilizations and initiates, the flying saucers carry extraterrestrial beings who are much superior to us.

I am listening to him enough coldly. And this was until I almost got deaf in my right ear because of the treatment applied by Onea to me, namely banging my head against the wall. I accept to allow Catargi to perform some magnetic passes upon me. After around ten sessions, I hear again, perfectly!

Catargi rejoices with the whole his heart: we agreed to visit him after liberation. He lived in the top part of the tower of a beautiful red colored villa on the Patriarchy's hill. He promised to prepare for me all kinds of goodies – for he is a foody and a refined gastronome – especially sesame pretzels cut in halves, having their core removed, and filled up with a mix of butter, sardines, and olives, and then cocked in the oven.

The taste of that simple but refined food, served in that tower having a panoramic view over the entire city I wasn't destined to know. George Catargiu died (heart failure) a little after he cured me, and without taking offence in my affirmation that I cannot see in Christ simply a great initiated responsible for the solar system, neither a supra-terrestrial being whose cadaver was stolen by his fellow citizens from that tomb carved in stone and which nobody was placed in before.

December, the Year 1955

Virgil Cand.:

"Some people come and say: I would live a Christian life if I could… if I had conditions, if it was… but it is impossible to me right now… And I answer them: This is the live you are partaker to, this is the *lottery prize* you have won; *now* you must be a Christian; if you wait for having comfort and time to spare and to be again peace and wellness and the landlady to go to the market and you to find cheese at all grocery stores, you will miss the occasion for being that what you say you want to be. You must be able to confess yourself as Christian everywhere, on the train, in the basement, among stupid people, in a common locative space, on the cross, in a passing chamber, staying in a line".

The Year 1961

He didn't mention the prison; he knew that there is easy.

(I remember his words on the occasion of an interrogatory I am submitted to and asked about Virgil Cand., Paul Sim., and Al. El).

From the point of view of our full responsibility I think that the existentialist philosophers are right. The excuse: "the circumstances opposed that" is invoked only by weak and undecided people. To a strong personality – among those whom Alain called crocodile-natures: Goethe, Descartes,

Stendhal, Spinoza – the circumstances rather are that what the historian Arnold Toynbee calls as *challenge*, a provocation, an impulse.

People who have something to do and to say aren't stopped by a happening, by a "misfortune": only to people like mister Barthelemy being evicted from their house (on the occasion of his hurries eviction from *Temple*, in order to make room for the royal pair who was to be accommodated there in the autumn of the year 1792) it will focus the rest of their life upon lawsuits and interventions aiming to regain their possessions; only on such people ethe trivial fact – regardless how unpleasant and unjust – could deviate them from their path; the others pass like the express-trains without stopping in small rail stations, they advance as the relay races, carrying their message held tight to their chest or in their fist.

After all, the circumstances are almost always difficult. And each individual – continues Alain – obtains whatever he wants, but what he *really* wants, and not that what he says he would like having; namely that what is achieved by total sacrifice, with undenied stubbornness, by breaking the law, by renouncing to have any scruples. The circumstances cannot be an excuse but for the losers and the losers – on a social or spiritual plan (as one of them says it) – are those giving up or not cherishing their goal as much as needed. (Or they didn't perceive their goal sufficiently clear).

The comforting differs, it is expressed by the Englishmen saying: it is rather about fighting to the very end than about winning.

The victory isn't mandatory. Mandatory is the fight. You mustn't surrender yourself from the first moment, as the German social-democrats did in the year 1932.

The goat of mister Seguin, in the Alphonse Daudet's story, it was eaten by the wolf; but *at dawn*, after it had been fighting for the whole night.

This is our only holy duty: if we are destined to fall, let it be at dawn.

But, father G. T. says, in Christianity is different; you must win. The heavens are entered only by those who have won in the war waged to satan. Woe to the defeated.

About that pub which Don Quixote asked the peasants in to see – disenchanting the pub and disenchanting himself – a castle (that castle whose free and legitimate inheritors are as the sons called to consummation by a consummate Father), as the American Henry David Thoreau rightly said: "If you built castles in air, you wouldn't work vainly, because there should be all the castles. Now just place underneath those castles their foundations too".

Bucharest, the Year 1964

Although I had the experience of the happiness after receiving the baptism, I am waiting, with curiosity, for the first impartation in the church. I am not disappointed. I have walked towards the alter, trembling, and I have turned back to my place inundated by joy and serenity. To the euphoric detachment produced by drugs – as I heard – it is added here the desire for *doing* the good to other people, and impartial understanding of any human being; not the slightly hysterical gentleness of that one who has just found out some good news and he competes to be benevolent to all people, but a deep decision to behave nicely. Yes, as Queen Mary promised in the beginning of her reigning: *I shall be good*.

But there is a worry too. You feel much more responsible, indebted. (Lk. 12: 48): "And anyone who has been given much, he will be asked to give much back, and whom it was entrusted much, he will be asked to give back more"). And what can be more than itself the Body and itself the Blood?

Jilava Prison, the Year 1961

The founder of the Adventist sect who established as term for the second coming of the Savior the year 1844 (first, in the spring, and then in the autumn), the Jehovah's Witnesses, and the Millennialists, all the them overlook the Savior's categorical words (Mt. 24: 36; Lk. 17: 20) showing that that day and that time aren't known to anybody, either by angels, or by the Son, but only by the Father.

The sectarian calculus is based on risky interpretations of some obscure texts present in the prophecies of Ezekiel and Daniel and Apocalypse, and they prove haughtiness.

I think the Catholic Church is right forbidding the laymen to read and interpret the *Apocalypse* on their own.

There always have been apocalyptic scenes during history, and the truth (consequence of the last words from Lk. 4: 6) might be simple: the catastrophic times are a constant of the mankind, a parameter of the world living under curse. There are many signs, on each time, and many boast themselves thinking that they identify those signs as part of the ensemble of the end of time. There is a temptation (proud and impatient) of the end of the world.

And the mystery of the Final Judgment is a well-kept one, and the childish attempts to unveil it are a defiance brought to God's saying.

On equality as passion:

Saint Gregory of Nazianzus: the desire for equality is that that caused Lucifer's falling.

"The *bible* isn't an exemplary book" (*The Catechism of the Dutch catholic Bishops*).

That gate destined to each man individually, mentioned by Kafka in his apologue from the end of the *Process*, it confirms me the opinion that we all receive from the divinity our own task. The divinity gives us, under diverse forms, numerous occasions during our life, but we cannot escape that very task given us; we keep turning ourselves back to it, for it is the orbit we are moving on, and the happening which we come across to and the options we are offered keep sending us back to our task.

This task is called by some people as "destiny", while other people refer to it when, I think, they say that the freedom consists of accepting the necessity. Thus, the hazard is limited specifically to each of us.

(The Christian admits these, but he knows something more: the faith is the *supreme secret weapon* that annihilates all the necessities, the circumstances, and the situations, and it pulverizes the hazard).

I reckon as a sign of noblesse the capacity of speaking with respect and tolerance about an enemy. An example: the way the *Catechism of the Dutch Bishops* ends the paragraph dedicated to the bloody religious wars from the Century XVI: "May everybody's blood be fruitful".

The Year 1935

Although the logics of a Marras-like logics would want us to adopt that strict and traditional form of the religion which we belong to by the happening of our birth, after the experience of the Orthodox synagogue, we visit also the Coral Temple, closer to downtown, vaster, more elegant, having their own organ and choir. Manole enjoys to little the protestant-liberal atmosphere. But he hopes for not hearing Romanian-ized Hebrew words.

It hasn't taken long and the person who like calling himself as Chief-Rabi senator dr. I. Niemirover - the chief of the temple - has become public enemy number one to Manole. Manole is annoyed by the too pronounced "rrr"s, by the too big belly of the cleric, by his strikingly civilian clothes, by the confuse oratorical periods, by a very strict rationalistic philosophy ("I am mentioning here the disgusting masoning custom of tickling your palm with three fingers when you shake up their hands, and the three dots placed under their signature").

And, in addition to that, the speeches of the Chief-Rabi borrow an odd Romanian language and he seems to sing his words on a melody upsetting the ears of a man originating on the Danube River's banks. Using – of course because of a lapsus linguae – in making a historical comparison of the word

Catalina put an end to our Coral adventure" Manole doesn't want to step inside that Temple anymore, neither to hear the speeches of that senator doctor.

Our Savior, after His resurrection, crosses through locked up doors. If we limited ourselves to reckon as a mystery only this kind, we would fall into sensationalism, and we would confound Christ to fakirs and to thaumaturges. The mysteries, as the *Catechism of the Dutch Bishops* says, they describe an unspeakable more comprising circumference. There is another wonder, one truly great and worthy of making us shiver: the presence everywhere and in the same time of our Savior. We pass by this wonder as it wouldn't be the main wonder; we are too attracted by a passed wonder risking to become (though authentic) a stumbling stone to the weak minds.

And then, in the year 1936, there came the polemics between the "Universul" and "Dimineata" newspapers that made Manole lose his patience and that worried him. He hit back by writing a letter of dissociation from the Sarindar press – a tough but balanced letter – which he proposed it to be signed by the Jewish clergy and community. We didn't have any success, and we were looked at with hostility and contempt.

Napoleon Arie, who was – as Manole too – a member of the conservative party under the leadership of Grigore N. Filipescu, he wanted to help us, btu he didn't' have enough influence. A new letter, signed both by Manole and me, was conceived and written, but again to no avail.

Everyone who, scholar of commoner, they are content of receiving - regarding the great questions asked by the man on his purpose in this world, on universe and on life, on suffering and of injustice phrases like: the universe has been existing forever and it will forever exist, the life is a natural phenomenon, the hazard created everything, the thinking is the superior form of the human conscience, they actually prove to be too less exigent. Such answers are simple simplistic stereotypies, and they are equal to the saying: shut up when you are talking to me.

On the contrary, nothing is usual and everything is wonderful. The evolution is a mystery and a wonder. The questions asked by the conscience to itself are a mystery. The nature and its implacable laws are a wonder. From all quarters, are a surrounded by wonders which rush upon us ceaselessly and more persistently than the cosmic rays. And not even the stupidity or the indifference can finally constitute a shield protecting us against the wonders, in the sense that the Earth's magnetic field somewhat deflects the shock of the mesons. The anguish (or the exaltation) will finally shake up any soul, even the most obtuse of souls: it shakes him up in the prison cell, on the suffering bed, on the moment of his death, in the street, on a highway. Anty fact is anti-

destiny. Any masterpiece is anti-nature. Any decision is anti-inexistence. The love for your neighbor (as *The Catechism of the Dutch Bishops* says) if a mystery of the faith. The love and the forgiveness aren't natural. Naturla is the second principle of the thermodynamics.

Sestov: the universe's development isn't natural at all; natural would be that there was absolutely nothing, either universe or development.

The man himself is a mystery for the divinity dwells within man. The Blessed Augustine: "God created the man in His image and likeness, in the thinking: there is the image of God. That's why the thinking cannot be understood neither by itself, because it is an image of God". *Mens ipsa non protest comprehendi nec a se ipse ubi est imago Dei*.

The Year 1948

There is in this art - which I am coming across to after being liberated from prison – an asceticism, a renunciation to matter (*less is more*), and aspiration to pure shapes, towards geometry, one that would be "the good essence, that one uncorrupted by the multiple contingencies of the reality. Some sort of Manicheism. Or, anyway, some sort of Franciscan poverty: the matter and the nature aren't evil per se, but they are worthy to be despised as secondary. This tendency is Platonist, from templates, from models, and form essences.

The Year 1964, Autumn

A project of letter intended to be sent to Brussels:

I Know, Manole, that you didn't' get upset in the faraway Brussels; you shrugged, you maybe smiled. Despite the intelligent egotism hurt you a little – intelligent egotism whose follower you are now, as you wrote me, as Stendhal at Civita Vecchia, towards the end – that intelligent egotism of yours urged you not to insist, not to grant to much importance to one more of the life's happenings. Besides, as I have done it too, you too removed long time ago, from the lexicon, the verb to wonder.

I owe you my little common sense which I can seek my refuge to, I owe you to have succeeded, later than the others, to orient myself, a little in this world that is entangled to me; I owe you to have been brought out of the bog of the conventional lies which are so specific to the society and to the epoque which we were young in, and to have entered the connection with "so honorable man" as Tocqueville, Guizot, Royer-Collard, de Broglie, Prevost, Paradol, and I cannot remember how many lords lawyers and constitutionalists, according to your principle that if we cannot frequent the

aristocracy, we still can search for it at least in the lords chamber or among doctrinaires and roman senators; You, many years before Raymond Aron, you knew and you proved me that thew intellectual's opium is called socialism; you snatched me away from under the influence of the haughty stupidity and from under the influence of the Sarinda press; you facilitated me to understand that what cannot be understood by almost all the people living in the same part of the world where you live, so that those people spare no effort to reach there where we are today.

You endured with much patience my caprices of a spoiled child, my prejudgments of an exclusive client of the shafts with French books, which were in trend at that time. You unveiled me the strengths of the Danubian space and, by unveiling those to me, you convinced me to love them and you entrusted me to the land where I was born. And how were we frequenting the restaurants from Vacaresti neighborhood together with the Zionists whom we were telling that we were never to join their doctrine but we liked them for they were nice guys and rejecting the stupidity! And how nice we partied in Rosetti Plaza projecting to write the history of the Romanian parliamentarism; writing together, making the most nonconformist affirmations (nonconformist to the environment which we lived in, but you called those affirmations as liberal-conservative)! And how nice were we preparing ourselves for sitting our exams in the backyard from the Vaselor Street, under the chestnut tree, in the beginning of the summer, when you mother, both admiring and despising such an academic zeal, brought us cold water and rose jam.

We have been always getting along and we still can do it despite I have started walking on the path of the Moses Mendelssohn's daughters whom you were laughing at. I have been in places where you haven't gone, in some sort of imponderability. Any imagination effort is vain. Regardless how well-intended and knowers would those people from Houston be, they haven't experienced the imponderability. The dialogue between those who have experienced the imponderability and those who haven't it is a deaf people's dialogue. Let's not fall into such a ridicule.

Bucharest, the Year 1971

The sin against the Holy Ghost: that sin that won't be forgotten.

I wonder if that sin wouldn't be the humiliation of our fellow human – who is in the image and in the likeness of God. Once we proof our love for God by loving our neighbor (namely His creature), we proof our blasphemy by hating and by mocking our neighbor, by reducing him to the rank of an *object*, namely treating our neighbor as he would be lacking his ghost. Could the

Christian be able to understand what Simone de Beauvoir said it so well: the ground of any morals is the respect for the freedom of another, it is the reckoning of another as a being whose freedom cannot be violated?

I believe in the quasi-identity of the two words: ghost and freedom. I believe that by stealing the man's freedom we deprive the man of the ghost's seal.

The procedures of the investigation based on the idea that the "justice is a form of the class-struggle" and the trials with "complete confessions" which impose to the defendant to self-defile *to the end of the night* (*Judah* sold Christ at night, to the end of which Celine too brings us) where he must reach to be disgusted by himself and hating himself to death (so that his life which he saved by treason no longer to be worth anything), where he must realize that he has gone down to the lowest step and he no longer can stand his self – and he rejects his freedom -, there where he no longer is able even to get out of himself and to take his cross, because he has broken and he has burnt up all the bridges with the world of the natural elements, doesn't that constitute the living and whole example of the mysterious sin, the only sin called by Jesus as unforgivable?

Or, what the officers of the American vessel did to the Lithuanian sailor who sook for refuge on their ship? They called the Russians aboard and handed them the Lithuanian. As on an object. The Russians started beating the Lithuanian even from there; the Lithuanian was crying and begging not to be handed over. But the Americans still surrendered him.

President Nixon – (Franz Ferdinand was upset because colonel Redl – a proven traitor and spy – wasn't given the possibility of confessing his sins and of being imparted before his death) – took some vague administrative measures and there were a few resignations. But I am convinced that God didn't look at the things with so much indifference. (*And he who receives a child like this in my name, he will receive Me. And he who offended one of these little ones who believe in Me, it will be better to him to be tied a stone on his neck and him to be sunk into the deep of the sea).* Christ is gentle and humble in heart, but while He was man, He was whole too, and at least once the people made Him mad when He took the whip and chased out the money changers from the Temple's courtyard (Mt. 18: 5).

This atrocious scene from on the American battle ship, where the cruelty, the evilness, and the bling stupidity (which is a *sin*) are mixing together in equally viscous parts, it couldn't but revolt Christ from the Trinity too, Who bears His stigmata up there and – as we well know it – He knows sometimes how to punish too. Woe, consequently, to that captain, to those officers, and to

those sailors; no one of them protested, not one voiced out anything, no one made any move, no one set himself in fire; wo to them and – as Kierkegaard said – to all of them who get into the hands of the living God.

(Regarding the expression "the living God" I have a personal opinion" that God isn't only the eternal Creator, but He is also the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of James, namely of the living and not of the dead, - namely God is interested in what the living people are doing -; He is the also the crucified Christ Whom bears in, in the heavens too, the memory of the merciless hypocrisy, of the victorious stupidity, and of the clerk-like evilness from the world).

Those American sailors could have waited for a few more hours until receiving the answer of their president. The haste. The imbecile haste to blindly apply in the "dispositions". That is the same haste as in the recommendation issued by Caiafas – and the same invocation of the preeminence of the general interest in the detriment of the individual's justice.

Nelson, in Copenhagen, a disciplined officer at his turn: but he still didn't obey the order. *He didn't see that order*. A prince of Homburg, clever and endowed with the sense of humor. (Another idea of mine: that there isn't mandatorily necessary the heroism and the sacrifice, but one needs only not to be excessive in his zeal, not to hurry up, and to be just a little **clever**. This is for one can place his cleverness in the service of the Good too, and the Good doesn't' reject any servant. There is also a *frauspia*).

There is another case which I believe that Christ will hit for, that case of the only communist who crossed through a transfiguration process and who reached to holiness and to martyrdom: Imre Nagy. How freely the ghost blows and how unexpectedly the ghost choses his dwelling places: this time in the soul of a communist activist full of Stalinist zeal and owner of an all-beautiful mustache worthy of a towering *feldwebel*. Inside that man having a typical countenance of an office worker or of a Transylvanian notary (It is in Zaccheus, isn't it? Or in the publican Levi, or in the adorned Magdalene, or in those of course pot-bellied fishermen?) there took place during an interval of only ten days (the time is limited like in a classical theater-pl) a full transformation. Nagy, at the end of those ten days, he was different. He didn't change his politics, but he changed his soul. There no longer spoke on radio or on television an honest politician, but there spoke an inspired man, *one who understood*.

And there followed the treason. The transfigured was sold by them who accommodated him (the Yugoslavian embassy in Budapest). The great powers didn't move a finger for the one brought to sacrifice. Finally, we too got mixed

in the whole that misery and we stained our hands with the innocent's blood receiving him on the territory of our country (where there isn't another more venerated law as the hospitality is), and we accepted him top be taken away, and then killed. May his blood not be upon us and upon our sons!

Such deeds come close to that of Judah, on a *human scale* (as Leon Blum said). When the communists quarreled among themselves, they didn't hesitate employing the blasphemed onomastic of the Christians to characterize Tito, who suddenly reached to be an embodiment of Judah.

Humiliating your fellow human is a sin against the Holy Ghost because meaning depersonalization. Forcing the defendant to admit his guilt, to denounce his friends, to as for his own punishment, to defile himself and to irremediably compromise himself, it means taking away his soul. This is the meaning of the Asian expression: *one losing his face* (the face, the divine image).

The demonism progresses too, it wasn't to stay alone outside evolution: before, the victim was tortured and killed; now the ghost is taken away from the victim, in order the victim to remain – spiritually speaking – skinned alive. Like Peter Schlemihl without shadow. But what do you call a body having no soul? Dead man walking.

Gherla Prison, the Prison Cell no. 77, Quarantine

I don't know what Monte-Cristo's prison cell was like. But in the prisons which I am crossing through, I can find anything but silence and I can feel to be anywhere but not in the tomb.

Instead, there is a relentless agitation, one worse than in an American metro. Taylorism. Countless seconds, nanoseconds! The nightmare of the fractioned time used up to dementia. Seventy hours a day. Twenty-five billion and two hundred million nanoseconds. Always and always something else.

The torture of the subterraneous dungeon, obscure and humid, which you are thrown into to loneliness and to begin forgotten on the bottom of a pit. But, also the torture of the supra-crowded prison cell, one rushed by having "continuous program" and supervision on every moment, one where the silence is equally a fantasy as the fairies and the dragons are.

Also, the sin of the laziness, but also of its extreme contrary: the relentlessness, the bustle, the obsession of using the time. The exhaustion, The hurry. The devil's ponies. Th devilish dance from *The Thirst and the Hunger*. But, what does Christ promise? The *resting*. What does Christ leave to us? The peace.

November, the Year 1960

We are arriving to Gherla Prison exhausted, numbed, stiffened up. From the place where we are disembarking, we can see houses and little streets. It is an autumn day, cold and rainy. We are stepping in puddles of water and mud. After the endless trip undertook on the prison-wagon, the air and the drizzle makes us happy.

Instead of prison-vans we are expected by usual trucks. We are crowded in unnatural, absurd positions, as the miserable from garotte in Goya's illustrations, and we are covered up with tarpaulins.

On the road, as the tarpaulins are lifted a little, we can see muddy streets, lanterns, hurried people. Suitcases, buckets, scarfs. Then a squared building, tall, where there are lights: the prison. The building's proportions and lights produce an inviting sensation. A craziness moment: the memory of an arrival in Brasov, at Coroana Hotel, on one autumn evening, together with my mother. The heat from the hall. The smell of roasts coming from the restaurant. A boy hurries up and grabs our luggage. The swirling door. Smiles around.

Reality: we are welcomed with sticks and whips.

(Dear friends, if you want to prepare yourself for life and not to have surprises, the studies are good, the engineering is good, any trade is good, the dental technique and the welding are good, good are the foreign languages and the library science, but as the quickest way for understanding what is happening today is that of studying the end of the Roman Empire – Montesquieu, Gibbon, Mommsen, Ferrero, and especially Rostotzev -, likewise the surest method for avoiding the surprises in your life and in order you to be able to cope with them with some calmness, it will be that of studying the Calvary and the Golgotha. This is the practical and technical school, this is the true occupational school of the trade of being a man within world).

Since the individual doesn't have power except upon the language coming out of him, and he cannot communicate except by using the language – as Brice Parai says – what can the individual do? He has no choice but to speak.

One affirms the truth by using words; the words can bring peace and happiness.

The actions are only words too, for they can serve to affirming the truth.

Two specifications:

a) You must have what to say. That's why the people who think and feel, they speak seldomly. And the reciprocal: "Remaining silent is a difficult thing to do when you have nothing to say" (Michel Corvin).

b) Your words must be convertible, as the currency. To the words their convertibility is in deeds, not in gold.

Brice Parain: The courage pays cash. Thew word is perfidious. It has turned against us because we haven't done anything for it... It has caused only despair... The courage, when big, it can be content with that what it does on its own. The word, in order to be true, it must be fulfilled.

The same Brice Parain totally confirms the Christian thesis on the life and on the purpose of the creation: "Our only richness is the joy of living".

Bucharest, November, the Year 1970

Incineration at the horrible crematorium: that hall in Freemason-style, Iorga would have call it synagogical-style, and that vinyl disk squeaking for more than three quarters of hour, with long pauses due to the wear, the present people feeling increasingly embarrassed.

Here, more than at cemetery, each one can feel how lonely she or he are.

(The slaughtered pig at Clucereasa, on Christmas Eve, and roasted in the yard while – around – the other pigs squirm and grunt. Or the chickens who rush in to eat the guts and the skin of the killed chicken: they even pick up every morsel, in order not to let anything to be wasted).

All the people standing on both sides of a catafalque covered with a fabric. At Indians and at Romans the pyre was burning, it was a spectacle, and there was produced participation. In the country-side, there is the land, there are the beasts, there are the priests, there is the nature. Here is nothing but waiting, boredom, accompanied by the sound of the pompous and strident music, and the void and the loneliness of each one. Some sort of business meeting: only if it came to an end!

The common factor of the people cannot be but in God, only through God we can reciprocally tolerate on one another, and we can try to love on one another. In the absence of this catalysator our reactions remain those of rejection and indifference. Laplace thought he could discard this hypothesis, but the scientifical progress determined Werner Heisenberg to ask for the help of the philosophy, and the average people got convinced that they need this detour in order they not to become animals in a pen, or lunatics in madhouse.

Yes, we admit the absolute purity. But the virtue (that means restraint, so that presupposed the sinning desire) indisposes us.

And still, G. B. Shaw admits that the virtue, as being obtained by fight, it is superior. To Dostoyevsky we owe a vision seeming definitively speculative: we were in Paradise, in the world of the innocence; we fell, we got dirtied by sin; by salvation, we get out of mud and we direct ourselves again towards innocence;

but this time won't be a meritorious innocence, because of preserving, terrified, the memory of the evil, and it will be the conscious affirmation of the good and not a simple feeling as such. So can one understand why the man will be reckoned as superior to angels.

Gherla Prison, January, the Year 1964

The Portrait of Dorian Grey, recounted by engineer Rosetti.

He recounts that novel very well, but as a fantastic little story.

I believe that the mentioned novel is a Christian novel having a moral thesis: namely that we cannot escape the reality. *Somewhere*, the reality is inscribed. There is no procedure – art, lie, hypocrisy, illusion – that can stop the reality, in the end, from manifesting on one of the life's plans.

Dorian Gray and the portrait cannot be simultaneously beautiful: either in the living being, or in imagination, the reality is recorded.

The art can transfigure but it cannot falsify the reality.

The dictatorships creating their perfect reality will in the end be facing the parallel forces of the reality.

The Orwell's conventional language (*the newspeak*), or the *questionnaires* which Soljenitin spoke about in his book *The Pavilion of the Cancerous*, they cannot impede – not even in the most processed reports – the recording of the evil and of the reality.

It might be the reality which defeats, no matter how late, the gates of the hell, the gates of the illusion and of the lie which imagine, stupidly, that they can chock up the tumor that is growing patiently.

(The *Talmud* overlooks the crucifixion to no avail).

February, the Year 1934

In Brasov with my mother and with Virginia. It is winter, but it is like a warm autumn-day; in the evening it starts raining with small drops, but quite intense. Around ten o'clock I am leaving my mother and Virginia at the hotel, and I am going out to take a walk. I am feeling, suddenly, the desire for entering a church.

The Black Church is, of course, closed, but I am experiencing a strange sensation of gentleness when approaching those huge stones; that monument doesn't crush the houses and the streets; one could say that it has a protecting force. The Catholic church is closed too, and, a little farther, an Orthodox church is closed too. I am climbing up to Schei, to the Saint Nichoals church, which I am looking at over the fence surrounding it. I am walking then a few of

the sloped little streets of the Schei. I am turning back to downtown and I am keeping walking on the almost empty streets, in the lukewarm and resting rain.

There are churches, but they are closed; I am looking back at them: in the darkness they seem big and inaccessible.

The Year 1953

The theory of the plurality of the conscience plans, belonging to Ionel Gherea, it is being confirmed to me by the advocate D. GH. Form the juridical office of the ministry where I have been hired as registrar at archive.

Educated and talented man, D. Gh. is both lawyer and composer. He is bot member of the communist party and "reactionary" to the brim. He curses – by using chosen words – the official lies and the fate that forces him to song them to heavens (with his speech, with his writing, and with his music sheets. He is used to live a good life, so that only one salary won't be enough to him, and therefore he has nothing else to do but obey. But at the juridical office, among friends and trusted people, he can open the valve, he can vent it out, he can cool himself down.

But when he turns back from the speeches he holds at the Composers' Union (for he knows the theory and he also is asked to teach), he can't resist the pleasure of recounting, how good and how clearly, he presented the Marxism-Leninism: one can see his joy on his face, a well-deserved joy, a legitimate joy. He spoke beautifully. And he is referring to the content of his speech as he would summarize a summer class, scholarly and popularly, at the Valeni University.

He is sincere both when rejecting the Mamon and when boasting with his talent of university reader of a doctrine which he actually detests. The simultaneity of the duality of the conscience plans if perfect, and the mystery is impenetrable; each one minding his own business; the two beings coexist peacefully. But I still wander what will be when they, finally, will communicate, according to the idea from *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*; the dread of the double-personality is that the separation cannot last forever. Or maybe Robert Louis Stevenson was wrong and the deduplication is possible until the Final Judgment?

(Theme for reflection, *giocoso*:

Lk. 12: 2-3: "There is nothing covered not to be unveiled and nothing hidden not to be known. That's why as many things as you said into darkness they will be heard in plain light and what you have whispered at one's ear, inside rooms, it will be heralded form the roofs").

Jilava Prison, May-June, the Year 1960

The euphoria and gratitude state from after the baptism it urges me to search for occasions for doing the good and for manifesting myself as preventive, as helpful, as flawless as I can. And how joyful I am feeling myself for being so tranquil and so indifferent to the shortcomings and to the vanities from around me!

I am learning my first lesson of modesty and of wakening up to reality in the prison cell where I have been transferred to, after I have been moved out form the prison cell where I have received the baptism at.

This prison cell's window is obturated with wooden planks, leaving only a little square of free space at the top. This little square is the only one that we can close or open. In principle, we are forbidden from getting closer than two meters to the window, but some wards pretend not to see that and in this prison cell we are allowed to manipulate that little square at will.

Half of the inmates form this prison cell want to keep that window-square closed. (Why do you want to kill us? Mister, it is a killer cold draft here!). The other half wants to keep that window-square open. (Why do you want to kill us? We are suffocating mister; here is a deadly heat.).

What a wonderful occasion for me to show my generosity, my gentleness, and my detachment. I am telling them: whatever you want, it is equal to me, I don't pronounce myself.

In an instant the unanimity of the prison cell is had been reached: everybody is hating me. From all sides I can hear: what, do you want to get along with everybody? Do you want to be both in the cart and walking? Do you want to have both the pig in the pen and the sausages in the pantry? You won't get that: sou must choose either the meat of the cheese… The hatred is general and it has burst out spontaneously and sincerely.

Modesty boy! Take it more easily. There haven't passed even six months since you have been in prison, or even two months since you have been baptized, and you have already started to think about yourself as being Simon the Stylite! Take it more easily with the unbiasing and with the contempt on trinkets.

I needed a few days for processing that and understanding it. I am sapiently vote for the open window. Everything gets appeased as by a spellbound. Get down from the pillar, *tombe de la branche*!

The mystery:

Simone Veil: The most terrible paradox of the Christian freedom is that being chosen by God means being deserted by God.

Pascal: If God existed, He must be non-understandable.

Thornton Wilder: The sign which the path of God stays under, it is the sign of the oddity. God is odd.

Because of the world being not only material, because of the world begin upheld by spiritual forces, that means that the negative spiritual forces can be destructive.

Brice Parain: "The lie, the cunningness, the calumny, they can be deadlier that the bullets shot by a revolver".

What can expect a society which has chosen the suspicion, the envy, and the denounce as guiding principles?

Machiavelli: "Sow poison and expect an abundant harvest".

Apoc. 3: 20: "Lo, I am standing at the door and knocking; if one hears My voice and he opens the door, I will enter and I will dine together with him and he with me".

But on the postal cards the door is usually depicted without having a doorhandle. So, a child asks: how could He enter, if the door hadn't a doorhandle? The answer: the doorhandle is on inside.

15th of November, the Year 1969

I have been invited to Husi by father Mina. Around the abolished bishopric, which has been transformed in a regional museum, the former monks of the Bradicesti hermitage have been permitted to assembly a small and modest monasterial community. They dwell in the dependencies and in the stables of the former bishopric, which are badly derelict; they undertake repairs as far as they could and they restore the church that has the patronage of the Holy Apostles.

I am being welcomed with friendship. The abbot is an old man wearing a long and white beard, like the characters in legends and fairytales. (*He has delegated the whole management of the hermitage to the archimandrite*). They have quite a stretched vineyard which is skillfully cared by one of the monks, and they have a wine cellar placed in the dungeons of the episcopal palace: it dated back to the time of Stephen the Great; it is a deep, cold wine cellar, having huge vaults and humongous wine barrels. From here the cellarer has drawn an unparallelly good wine; I am entrusted with six bottles of wine destined to be impartation wine at the Darvari Hermitage.

Everything is meritorious and touching, and the monks' efforts are impressive. But I can't stand two things: the water, at Husi, is sparse, it is poor, and it is salty. (In my mind the notion of monastery is related to the notion of clean and refreshing water). Then, sitting at the table, in the eve of the Lent, they bring it up about a gravely ill monk who is – as I am

understanding – in a place situated far from there. The abbot inquires if the one who takes care of than ill monk has gone to see and to help him. The monk responsible for that not only he hasn't gone and take care of that ill monk – he was inundated with chores – but he even adds as justification: the ill monk, as it is, he is not alone, for he is together with God. The other monks are seeming to be content with that answer and they are nodding approvingly: that's right, he is not alone but with God.

It crosses through my mind to ask the responsible for taking care of that ill monk: of course, the ill man is with God, but you, your piousness, who know the commandment of loving our neighbor, and who have read the parable of the merciful Samaritan, and you haven't obeyed the commandment of the abbot, are you sure of being yourself with God?

Thornton Wilder: "Only those who have realized about their being are able to extoll the sunlight".

The Year 1969

A biologist, H. Laborit, he discovered (?) a substance called AG 256 that – in organism – doesn't do else by only conveying the pains to the brain.

This unexpected materialness, far from fueling up the atheists, it mutes them. It is unconceivable us to believe that as a random happening. There is impossible a substance specialized in conveying the pains to have appeared from nowhere. Add to that the integration of such a substance into the whole of the functions and you will deny the pure happening.

This is because, after all, we wanted to admit that by the simple play of the happening the elementary particles (and of the states of the matter) have come together composing atoms which, at their turn, by combining, they have formed molecules (with a selective power!), which, at their turn, have been gathered into cells, and they in tissues, and then into organs and apparatuses and systems composing a being, if all this continuous chain could eventually be regarded as a result of the happening, it still would be very difficult (and quite improbable) to conceive that also out of happening have appeared substances specialized in conveying the pain.

Just this materialness proves me the existence of a plan, of some intentions, of a program accomplished with the same material – by a creator. Once the results (ex.: the pain) are not secondary effects (a second game), but they are *planed*, then the presence of a creator will be implied.

Creator, of course, and not only that: great architect, demiurge, great anonymous. Christ the Savior, the One from the of one being and undivided Trinity, He is something else. He is no *proven* by anything in a judiciary sense,

He is not unveiled by logics; He is outside the system's logics; He is the unexpected, the paradox; one reached Him by free and right-reckoned faith. He also collapses any strictly material explanation which He cannot fit in. "I believe in You, but I beg You strengthen my faith. I love You, but I beg You increase my love…".

The Year 1971

Malraux thought at Judah's non-coming at the feet of the Cross, when he wrote that neither Chateaubriand went to Saint Helena.

What Saint Simon and his followers foretold us about the industrial society which he put all their hopes in, it has been achieved.

Of course, the apologue is genius as a prophecy; but it is also stupid because of losing from its sight that on the second day after the king, after the king's brother, the princes, the ministers, the counts, the bishops, and the prefects will have vanished, the first care of the workers, of the engineers, and of other "industrialists" will be that of electing other "parasites" – not the same (despite…) - but in any case other "political", "statal", and "ceremonious" characters.

Brice Parain was the one discovering the new deity of the industrial society, namely the cost, and no other. If the individual dignity of the man has been lost without any trace, the effect is not a result of the barbarism, or an ignorance, or a stupid cruelty, but it is a mode of being of the industrial civilization. The industrial organization if the result of a transcendental conception whose headquarters are not in the individual, but in collectivity.

"It is obvious that the industrial civilization imposes the dictatorship… *after all everything depends of the cost…* not even the engineers or the directors or the administrators are reigning, but the cost is reigning, and all the governments are only its servants".

In support to the thesis of *Doktor Faust* (that the dodecaphonic music of Arnold Schonberg is demonic because it is bases on harmonies *others* that those perceived with pleasure by the auditive organs created by nature, and because it's trying to edify a different world which the arbitrary series replace the melodies), Ernest Ansermet writes that the musical time isn't a "speed"; the musical time doesn't take its measure form time but from cadence, and our psychic duration is undulatory. Between our psychic durations and the energetic musical moments, the relation cannot be but continuous and curved. Only the melodic phrase disposes of curvature and or the logarithmical arch, while the means of an undulatory perception are imposed by our psychology.

But, isn't it the same in the plastic arts?

The art is a concentration of the life (Balzac's definition), it is a transcending and a transfiguration, but the art cannot be a revolt against the fundamental harmonies: on the opposite the art is the one bringing those fundamental; harmonies closer to us, the art intensifies them and the art unveils them to us.

As Bacon says, the human spirit doesn't need wings but *led*. The human spirit jumps too easily into the highest abstractions losing any contact with the humane and with the reality.

Here are some definitions given to art, proving that the art isn't – as some people believe – demonic. "The writing is a form of the prayer" (KAFKA). "The Writing and the love too are poetry" (Arghezi). "Painting and searching for the absolute. The object are only simplified ideas" (Gauguin). "The uttering of the mystery among mysteries" (Kandinsky). "The drawing's language refreshes the idea of the Paradise and the colors of the ancient painting" (Hugo Ball).

The joy of living, characteristic to the Christian. Marcel Jouhandeau: "The fact that the life is a celebration scandalized some people. If they have chosen to be unhappy, that's their business... Although I am experiencing all the worries, all the troubles, all the disappointments, I don't allow nay one to find out anything about that, not even myself".

This is pure hesychia and it is a faithfully obeying the Lord's words: If you want to follow Me, *get out of yourself*.

The vitalist doctrines, all of them, any name they would bear according to the economical and doctrinal pretexts in the name of which they seized the power, they are aimed by Denis the Rougemont: they goal is not to abolish the gods, but to grab their power by worshipping it on this earth.

(And they changed the glory of the Incorruptible God for the resemblance of the corruptible man and of the birds and of the four-legged animals and for the crawling creatures... as ones who changed the truth of God into a lie and they served to the creature..." (Rom. 7: 23-25).

The prison as school of truth.

Oscar Wilde: "The prison life helps you seeing the people and the things as they really are... The people from outside allow themselves to be deluded by the illusions of an always changing life. They move together with the life and they contribute to life's unreality".

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

... on the traces of Bagheera the panther... in the end even general Firu, the author of the Epignosis *renounced to your spiritism... the best honey is that of acacia flowers... Marcellus tells it to Demetrius...*

The Year 1971

I see! In Bhagavat Gita the things aren't taken easily, and the principle of the reality is more closely examined. And don't these verses refer to a "school" known to me too?:

"The demonic creatures don't know either how to progress of how to stop themselves; within them there is neither cleanness, nor behavior rule, nor truth;

The world, I say, it is without truth, without basis, without master; born without the causal chaining, having the caprice as ground; what else?

Leaning on this system, these lost souls, these weak minds master the world by cruelty deeds and they are determined to destroy it.

Addicted to desires which cannot be fulfilled, full of hypocrisy, or pride, and of contempt, they catch evil habits because of the disturbance of their mind and they stir up despicable habits.

Engulfed with countless worries which end to their death, having above all their desires the joy of the flesh, they are convinced that this is everything".

"*The glory of God is that of hiding the things, and the greatness of the emperors is that of bringing those things to light*" (Prov. 25: 2).

Question. Ask. Knock. Dare. Don't fear. Don't be scared. Persevere. Rush in. Be awake. Be sane.

All these advices abundantly show that we must not be stupid! A proof for this is the fact itself that God is hidden God, that we must find Him, that we must discover Him; and that we must decipher His world. Nothing is ready-made, the nature is complicated and dialectical, and we are required to understand the nature *beyond* complications and dialectics; its meanings stay *beyond* the immediate reality. A vast riddle which only a sane mind can cope with. And in the end, in these crossed-words we will find God hidden – where?: in the less probable place because it was the most obvious – there where we would have thought, as in Poe's *Letter* within our heart!

Le pur ennui de vivre. Paul Valery.

The well locked chamber imagine by Sartre doesn't contain either cauldron with boiling water and with Sulphur, or spears, or thorns. And the bellboy of the hell-hotel warns the newcomers that they prove to have romantic and outdated conceptions by expecting to see there in hell torture objects and hoofs-legged devils.

Also, the investigation and detention chambers do not necessarily require a special instrumentation. What a wonderful recollection place one can say it is a little chamber at the Secret Service; like a monastic cell: a bed (a concrete

parallelepiped covered with a straws mattress), a nicely folded blanket, a little table fixed onto the wall, a light-bulb, a toilet vessel. Exactly as much as the man needs, would Tolstoi say. And there is not torture tool: any democratic lawyer coming to visit and control can ascertain that.

But in that little chamber paved with stone and painted in two colors (dark brown and faded green) the torture isn't less at home as it is in the Inquisition's dungeons or in the Gestapo's dungeons. Without any tool? Without. Without boiling water, without wheels, without hot iron, without piercing tools? Without.

Let him who wonders about that stay seventy hours daily, for a whole year – this term is experimental – without being allowed to lean his back even for an instance against a wall or a anything. (That nicely and savant folded blanket and placed along the wall, it will betray the slightest transgression of the regulations: you are not allow to sit except on the edge of the "bed" in the direction of the peeping hole – the eye of the warden will check you every twenty second and even more often if he suspects something).

Let him who wonders try sleeping only on his back keeping his face upwards and having his cheek uncovered, under a light bulb of a thousand of lux. If the detainee, during sleeping, he turns on the side, he will be immediately woken up; if he slides his hands under the blanket, he will be immediately woken up; if the snores, he will be immediately woken up.

Let him who wonders trying to stand for twenty-four hours or to walk in a circle until he falls off his feet. Or, simply, let him spend a year within a chamber of only a few squared meters in pricking cold and in chocking heat, having as unique perspective of change the fact of being taken for a walk while having his eyes covered with a pair of black googles, and in a small corral, alone within four walls, and submitted to the same supervision on every second.

(In that carrel where I used to be brough I could see the end of a tree branch bearing a few leaves. Beyond the concrete walls and the beyond the barbed wire, that branch and those leaves summarized the whole unexpected of the world of God).

Let him who wonders trying to cover his eyes and attempting to walk blindly. And imagine that while walking on meandrous corridors, hastily dragged by an upset warden.

The torture without tools, by being forced to stay in front of a wall, as in a void where there are two entities: the man and the pure time. The torture by using the time. The Man and the Time, nothing else: fill it up! The torture by using the hope as at Villiers de l'Isle Adam; and here the torture by time and

mystery. You don't' know what is around you when they walk you with your black googles on, you don't know where those excruciating screams come from (often accompanied by music played on vinyl), you don't' know what the time is (that is indifferent to peasants). The Chinese droplet of waiting to be checked at every twenty seconds. The time, an invisible torture tool that doesn't leave visible traces, unlike the rubber baton. The time: the most precious gift it can be also our relentless enemy when it is isolated and abstract, when it is no longer but bell ringing in a void, which persist living in only the unrest, the uncertainty, and the unchained imagination.

The practical conclusion? I know only this: let the man fill his memory up with good deeds, in order him to have something which he could heal and comfort himself. Only the memory of the good deeds can sweeten the slow and cold flowing of the pure time.

On the opposite side of the torture by time stays the torture of cohabiting with a hundred people in a twenty squared meters room. The true name of this is the torture by living in a lunatic asylum, because the man submitted to exceptional pressure will get insane. The regular prison – to say so – it is easy; what is terrible is the lunatic asylum. And the organizers have done everything to transform the prison in a lunatic asylum. The beatings, the crowbar, the most terrible torments, the most scientifically applied physical torments, are a piece of cake in comparison to the tormenting by insanity.

The definition of the justice.

Proudhon: "It is the feature of feeling and of affirming our dignity, namely of wanting it and of defending it, both in another's person and in our own person".

As the kindness implies the intelligence, the justice implies the will.

De Gaulle, with contempt: "Kind-willed men: it could be kind, but where's the will?".

Hegel: "The evangelical precept of loving your neighbor as on yourself it doesn't want to say you to love your neighbor with the same strength as you love on yourself, because loving on yourself is a meaningless expression; it means: love your neighbor as he would be yourself".

Scrima: "It means saying that you must accept your own self to die in order to be reborn in another's self. The dreadful part – if I may say so – of the prayer for unity is that of unveiling that it is no longer enough to pray for another: you must become *the another*".

Alain, speaking about Stendhal, he gives us, I think, the best definition of the courageous man (whom he calls as: the man truly worthy of this name:"): he is the one not taking heed at the exterior dangers, and *whom the danger can*

come to only from himself. And the knowledge of the self supposes some sort of a war waged by the self to himself, and something as a generous bet placed on the sublime side of the self.

(One can see that this radical and positivist philosopher was in a war. He too places the virtue of the courage on the top).

Heidegger knows the paradox of Don Quixote, for he writes: "Any man is always infinitely more than what he would be if he was only what he is".

Who is the bigger sucker? He who follows Christ or he who surrenders himself to the devil?

One could say that Christ asks for more, for too much; following Him means leaving your house, your woman, your brothers, your parents, your children, your stock, even leaving your dead unburied.

Bot the demonized and the Christians are people endowed with the sentiment of the infinite. Christendom means a martyrization of everything that is worldly, but it gives something in exchange: the peace here and the promise of the future salvation. While the devil is *more exigent*: in exchange for the feeling of the dignity he only offers the despair. You give him your conscience, your peace, your sleep, you sell him your friends and your relatives, you cede him absolutely everything and even more than that – and all for nothing. What did Juday obtain from the devil? Nothing. He was tricked. He remained with got contempt of the old men and he restituted the money; he got the rope and the laughter of the unclean one.

The saints are asked for more, if not all – and not for nothing. They are fasting, they are taking vigils, they are breaking on themselves, but they don't give their soul and heart.

The contract signed with the devil is more demanding than that signed with the Lord. Actually, that isn't even a contract, it is a hoax. You give everything and you will receive nothing in exchange. The payment for the devilish getting into nothingness is the despair with its natural perspectives: death, suicide, shame, and the spite raised by understanding the fact that your have been fooled.

Often, on certain pedantic tone accompanied by snorting words seemingly scientific, it can impress, so that sheer nonsenses gain the respect of everybody. It should be enough to shake those nonsenses a little in order to see how much they are worth.

Chamfort: There are nonsenses nicely dressed up, as there are stupid people very adorned.

Can there be a gentle and relaxed ascesis without any connection to the frown puritanism?

About Saint Francis: "He was smiling to the world and he wasn't taking advantage of the world".

The restrain doesn't suppose hatred and disgust feelings addressed to the life. The enemies of the Christianity – or even its believers – that the Christianity asks nothing else but to hate the sin and the evil. The Christianity cannot be summarized by using a negative and of hatred formula, despite that negation and hatred being aimed at the devil's things.

The author of the following fundamental saying isn't a Christian, but she knows what she is saying: "If we don't love the life on behalf of ourselves through others, we will vainly try to justify it" (Simone de Beauvoir).

Hegel also: "Loving God is the same with feeling yourself sunken in the totality of the life".

The Year 1964

I think so: if you leave the prison bearing avenge desires and grudge, the prison and your sufferings have been in vain. And if the result is a complex of peace and understanding and disgust for any violence and trickery, that will mean that your sufferings and the prison will have been beneficial to you, and they belonged to the hidden paths which God likes to walk on.

At your releasing form prison, your power of loving must have been grown up to unbelievable proportions.

Balzac: that love that doesn't increase on a daily basis, it is a worthless passion.

Of course, I haven't yet suffered yet enough in order I to have those lenient behavior and steadfast tenderness, which we obtain only after being awfully deceived and trampled.

But one puts distance between him and tricksters and rascals by being indifferent to them and by refusing to meet them on their ground. Let them to whatever they want, even accusing you of all sort of things. The duel supposes a certain equality.

The priests and the piousness-books rebuke the people because of disproportioning the three constitutive elements of the prayer (extolling, thanking, asking) in favor of the last one – which is the egotistical one. And they are right. (We reduce the prayer to begging). But as long as in the ritual of the Liturgy and of the other churchly religious services they choirs are "Lord have mercy" and "Give us Lord", those rebuking seems to be formal and contradictory to the simple ascertainment which the newer theologians insist upon, that the man sees in Christ in the first place that One Whom he can ask for help and support against temptations, sufferings, and loneliness.

The Cathars, creators of such a refined culture, loved by quality people as Denis the Rougemont or Rene Nalli, made famous by defeat, by mystery, and by martyrdom, generators of incomparable devotions, in such an acute contrast to the brutal Simon de Montfort and to the zealous Dominicans, they still hold dreadful things.

They believed that the souls' number had been established at *Genesis* and once for all. So, the soul's number couldn't increase. The other people the supra-number people (the comparison would be: the people who are not communist party's members) have no soul, they are pure matter, they belong only to the world, *massa damnata*.

That was, of course, an aristocratic conception, but a presumptuous one (it is substituted to Christ in His quality as Judge) and, a grave thing, it is lacking its generosity.

The nice Jehovah's Witnesses who believe that the number of the saves ones is limited to one hundred and forty thousand souls (of course, only those recruited from among the *Bible's students*), it actually resembles to that of the good and noble Cathars.

"*Of course, that not your deeds will bring you the heavens, but the deeds and the faith go together and they follow you step by step, or, otherwise, we do not believe what we are saying and we only believe that we have faith"* (Tersteegen. *Weg der Warheit*).

Apostle Paul too always insists: not by deeds but by faith we will be saved.

Luther, Calvin, *Epistle towards Galatians, sola fide*. And those who draw the conclusion: once I believe, what good the deeds will be?

At *Ephes*. 2: 9-10 the paradox seems to be clear:

9: Not out of deeds

10: For we are His creature, built into Christ towards good deeds.

Commentary: There is no doubt that the deed which we cannot base ourselves on are not the good deeds, but those are the deeds of the law.

(*Gal*. 2: 16: "But knowing that the man doesn't get straightened out of the *deeds of the law*, but only through the faith into Christ Jesus… and not out of the *deeds of the law*, because out of the *deeds of the law* nobody will be straightened").

The true faith (*living*) and the good deeds compose what in the modern physic, which has renounced to causality, it is called as invariable couple.

Epistle of Saint Apostle James 2: 4: "What will be the benefit, brothers, if somebody says that he has faith, but he has no deeds? Can the faith save?

The opposition between the two (faith and deed) is therefore factic; how could the faith exist without fulfilling the Lord's will which is the doing of good deeds?

Tit. 3: 8: "I want you to prove this strongly, in order they who believed to take care to be the first also to good deeds".

But what if you still believe but you do that what you wouldn't want to do (*Rom.* 7: 19)?

This comes, I think, from the politeness rules; who has to salute whom: that one in the carriage of that one walking by foot, the accompanied one or the one who is alone etc. And all those many rules are shown very precisely. Then, by a sole final disposition everything is annulled: the polite man, immediately he sees a knows person, he salutes.

Summarizing: we surely are saved by faith and not by deeds. (If we believed that we were saved by deeds as the Pharisees believed, we would see in salvation a contract, a right, a magical act, God being compelled to give us our salvation in exchange for our good deeds). But the fait unavoidably attracts the good deeds after itself, or at least the desire or the attempt to do those good deeds, and the sorrow when the desire isn't fulfilled, when the attempt fails. Out of faith and of deeds there is born an unparalleled entanglement which nobody can understand or undo. We know this: that over all this entanglement there descends a luminous cloud: the endless mercy of Lord Jesus.

I ascertain that I only understand by being beaten. This is a surprise to an intellectual. But as they say: *that's it*. God, having mercy, He beats me whenever that is needed. With bitter herbs, with the rod, with sufferings, He doesn't spare me. He scares me, for so I understand. Thoroughly. After being beaten, I wake up and come to my senses for a while.

And I was craving so sincerely for holiness while in prison. I was thinking about me being so close to purity.

My dad, after I told him that I was baptized: If only you were sincere! Let me give you an advice: Do not put in your mind that from now on God will occupy Himself only with you. Do not forget that out there are two or three billion of people.

Thierry Maulnier: Once all the things come to an end, all of then end badly.

Proust to madame E. Strauss: for us the happiness is an error.

Arnold Toynbee: The word parish – having such an intimate local resonance, evoking a nest and a home – it comes from the Greek verb translated as: living among strangers.

Conclusion: That prayer writing that our motherland is in heavens it expresses an elementary truth. Believing to the earthly happiness is a blunder, an inexcusable one.

Christendom is joy and a recipe for happiness. It is also assuming the pain.

Leon Bloy: "We know that the stars are always in the same place in the sky, but according to the diverse states of the atmosphere they seem much far on certain moments, or they give us the impression of being much closer and they resemble to tears ready to drop on this earth. It is likewise with God. Our joy sends Him far, while our bitterness brings Him closer and one could say that He dwells within us".

"The secret of the suffering won't be fully unveiled to the man but on that day when the man understands the anguish of the Son of God Who gives His life and His blood for people and He sees in the eternal present of the torture prolonged to the end of the worldly history that the people don't answer His love, that the people do everything to forget His love, and that the people continue postponing by this stubborn refusal His descent from the cross".

"I was asking Him to make me worthy of suffering for my brothers and for Himself, with my body and with my soul. But I was thinking to too honorable and to too clean sufferings which, I am realizing it very well today, they would have been a joy too. I didn't think at the devilish suffering sent me by God consisting of Him apparently withdrawing from me and forsaking me, defenseless, among the fiercest of my enemies".

"We don't suffer but by being far from God, but that suffering brings us closer to God. Thus, one can say that God is both the lost Happiness which we long for, and the Suffering, because of us turning our back to Happiness. He is the God crucified to the end of the time. Therefore, everything stays under the sign of the falling that transforms the man in a being of the remorse, of the exile, of the pain, and that transforms God Himself - God Who cannot be but God of the Joy! – in a God of the tears; the Lord staying nailed on the wood, the Holy Ghost sighing, and Mary crying on the Mountain".

"We can no longer coming closer to the earthly paradise but by suffering and this suffering is the only thing that can convince us that the lost Garden still exist".

A sentence belonging to C. G. Jung: "The nostalgy of the world if the nostalgy of the conscience" I interpret it in the sense that the stupidity has nothing to do with the Christian doctrine.

The light isn't only Beatitude it is also understanding, in contrast with the stupidity which it makes of it a worthless devilish weapon.

The paradoxical ascertainment issued by Bettex that the illiterate is allowed not to believe, but the savant isn't allowed not to believe, it is supported by Newton's words: "The bodies, I admit that, they stay ones towards others *as the would* attracts themselves; if they really attract one another, I don't know, and neither do I know how to say how would they attract one another".

Everything in the way the things happened to me since the moment I crossed the threshold of the Secret Police and until the day of my chrismation, it proves the possibility of the wonders.

I believe in wonders as also in the fundamental laws of the physics and of arithmetic. The first effect of the faith is the acceptation of the wonders (and that doesn't contradict the respect one dues to the laws of the universe's functioning established by God).

Bettex: "He who comes closer to the father of all souls by repentance, by rejection of the self, or by persevering and full of warmth prayer, he will be gradually elevated up to those worlds where the wonder is at home; he whose look is always directed to the ground and who searched only enrichment and pleasures, he will gradually become blind to the high realties; the feeling, this face of the spirit, it gets totally wrinkled and in the end it will be totally lost, to such an extent that it will no longer see, in everything which is true and beautiful, except whims and deceitfulness".

The devil, concluding the Faustian contract, he gains on all plans, he won't only have the soul, but he will also poison the worldly of the deceived man, he corrupts and tear apart and darkness and devaluate that worldly in small change. (Am I wrong, am I "lowering" myself by using such a commercial language? No, this is the ground, we have entered the street of the moneychangers).

Reading attentively the chapter no. 17 from *The Gospel of John* contradicts those who are bored by this world and who are not interested in this world's businesses. The Lord, in His prayer for Himself, for apostles, and for all believers, he didn't pray for being the people removed from the world (verse no. 15), but He said something totally different: that neither Him nor His believers belonged to the world, to the world's cunning spirit (verse no. 16).

Being so, the rulers of the people and of the social businesses don't' have the right not to strive to their best to make people's life better and to make the functioning of the administrative apparatuses more efficient. (Idem *Pavel* at *Col.* 3: 22: "Anything you work, work it with the whole your heart for the Lord and not as for the people"). And the individuals aren't allowed, by invoking their faith, to feel themselves bored by their life and indifferent to their fellow

humans. I am not *from* the world but I am *into* the world, and as long as we are on this earth we owe to take care of it in all ways.

Being disinterested is a heresy springing out of the wrong interpretation of the chapter no. 17 from John, and the boredom is a sin originating in our lack of love for the creation.

I this sense, I don't reckon at all as blasphemer the verses of Jaques Prévert (Of course, letting aside the joking tone of the satirical poet and the non-conformist shape of a todays' intellectual):

Notre père qui est aux Cieux
Restez-y
Et nous nous resterons sur la terre
Qui est quelquefois si jolie

How could we believe (relating also to Lk. 16) that our heavenly Father trusts some beings who weren't even able to take care of the world which He entrusted them with?

Regarding Prévert's verses:

...ceux qui crèvent d'ennui le dimanche
après-midi parce qu'ils
voient venir le lundi
et le mardi et le mercredi et le jeudi
et le vendredi et le samedi
et le dimanche après midi

I reckon them absolutely Orthodox and expressing a healthy repulsion towards the miserable who don't taste the wonderful gift bestowed them by God: the life; and towards the blind and the helpless who cannot rejoice, because they don't want to, of the sight of the countless number of the beauties of the created world.

The Catechism of the Dutch Bishops: But itself the life is a wonder what can take your breath away.

Boredom? Indifference? It means stopping in your tracks. The Christian doesn't stop. To the Christian are valid the strong words of Malraux: "Everything is a sign. Going from sign to signified reality means deepening the world, means going towards God". (The world as change of meanings which must be unveiled, confessed, and protected against our stupidity).

John 17 asks us something else: to renounce to our sinfulness. But we are so addicted to it than we like confounding it to the world and reckoning that without sin the world is no longer funny.

I mean, using an unconventional language Felicien Marceau said a similar thing: "We are not in the world for going to cinema. You must search for a job, and you must try to accumulate…".

Lord Halifax, minister of exterior of the Great Britain between the years 1938-1939, asked himself: "*Who am I to judge?*" (the German government and the nationalist-socialis party). And the conclusion he drew was: the Christian by not having the right to judge another, his country couldn't do anything for helping the small European countries of the persecuted people.

As individual, without any doubt, the honorable Wood, and then after Lord Irwin, and then Lord Hallifax, as individuals and as Christian they couldn't judge anybody. But as minister and public servant they owed to defend the justice and if needed even with the force. (Ihering: *Recht ist nicht nur hoher Gedank sondern lebendige Kraft*). They confounded personal scruples to duties of the statesman. That's a grave confusion: in case of conflict between the individual conscience and the duty for the collectivity the solution is the resignation.

"The public man" must ensure that the worldly order is applied, and that our relative human justice is respected. He cannot seek for refuse in non-participation. The wandering knights did justice acts. And the saints, if Lord Halifax aspired to be one, they totally withdrew themselves from the world and they didn't hinder the worldly businesses, they lived in the desert and not on Whitehall.

To forgive, to forget. The sermon of father G.T.:

The penitents do not say to themselves: I am ready to forgive him, father, may he go with God, but I cannot forget him.

He answers them: forgiveness without forgetfulness is not worth anything. In a few moments I am going to place the cross on the top of your head and I am going to say: I the unworthy priest I am forgiving you and I am untying you. How would it seem to you is Christ answered that: you can forgive him but I won't forget him?

Thinking at the Final Judgment: right as at the business written down in your agenda.

Obsessive image: not to reach seeing Christ turning away His face from me or covering His face with His hands – a gesture usually accompanied by a raising of the elbow – a terrifying gesture and which can break even the most courageous heart. Resembling – as genre appurtenance – to those nails which we drive into the cross of the Crucified each time we commit a sin.

Summer in Jilava Prison

It is hot and the air enter the crowded prison-chamber only through a small corner or the window, so that the atmosphere is choking. I am tormented by a big thirst. The water is stale and I avoid drinking it because of fearing to get diarrhea, my chronical disease. Having diarrhea in a prison-cell is a capital sin.

Towards evening, the heat becomes concrete, it pressed upon us, it flattens us, it is like the atmospheric pressure would have tripled, or like the gravitation would have doubled.

Valentin Gligor, a young boy from Sibiu, arrested in his regiment's courtyard, two years ago, when preparing to go home after finishing his term in the army as a conscript, he offers me a few crumbles of bread and he advises me to let them melt in my mouth: for they contain water too.

His touching gesture has also something absurd in it and it is identical to the mode which the human beings from *Beyond the Mirror* – written by Lewis Carroll – quench their thirst: by eating biscuits.

But that gesture to me isn't either ridicule or absurd. And I hope it will be reckoned to Valentin Gligor as the glass of water which Christ says about that if given to the thirsty in His name it won't remain unrewarded.

The Year 1968

I would add to the list of the sins against the Holy Ghost that saying: "It is an accident on the going" uttered by the French minister Michel Debre – and uncontradicted either by General de Gaulle nor by Andrew Malraux – after the occupation of the Czechoslovakia and the death of Ian Pallach.

Three "conditions" of the liberty. (The word *condition* is understood as in the collocation *human condition*).

The common condition: they do not fear death:

a) the Christian liberated from sin and too little covetous for earthly goods;

b) the knight wearing his sword and ready to put in in the service of the justice and for defending his right;

c) the modern man having plenty of money. Drieu La Rochelle: the money, this is the freedom!

The caricature: the bum full of money and carrying his gun, ready to satisfy his lusts and trembling of not being caught.

The Armeneasca Street. End of June, hot. (Back then the summers were certain and sapient. They came at the appropriate term and the felt without hurry, but also without hesitating, and the lasted until the school started).

In the afternoon, not too early, it starts being felt the light chill of the evening. In front of Boerescu's house is a cart which countless chests and luggage and crates and are being piled up in. The cart starts going slowly in the Armeneasca Street towards the railroad. Later on, a chariot is taking the two ladies – both of them wearing veil – and their little pieces of luggage. The chariot takes them on the boulevard, on the long way.

I don't know why, this scene which I am looking at from the courtyard of my parental house has remained to me since then the symbol of an unparalleled peace.

That empty street. The thick rubber tires. The festive trot of the horses. From nowhere, dangers and changes.

On such moments must Browning have written:

God is in His heaven

All's right with the world

(Benda: God belongs to the static metaphysics).

Vienna, the Year 1928 (Schubert Centenary)

In the streets, at each twenty meters, a beggar on his knees, keeping his hands together under his chin, as for a prayer. They **do not ask, they stay** motionlessly.

It dreads me.

What if this is an organized begging?

(1954: *Paterikon*. Not to the beggar, but to Christ we give any alms. "May it be welcome": this is the explanation of this formula. Can we say that any beggar is our Lord in disguise?).

The other people are holograms, shadows, phantoms; real are only those transforming their ideas in deeds and giving reality to the words they utter, and who pass on the existential plan the concepts and the dreams of the ideas' plan – and who are determined to pay, if needed, that price that cannot be negotiated, the maximum price, the only price that never deceives, the good price, namely: their life.

That's why my preferred heroes are the martyrs: Don Quixote (entered the lion's cage!), T. E. Lawrence (Lawrence of Arabia), monsieur Affre (the archbishop of Paris), Ludendorff at Munchen in the year 1923 on the bridge, communard Delescluze, Péguy, Ian Pallach.

Putting at stake the freedom and the life, more than being a sign of moral stance it is rather a sign of the living. As about the value of the ideas paid for with the freedom or with the life, why would that matter? Hero is also him who

gave his life for an unjust cause which be believed in. For instance, the minister of the Commune, Delescluze.

Camus in *The Revolted Man*, with the synthesis power and with the infallibility of his genius, when he speaks *ex cathedra*, he clarifies the things: it is worthy of respect he who when making his decision to kill he sacrifices his own life (the case of the Russian anarchists and of the terrorists acting in the name of the socialist revolutionary party, evoked in the exalting book of Boris Savinkov – *That What Was Not* – and in the less good theater play *Les justes* by Camus). And they who command the killings from distance, from offices (all the tyrannies' apparatuses following the same mobster pattern), they can be justly called as scoundrels.

Lion Feuchtwanger gives the definition of the national-socialist party: a vast organization well-greased in order to execute the crimes decided by the chiefs – and the rest is only poetry.

But the most perfect example of adequation between ideas and existence has been given by the *conventional* Phillipe Le Bas. In the meeting number nine Thermidor, the year II, of the national Convention, when were condemned to death Robespierre, his brother, the paralytic Couthon, and Saint-Just, the other member of the Committee for Public Salvation was at his place on one of the upper benches of the amphitheater. Though he is a follower of Robespierre, he has many friends and he is unanimously sympathized for his amiable character and behavior. This terrorist is a nice guy in his personal relationships! Actually, he adopted Robespierre's politics rather because of his friendship with him, but he isn't by any means a fanatic and an extremist.

After the sentence was voted, Le Bas got up from his seat and asked for himself sharing the fate of his colleagues from the Committee. The neighboring participants pulled him by his arm, and then by his coat, trying to make him shut up, the president and the other participants pretend not to seeing or hearing him. But Le Bas kept shouting increasingly louder, fighting under the sea of hands grabbing him and trying to make him shut up. Then Le Bas makes the gesture, the savior gesture placing him forever in the ranks of the heroes and of the living people who didn't overshadow the earth vainly: he left his redingote in the benevolent hands and he rushed to the tribune for claiming his right to be sent to death.

They no longer could ignore him.

I don't want to claim that I am Dante, but I am almost convinced that Le Bas is in Paradise.

Textual arguments:

The Lord shows: He who keep his life he will lose it, and he who loses his life for Me he will find it (Mt. 10: 39), and He repeats that: He who wants to escape his life he will lose it; and he who loses his life for Me he will find it (Mt. 16: 25). Likewise, Mk. 8: 25 and Lk. 9: 24: For he who wants to save his life he will lose it; and he who will lose his life for Me and for the *Gospel*, that one will escape his life; He who wants to escape his life he will lose it, and he who will lose his life for Me he will deliver it.

But, I wonder, did Le Bas give his life for Him? Of course not. Sympathizer of not, he associated himself with the assassins and with the fanatics.

But, in addition to the cited texts, there is one more at Jn. 15: 13. And this text fits Le Bas wonderfully. The Lord: "Greater love than this nobody has, for him to lay his life for his friends".

For his unspeakable honor of exemplifying a truth uttered by Him Who is the Truth – and Le Bas exemplified it on *the royal way* of sacrificing the most valuable good with a living and fiery and strange to any hesitation stubbornness – and I convinced that the killer of the king, the accomplice of the assassins, the partisan of the tyranny, he has been saved.

Surely, I might have not understood either the gesture of Delescluze or that of Le Bas if I hadn't crossed through prison.

Now I understand and I cannot but think at what these people did. I have but repulsion for their political convictions, without being thrilled, but I have goosebumps and I am engulfed by a limitless admiration and respect equal to veneration for their gestures.

Scene from the book *The Confessions of the Russian Pilgrim*:

The pilgrim arrives to the shack where a destitute pair dwells: their house burnt, he lost an arm, the life for them is no longer but a ruin.

The husbands read the *Gospel according to John* and she bursts into tears. The man understands her sorrow, and he offers her solace her that their misfortunes fully justify her tears.

But she: I am not crying because of our misfortunes, but because of joy, the joy of reading this *Gospel*.

Of course: sheer madness. Let the accountants and the rationalists go on their way. But the rational people – who are not rationalists – can try and understand that.

Jilava Prison, the Year 1961

This is a period of harshening the prison regime. How many admirable people around me! And saints, a multitude of saints! And they accept with simplicity the harsh regime, as it should be like that

The suffering, each time endured or thought worthily, it proves that the crucifixion wouldn't have been inutile, and that the sacrifice of Christ if fructifying.

Brasov, August, the Year 1926

We had lunch with my mother as *Rothenbächer*: crayfish tails, veal kidney steak, crème brulée, and Czell beer (this beer is sweeter than others). When leaving, around half past two, the heat is at peak and there is not chariot. But we are willing to walk the road, despite the fact that on the Lord Street, almost at the end of it, and until reaching the *Coroana* Hotel, the distance is quite big. What everything is resting in heat like, and what merciful is the life like, and lacking any ugliness, in this magnificent magic mountain of the little city, which is both refuge and paradise. *Rothenbächer* is a famous restaurant where the Bratianu Family come by car from Florica and from Sinaia to dine here.

The road if long, the heat steadfast, the reality is well hidden, the happiness is full.

Ah, not Brahma (why would he care?); but Ishvara, the Lord, he spellbinds us – he spellbinds us in two ways, not only in one way; not only with the stupid *maya* of the strife, of the keeping of evil in memory, of the envy and of the hypocrisy, but also with that more subtle and charming of the innocent sweetness of this world, with its countless tentacles - *dear octopus* - unveiled on the permitted nice feelings: from the tea of the English and the caffe of the Oriental, to the splendors of the art and of the thinking. Ah, Lord Ishvara, you don't make our task any easier.

Gherla Prison

Practice advices given (in full knowledge) after a dialogue with father Traian Pop, to those hit by a capital vice, by a chronical grave sin.

First, do not commit that sin anymore. (We are tempted to pass quickly over this first advice in order us to lose ourselves in lamentations and analyzes. Still, this is as simple and essential. It is not enough for you to be aware of your sin… That is a big deal, but it is required the restraint too).

Then, do not allow yourself to be attracted by the temptation of the exhibitionism, by the pleasure – morbid and indiscrete – for telling the people

technical details, and for making sudden confessions. The sinners proceeding like that are like ill people reckoning necessary to tell others the ugliest and the most uninteresting details about their sickness.

Another danger is that of the tendency of making a tragedy of your sin. Not any man touched by vice will necessarily be a tragic hero. He may be a very banal individual and a very mediocre spirit. The gravity of the vice doesn't imply the greatness of the character, or the sharpness of the mind, of the strength of the personality.

The fourth advice: there is not bad being a little lenient with yourself, or smiling with some modesty. Do not take yourself too seriously or too sublimely. Do not hurry to admit that you are a totally exceptional creature, of the hell and of the Evil. It is a trouble, naturally, and a big one, but do not transform it into a Curse, but reckon it rather as a *challenge*.

Finally: the dramatic character of your vice, as also of the illness, it doesn't justify you disregarding the common sense's remedies.

Our Lord spoke limpidly: I won't cast out anyone coming to Me. There is no restriction.

And don't be upset with God. There are, in the mass production, also defective products. The proverb is lenient too: even God mistakes one in ten.

(If I am a believer, how can I cite such a kiddingly agnostic saying? Am I quoting Blaga? I am mentioning this saying as an example of fighting against making the things tragical).

Sisters T. from Focsani received an exquisite education and they were among the most beautiful face of the city. One of them, Sofia, was especially shining, so much that, despite being recently wed, she caught the attention of general Averescu. The other sister, J, when I met her, she was still a young woman, but not so beautiful and distinguished, elegant, and attractive as her sister was; the nickname "marquise" suited her wonderfully. Her hair cut – one imitating the style of the ladies from the XVIII Century -, her clothes: always silk dresses on a grey, brown, or violet ground, tailored so that to cover her neck too, her rather suggested smile, her manners, a distance gentleness (and the same for all people), all of those evoked immediately her nobiliary title related to those features accompanied by an intelligent, penetrating, subtle expression – which the French painters conveyed in the portraits of the Last Ludovics.

The tea service of thin porcelain called *Rosenkavalier* fitter the marquise too, at its turn. The same distinction, the same reflex of perfection, the same patina of refined luxury, and in the same time the same nuance of nostalgic and fragile presence of the past.

The apartment, roomy, was well divided but poorly maintained. Almost all the armchairs were broken, there were only a few furniture pieces, all the carpets were very worn down.

Unlike her mother and unlike her aunt, Tr. – small, having a round face – was neither beautiful nor that genre of "big lady". At her, the bustle, the capacity of devoting herself, her interest in life, her endless patience for paying attention to anyone and for listening what they say, her mobile intelligence, the gift for stirring up and conveying the sympathy without losing anything of the charm of a being who you could easily guess as being unconventional, all of these compensated for other more external qualities. To her friends she wasn't content only to listen to them, without hurry, and full of solicitude. She immediately asked her question: so, what can we do? How can I help you?

At our tea parties Tr., a repented communist, she was participating only with a few words. She took seriously her role as host and despite the fact that the numerous sandwiches and sweets were prepared by the marquise (what an exquisite housemaid), Tr. Was the one serving them, running form the house to the kitchen, taking heed at anyone's tastes, and discretely making the eulogy of her mother.

After a mystical phase (Dutu, Paul Sim., Virgil Cand.) followed as steadfast guests – ulteriorly to the visit to Cimpulung – Dinu N., Al. Pal- ("Craifaleanu" until the year 1955), Paul Dim., Ghita Vetra, Mihai Rad., and I (Nego too, for a few times in the year 1958).

The lordly mundanity is upheld – beside the marquise – especially by Paul Dim., who is always neat, nimble, having his sack full of jokes and cancans from the high society. This dandy has assertive political opinions, he reads almost everything, and he judges thoroughly. He criticizes Voltaire because of being a theoretician, but he doesn't allow whomsoever to do the same. He is a lord, he says, and not any scoundrel – because on Sundays he attends the church for five minutes – has the right to criticize that great lord.

Cioran's article from *N.R.F.*? – *Letter to A Friend from Far* – is being translated to us by Paul Dim. Tr. Immediately proposes us to multiply and to spread the article. We dictate the article to her, by taking turns. She feverishly types on her worn up typing machine. Soon, the copies are ready.

After a few days we find out that Paul got arrested. But that was done in the frame of an action directed against the liberal group from around Bentoianu and Aznavorian.

Aznavorian haphazardly met our friend and he was impressed by him. At home, in the diary he kept it carefully, he attributed to Paul an office in the future government which he was preparing. We are missing much that

unknowingly and unwillingly minister. Now our group assembles rarely, rather without pleasure and mood; the tea cups are still gracious and inviting, Tr. is equally nimble and creating discussion themes. But the sensation of frailness of the porcelain and of the human lives has started stalking us around.

There is no absolute evidence. Once we *have*:

- the experience of Michelson-Morley (one cannot make absolute observations upon a system from inside that system);
- the principle of the incertitude pf Werner Heisenberg;
- the theory of the relativity and the theory of the generalized relativity;
- the plurality of the conscience plans;
- the non-Euclidian geometries.

And *once*:

- "there are no signs" (because they can be interpreted, as Sartre shows);
- the axioms cannot be demonstrated;
- the physics' laws have only a statistical and probabilistic character;
- each scientific researcher before starting his observations must calculate "his personal equation";
- we enter the contact and we work only with appearances and idols (*idola flori, theatri, tribute, specus*);
- the language isn't a certain mode of communication, so that it results that the only way remaining open is that of the free faith.

The Lord is no longer gentle and lenient with the moneychangers from the Temple's courtyard. He doesn't forgive them, *because they know what they are doing*. His endless kindness doesn't bar his all-understanding and it doesn't impede Him from proceeding lucidly. If the embodied one has all the man's features, he of course has also the highest among those features: the right-reckoning (a word which I prefer using it rather than the words: intelligence or smartness, which are equivocal).

"*When the sense of the justice and the morals wobble, when the fear make the minds mirky, then the one-day powers of the man dry out. But in the old families lives the knowledge of the true and legitimate measure, and out of them there will be born the new buds of the justice."* Ernst Jünger.

When Claus Schenk von Stauffenberg – around whom a constellation of paladins bearing names originating in legends (Yorck von Wartenburg, Schwerin von Schwanenfeld, Adam von Trotz zu Stolz, Merz von Quirnheim, Axei von dem Bussche, Wessel Freiherr von Freytag-Loringhofen) – makes the decision to take action, he knew what he was expecting. He knows that he must commit *now* and that he will pass into history as a traitor. But is he doesn't do what he must do, he will become the traitor of his own conscience.

And this courage – a very rare courage – was had also by the disciple of Stefan George. Maybe Stauffenberg was the last true aristocrat. Aristocrat: that individual who wants to better himself, who knows more duties than rights of his, who won't allow himself to commit, for nothing in the world, a non-delicate gesture or a gesture of irritation towards one who is less important than he is.

(The bushido knight catches a thief and he throws him through the window, and that thief get crippled; that knight will be sanctioned not because he wounded somebody, but because he lost his temper).

For an hour, Stauffenberg could believe that he was the master of the Germany and that he inclined the balance of the history. Europe could exist. Only for an hour. Marcel Proust was right: there are people whom the happiness is an error for.

Marcel Jouhandeau about *vices* and *strength*:

"You better have all the vices from the world than only one vice… But it still is possible for you to have only one vice and you to live, if only you are stronger than that vice of yours. By admitting that our weaknesses are given to us, we can give us the strength by ourselves, which is a bridling of our weaknesses. You must always be stronger than yourself, and to be honest you have no other moral duty. The strength of an individual is on the measure of his weakness. He is not strong but only because he is weak and he is stronger than his weakness, and the more his weakness is bigger the more his strength is bigger too, only him to dominate his weakness a little. The moral force, regardless how weak, it doesn't consist but of being stronger than yourself… The moral strength of somebody is on the measure of his weaknesses; the moral strength is directly proportional with the moral weakness lurking for me".

Wonder

"We are the wonder, the fact that we exist. It is more extraordinary the fact that the man is imperfect than the fact that God is perfect. We are the wonder, not God".

The Divine Risk

"So, the hell isn't a work of God, but of the man; the hell is the risk of God, and not of the man".

I am able, on my own, to raise in front of God a kingdom which God has no power upon: the hell.

Where I am, there is free will, and there where my free will is the absolute and eternal hell exists virtually.

You have bestowed me to myself, and that means that I can dispose of myself forever, even against You…

The hell if the greatest pain of God, before being my pain…"

Stupidity

"God is a relationship, the most beautiful relationship, which you cannot part with without you proving that you are stupid.

So, to God Whom I owe my absolute sovereignty, I would deny itself His being as that wouldn't have meant denying more and in the first place on myself."

The hell is nowhere else but in the fieriest place of God's heart, in the itself heart of the heavens. The hell is the jealousy of God, the fixed idea, the impulse of a sole non-understandable pain. If God has lost me, even the angels won't be consolation to Him".

Manole against Woodrow Wilson:

The idealism of Wilson cased only misfortune: in America, where he was famous, his treaty wasn't ratified, he wasn't reelected. The congress received him with the whole coldness. He was successful in Europe, where he was photographed together with his lady and with numerous friends, while visiting castles (as Briand playing golf with the British ministers and Cicerin who appeared as a communist dignitary wearing a shiny topper at Geneva Conference). Nicholson who believer in the diplomacy made in plain light, in international conferences and in the entities of the Wilsonian-ism, he changes his mind after working in Paris. A harsh intelligence, strong like a diamond, it is better than all idealism in the world. The good intentions do not suffice. Let me tell you what Mauras wrote, in his book on president Wildon: "The blood is the one that pays. The true philanthropists are those who put a little understanding and rationality in the service of the blind forces of the heart".

Advices to one who is under investigation (valid everywhere and anytime):

Let him speak shortly, better said let him utter as few sounds as he can. Economize the phonemes. Not only him not to be talkative, but also to be laconic in his formulations. To the question: "do you know him?", let him answer with "Yes" and not with "Yes, I know him". Between synonyms it is preferable that one composed from fewer letters: (Not "seldom" but "rare". Itself the quantity of sound vibrations pollute the atmosphere and it increase its dangerousness.

Let him speak only when asked and let him limit his answer – as strictly as possible – only to the question, without adding anything more.

During the pauses in the interrogatory – pauses skillfully created by the investigator – let him shun from filling those pauses up by seizing the initiative. It is a hard thing to do, but it is very important. Let him not cede to the conversative temptation, nor to the temptation to sweeten the things by

declaring unasked things. (Another peril: when the investigator says "lets discuss freely": then the defendant needs to pay an increase attention).

Let the defendant lie as much as he can and always, by principle. Intercalating the truth (even innocent) breaks the cursivity of the lie (says Proust). The ideal would be that the truth to be uttered only when and there cannot be denied: the birth date, the domicile, the parents' names.

Why is that? Why him not to tell the truth when that isn't dangerous?

Because of two reasons:

a) dealing with an adversary who is above any liar and son of a father who is the lie itself, it is good for you to always lie, ceaselessly, as *training;*

b) *the principle of the equal weapons* requires that in any fight the opposants to sue the same sort of tools. Otherwise, everything would be a cover up, a hoax. Manole: Robespierre was reproached that during the Convention's meetings from Thermidor he held discourses instead of resorting to force. But he behaved honestly: holding discourses he sent hi adversaries to guillotine; he was attacked with discourses, so he answered with discourses. The principle of the equal weapons imposes to the honest man not to avoid using some unpleasant procedures when his adversary is dishonest.

Bolingbroke (the future Henry IV), hero of Shakespeare: the poison isn't always liked by him who uses it. (Cited by Malaparte in *The Technique of the State Coup*).

Not using similar weapons to those of the opponent because of invoking the noblesse etc. isn't a proof of superiority but it is a proof of stupidity and of betrayal of the principles which you defend, and it means betraying the innocents whom you will let to be prey to the thieves. One will use the procedures chosen by the adversary. The rationality is accessible only to the rational people (Andre Maurois). When dealing with a rational man one will resort to rationality. When dealing with the moneychangers, the Lord didn't' hesitate to use the whip.

Let one not to mention any proper name other than those mentioned by the investigator, at all costs.

Henri Bremond in *The Literary History of the Religious Feeling* (volume IV – Century XVII – I took this volume with me when going to the Secret Service headquarters, on the occasion of my first interrogatory) harshly criticizes Abbot of Saint Cyran because of his enormous mistake of him being the first mentioning diverse proper names.

Above anything: let one avoid the sincerity! Let the defendant shun being sincere, as from fire, as from plague, as from sirens. The investigator will speak him always about sincerity; he will delude him with the bait of the sincerity

promising him the Moon of the sky, the lenience and the mitigating circumstances. And the defendant – trusting, honest, naïve – will think that, really, the sincerity is the best was for obtaining the mercy. (It is also the way requiring reduced efforts, because the defendant won't had anything to invent, but only to recount).

Wrong! That is valid only to the nice people. To the smartasses it differs, the sincerity leads to catastrophe. He who has chosen the way of the sincerity won't have peace as long as he will be imprisoned, and likewise later on after being liberated: he will always be summoned, solicited, always forced to talk, to remember, to betray.

Nonsenses: well, you have received excessive condemnations, but *something* must still have been there, something you have still committed.

Something yes, but not the essential, not the only things which everything was about.

It is like in case of prestidigitation shows. There too is something: the light, the tall hat, the rabbit, the prestidigitator wearing smoking. All of those are real and beautiful: the music, the straps, the jokes, the projectors. Only one thing isn't real: the rabbit doesn't come out of that tall hat. But all those lights, the music, the jokes, the jumps, all of them are destined to give the impression that the rabbit comes out of that tall hat. That's why there are so many spectators, that's the whole deal about: and just that doesn't happen. The rabbit comes out of everywhere, but not out of that tall hat.

During the trial the things are the same: everything is unfolded in order to prove that the defendants are criminals, as in the case of the prestidigitation show everything is set in movement for convincing that the rabbit comes out of the tall hat.

Rapid digitation. At French: *leger-de-main*. Everything is quickness, dizziness. Eight that actually means nine. Here's the priest, there's no priest: kinship with the devil, always in a hurry. The crucifixion too was undertaken under the sign of the quickness: let's not be caught by Saturday! Let's the ropes not be seen! Quick! Hurry up! And then let's forget about it. They were in such a hurry that they renounced to a part of the pleasure. They forced Simon of Kyrene to bear the cross: may the cursed one escape a part of his ordeal only to make the things go more quickly.

Kierkegaard on prayer:

"The man who live in temporality he imagines and he believes that when praying the essential, the purpose of his striving is that God hears him what he prays Him for. Still, in the eternal meaning of the truth, it is just the opposite: the prayer won't have ground in truth if God hears what He is begged for to

fulfill, but the prayer will have ground when he who prays *doesn't' cease praying* until *himself will be the one* hearing what God wants from him. The temporality's man wastes his words and consequently he becomes exigent when praying; but he who truly prays he limits himself to listening".

Manole on the foundation of the French Republic:

In the year 1875 the Republic is voted with melancholy, with severity. Almost all of them are but "resigned republicans", they don't do else but continuing the work of the restauration form the year 1815. Even when the "republic of the conservatives" is replaced by the "republic of the republicans" after the unsuccessful coup from 16th of May, the revolution doesn't come. Mac-Mahon is forced to renounce to the idea of a ministry Rochebouet, with clerks, military, and technicians, and he if forced to cede the power to the republicans. And who reached to be the president of the Council? The same Dufaure, Dufaure *in aeternum* says Daniel Halevy. The republicans form the year 1875 didn't take as regulation the dreams of a poet. In the year 1848 Lamartine was the chief of the government, after the year 1871 Victor Hugo was glorified, but still kept aside. National funerals were held for him, he was buried in the Pantheon, but for then around him were only admirers, while he had no word to say in the state's life. Politically speaking, Gambetta was totally hostile to Hugo. The great poet imagined, at his turning back from a long exile, that he will be acclaimed and placed as chief of the state. He really was welcomed enthusiastically by the crowds, but the provisory government barely took notice of him. To Gambetta, Hugo was an old utopian, a dreaming poet, a fanatic, a beard-bearer.

The lessons of the prison is a lesson of realism. The human institutions, the human illnesses, the human characters, the political or social systems, are the best deciphered when in crisis moments. The limit-situation represented by the prison helps us to see elementary things faded under the normal rhythm of the time's flowing. The prison is an unmediated contact with the infrastructures, it leaves far behind the Marxism and the psychoanalysis, famous ways for penetrating the deeps and for finding the ultimate truths. How *decent* seem the Marxism and the Freudianism to be, now *polite*, how frivolous in report with the prison's seriousness: one could say that those are only settings for a theater-play of Marivaux, of a discussion in *The Ridicule Precious*, in *The Savant Women*, in *Nany Chirita*!

The Christian lesson offered by the prison (for, above everything, the teaching of Christ is a strictly realistic doctrine, in conformity to the most brutal and direct truths) is summarized by Kierkegaard:

"Slowly but gradually, and increasingly clearer, I have noticed that all the people whom God truly loved, the role-models etc., all of them had to suffer on this world. More than that, that the Christian doctrine is like this: being loved by God and loving God means you to suffer.

Christendom is an existential message making of existence something paradoxical, and more difficult than ever before and more difficult than it will be possible to be outside Christendom.

Christendom exists because there is a hatred between God and people. Being Christian means being tormented with all sorts of torments. The best thing is you to contrive endless modes of tormenting yourself; but if you are not strong enough, you still can trust God that He will have *mercy* on you and He will *help you* to reach the state of suffering.

It is a terrible thing that moment which God pulls out His instruments in order to proceed to the surgical intervention which not human power can succeed to: to pluck off the man's desire for living, in order to kill the man so that the man to be able to live like a dead man. The purpose of this life is that of taking you to the highest degree of your disgust for life.

God is your mortal enemy.

Behold the challenge: becoming a Christian and persevering to remain Christian; it is a suffering which no other pain can oppose its pin and restlessness. But still, not the Christianity is cruel, not Christ is cruel. Christ is in His self only gentleness and love; the cruelty comes out of the fact that the Christian must live his life in this world and he must express in this world his condition as Christian because Christ *is not quite so gentle* namely *quite so weak*, so that to get the Christian out of this world".

Some people are ready to accept the suffering. But it pains them because of not being able to understand it. Lo that Kierkegaard unveils the non-understanding as indispensable part of a true suffering:

"If there still is a joy, and an unspeakable joy of the Christian, that cannot consist by of accepting (*and not understanding, because the understanding would somehow abolish the suffering*) to be so.

The people who do not bestow themselves to God are partaker – frightening irony – to the joy that God doesn't torment them in this life. No, only to them whom He love and who bestow themselves to Him, He can be called, humanly speaking, as their mortal enemy, but out of love".

Christianity: a recipe of happiness (in its most American meaning, which is more practical) and an unbearable torture. Simultaneous, equally. But the birth out of water and ghost transforms – without abolishing it – the suffering

in happiness. If Christ hadn't resurrected, the report would have been the opposite. But He resurrected. We know it.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… He knew, sir Alecu knew that he was to come back sooner or later… A proof that Bratianu knew what he was doing is the fact that Mary was fiercer that all of them; she knew well her child. Alecu wanted to reach a reconcilement because he knew his people and he hadn't doubted that they would have receive and acclaim the deserter when coming back, for he was a deserter, and twice. At Odessa he ran away with Zizia in full war, leaving his officer commission. And take it from me, he is notorious, he took bribe at a contract regarding military supplies even when he was only a prince, and what he did as king I don't need to tell you… but those wicked Vaida and Tatarescu…

The Year 1934

Manole on freedom and morals:

The society is able to oppose a tyrannical or immoral measure only when itself the society is very moral. All the more a democracy: a democracy cannot lack morals – nor regality. The father they push the right to vote, the more the democrats should lean themselves on the most rigid moral principles. (As if Montesquieu didn't say it! At him the words are: republic and virtue). Noe the vote is absolute: if its owners weren't restrained by morals, they could do everything they want, they could proclaim the most immoral measures as laws. The democrats realize that they take heed at what they are doing when, in the name of the writing's freedom, they ask for full right for the immoral authors and when they affirm the inexistence of the pornography.

In order to be able to be liberal the society needs firstly to obey the morals. He who doesn't want to understand this necessity and it is inconvenient to him to admit it openly, he resorts to a subterfuge and he affirms that "the society needs a true and dee3p culture". It is a formula weighing a thousand metric tons, but it is void inside. You must have the courage to call the things as they are; the culture isn't enough; one need the morals too. This is the world avoided and feared by everyone: the morals. The culture alone isn't enough: you can be informed by still brutal, simplistic, dumb, and elementary. That what the democrats think as enough: the so-called democratic feeling is, of course, even less sufficient. The democratic feeling isn't but a political opinion, it comes and goes, you take it and you leave it according to the circumstances and according to your interests. But the morals are the foundation of the culture and of the public life of the society.

True "culture" "deep", advanced "science", "strong" or "highly" democratic spirit: empty words, my friend. As long as it depends on them, the freedom advances on a thin thread, it is a crate labelled with "Careful! Fragile!" handled by a drunk porter. It is consolidated only by morals. Listen to me, the morals are the source of the freedom, the morals are the condition of the freedom, the morals are the shield of the freedom.

Bucharest, the Year 1931

"May God bless everyone and everything" Dickens, *Christmas Carol in Prose*.

The house – ground floor and first floor – where lives the widow lady Joseph together with her three daughters, a sensationally old granny, one more niece, a lady-cook and two servants, it is situated in the Justice Street; there too live fourteen adult cats, and nine Dachshund. Among the adult cats of different ages, some are always pregnant, and in corners are the baskets containing the new kittens: just getting their eyes open, looking like mice, fluffy and playful. The Dachshund breed too, less intensely, but constantly. Between the two species are created complicated social relations, which would amaze Claude Levi-Strauss overthrowing his endogamic structures. On the interior staircase of the house – quite poorly lightened (the whole building is derelict) – it is dangerous to walk, because of all sorts of creatures standing in your way and stumbling you. In the dining room, at feed hours, concentric circles of animals gather together.

The human inhabitants love the dogs and the cats, they are devoted to taking care of them, and they are slaved to them.

It is like in a theater play by Noel Coward and like in a novel by Dickens.

One can feel that upon this house the ghost of God descends often.

The guest thinks more at Dickens. What is the essence of Dicken's works? Why this novelist is so big, despite at first glance recounting only some melodramas? The secret is that in his works neither the evil ones are so evil. Many of them play the role of evil, only because of receiving such a script.

Dickens is Origen of the modern world. We easily can discern in his works a follower of the Origenistic apocatastasis. The reader understands that, at Dickens, in the end everybody is going to be saved, for all of them previously repent. Everything will end well. The Evil and the Evil Ones weren't but passing appearances.

The apocatastasis – the secret of Dickens's works and of their immense success – it is Unorthodox. The Church condemned it long time ago. Because

of it, Origen wasn't raised in the ranks of the saints. But it continues remaining a sweet illusion to our soul.

The church discusses if we have or not the right to pray for the souls in hell. But Lebedev (in *The Idiot*) prays for lady du Barry. The priest from *Le journal d'un cures de campagne*, by Bernanos, he prays for Martin Luther. Bernanos was praying for Judah. Saint Dominic prayed for the condemned form hell. And Saing John Climacus prayed for satan himself.

The gentle abbot Mugnier was asked if the really believed in hell. The abbot: I believe, of course, for our Mother the Church teaches us so. But I also believe that there is nobody in hell.

The Year 1935

Manole on morals and on freedom.

The foundation of the natural rights consists of the education received by the people, consists of their mentality: it depends on what they believe, on the fact that they have a faith in some rule, on the opinion they have – in the simplest manner – on honesty and on correctitude. They don't need to know many things, but they necessarily must be convinced of the value of a sole word, an adjective: decent.

The theoreticians of the democracy aim to high: they believe that by destroying the religion-morals, the honor, the property, the respect, and the distinction, they will obtain everything.

When I tell to these such progressist characters that they are going to lose everything, I am mocked. What the connection can be, those characters ask me, between the family life and the political freedom, between morals and the State's powers, between education and civil rights? You are badly mistaking.

I answer them that an autonomous discipline cannot function but in a moral society. Prévost-Paradol and Victor the Broglie believed that by giving the masses the universal right to vote, you would satisfy them, and you will impede them from asking something else, because – they said – what else they could ask for? They couldn't suspect that the masses will soon ask them more, the masses will use their rights on non-political purpose, they will ask for some social reforms, and then for the social Reform, and then for moral revolutions and, finally, for mental catastrophes, for the whole.

Pal, it might be saddening, but it is so: we expected to end somewhere far, but we are brought back, on a circular trajectory, to those *most usual* institutions and ideas. We end again to family, to education, to honesty, to morality! Yeah, pal, here the core. If you say that the laws must be according to

the ideal of justice of the social group, it won't suffice; the group can have a false ideal of justice. If you say that the universal vote will solve everything, you will lie; this is because the universal vote can introduce or approve the tyranny. If you wait for help from the scientific culture, you will be naïve, because of the science caring not of the individual rights. The basis of the fundamental and natural right is different: it is the touching and exalting image, holy and grave, of the decent man. The belief in the coexistence of the freedom with the collapsing of the principles it is a joke or something unconscious. Let those from Sarindar believe it. The freedom is an expensive and rare good: those peoples who, from time to time, during history, they enjoy their freedom, they are lucky. I think you know what Rochefoucauld says: one needs bigger virtue and much strength for knowing how to live a happy life than for enduring the misfortune.

The debates for the Constitution form the year 1923. Bishop Bartholomew of Ramnic and New Severin: I ask for in the article number 5 about the right of the Romanians to be mentioned that the law only guarantees the natural right of the man.

I don't use an exaggerated and blasphemer style when strongly affirming what an America recipe for happiness and what a Dale-Carnegie-like book the communism is. Behold what *Isaiah* writes (55: 12):

"And you with happiness will come out and in peace you will be guided: the mountains and the hills will burst into shouts of joy before you and all the trees of the land will applaud you!".

(David too – in 2 Kings - who dances and jumps in front of the ark of the covenant and who goes naked lowering himself in the eyes of the snobs and answering them: Blessed is the Lord, I will sing and I will dance before the lord and I am lowering myself and I will be even smaller in your eyes; or in *Psalm* 95: Let the skies be glad and let the earth rejoice, let the sea and everything within it be shaken; let the plains rejoice… all the trees of the forest…; and 97: 10: The rivers will clap their hands…).

We are talking about Christ's gentleness – by showing that He went to His death ad a lamb to slaughterhouse, and He was silent as the sheep when sheered. But about another feature of Him – which He must have had it once He accepted to die the dreadful death on the cross – we don't mention: His courage.

Do we know what we are? Do we know what we proclaim with emphasis in good faith (or both) that we have in our thought? Can somebody affirm that he is or he is not a Christian?

The example of Iulian the Apostate should make us questioning. Reading the consecrated treaties of the epoque, and reading the monographs (Bidez, Allard…) show us that the figure of the emperor reckoned as the fiercest enemy of the Christianity it is incomparably more complex that it seems, and a more attentive study reveals him to us as an unwilling Christian.

"You Galilean have won!" he could say long before being mortally wounded while fighting the Persians. This admirer of the old Rome and worshipers of the old deities, who spoke Latin quite poorly, he wrote in Greek and he never went to Rome; he was an intellectual having his hand stained with ink, wearing his beard uncared (as the Fathers of the Desert did), he was short, and he was weakened by fasting and by ascesis. He believed in Providence, in the immortality of the soul, in the need for salvation, in the nothingness of the matter, in the afterlife (with rewards and punishments), in the efficacity of the prayer, in chastity, and in virtues.

This unwilling Christian wanted to reorganize the polytheism according to the most Christian templates and guiding himself exactly according to the model of the new church. In his reform plans, the polytheist church was to be at its turn unitary and hierarchized (having as chief a pontifex-maximus, the theocrat emperor), divided in territorial circumscriptions (as the dioceses); in the built and restored temples were to take place religious services imitating the Christian services (choirs, sermons); the polytheist priests had to become living examples of moral life ceasing to be simple officiants of some sacrifices. Homer was to become a holy book, as the *Bible* is; the myths were to be poetically interpreted, a polytheist mission was to replace the Christian one. The figure of the new pagan priest was conceived according to that of his rival: he is no longer a civilian occasionally serving, but he is a clean and pious professional priest, and exemplary one.

In this paganism (or polytheism, as he liked to call it) Iulian introduced the notions specifically Christian notions or mercy and of charity and the institutions characteristic to the Christianity: helping the poor, building hospitals, founding charitable associations. Iulian was the man of moralizing the polytheism, of a purified Olympus where Venus was to be the goddess of matrimonies and Bachus the father of the honest joys.

Iulian renegaded and refused a religion which he actually had admired and he had desired it, and which he had imitated it step by step.

(The adversaries, almost always, they resemble to one another).

Honest, courageous, working, patriot, sincere, "absolutely irreproachable" as emperor and as man, he still knew – with a skillfulness of intellectual and with the cold blood of the theoretician - how to persecute with

tireless subtlety and how to contrive some of the most perfectioned methods of soft torture which ever existed. He didn't' win because that what he wanted to do wasn't else but that what was done and that what was being done in front of his amazed eyes: Iulian was a Christian without Christ, he was a being framed into teratology; and the monster, by and large, they have not a long life.

There turns up something more, something enigmatic and scandalous to rationalists: that all the Christian virtues and institutions will be valueless if not founded on the love for Christ. *He is* the Truth, and not the preached morals or the institutions founded on the spirit of some doctrines, regardless hos close those doctrines would be to His teaching. There isn't Christianity without Christ – if that had been, many Jews, polytheists, masons, or multitude of people having clean morals would have been Christians long time ago.

The world know that Henric IV abjured his Protestantism in order him to be able to enter Paris and become king of France: "Paris, by God, it is equal to a liturgy". But people know less about how the king evolved from a Catholic by convenience to a convince Catholic. Cardinal Du Perron was able to ascertain the evolution of the great sovereign who, then aware of the superiority of the Catholicism, he maintained the edict which he established the religious freedom by.

The Exigent Ones

They don't quite cherish Saint-Beuve as critic; his preferred poets were Lebrun and Calemard de La Fayette. Regarding Stendhal, Balzac, and Baudelaire, he wrote very reservedly and ironically. But he was an important and skillful historian.

Anyway, at some point I believe he reached the peak: when defending madame Roland, who was accused of theatricality because, before going to guillotine, she exclaimed looking at the statue of the Liberty: How many crimes are being committed in your name!

Theatricality? Asks Sainte-Beuve. Of course, because of the executions during the French Revolution had a theatrical character. The condemned were taken in wagons from prison to the place where the execution was planned to take place; the transport was done in plain day light and the condemned were allowed to take stance, to show their courage (or fear – as the poor madam du Barry, or as the poor Camille Desmoulins), and to speak out. The beheading took place in a public plaza, and the multitude of the spectators were crowding on benched placed around as an amphitheater.

The accusation brought to a courageous woman enrages Sainte-Beuve who – engulfed by a saint and noble indignation and (as Racine said) a

legitimate anger – he addressed himself to the exigent critics: get over it, gentlemen, next time she will behave better!

The exigent ones keep their eyes upon the righteous and upon the decent men, by mercilessly stalking even the tiniest deviation of those. The scoundrels are ready to overlook anything and to ceaselessly bring excuse to those whom they resemble to.

Gherla Prison, the Year 1963

Conversation with colonel Traugott Br. Nietzsche's formula - *Jenseits von Gut und Fluss* – isn't, I am telling him, but the observation of a long-known Chrisian truth, which Mesiter Eckart insisted upon, with special skillfulness, during the XIV Century. God is beyond all other notions of our relativeness.

Mesiter Eckart was scaring the nuns from Colonia – and he scandalized his superiors – by starting his sermons with phrases as" God isn't good, God isn't just, God isn't non-comprises, God isn't powerful. After a consternation pause, he uttered that phrase btu changes: as He is not evil, He is not unjust, He is not small, He is nor weak; God stays beyond these divisions. (Prosper Merimee in *The Chronicle of the Reigning of Carol IV* imagines a similar situation, but in a kicking style: the bet won by a preacher expressing on an injurious tone, at the beginning of his speech: "the blood and the death of Christ!").

The Nietzschean formula was interpreted in the sense that we are allowed to be evil. That means they didn't read it attentively. It actually is an invitation to that state where the good and the evil no longer exist, as in that "region" there no longer can be conceived the bipolarities, the dualities, or the contradictions.

There where doesn't exist (*still* exist or no longer exists) the knowledge of the good and of the evil, there where reigns the pure kindness of God and of the first days of the Creation.

How wrong it is to believe that beyond good or evil there would be the becoming permanent of definitive or one of the two terms. On that realm the good is one and absolute. There reach the two heroes of *The Knight of Santiago Order*, the father and his daughter, in the theater play of Montherlant, merging in *One*.

How could I imagine, expressed in worldly terms, such a state? By Mozart's music, which isn't either tragical or glad, but it is gracious and euphoric, *undivided, unknowing*. In any case, not by remaining within the bursting up of the double ground predilect to evilness: the rudeness and the strife.

The Year 1969

Kisiakov, the character of a novel by Henry Troyat, he takes all the way to the end the reasoning of the heretic Marcion (God from the *Old Testament* is actually the deity of the evil).

A phantasm of absolute Manicheism: the evil, as also the good, are of divine essence. Wanting to banish away the evil from the Creation, Christ betrayed God Who, furious, He enjoyed the crucifixion, the humiliation, and the sufferings of Jesus.

God the Creator of the world as it is, He is not the same with the gentle prophet who wanted a world which the cunningness to vanish away from. The Father kept His silence and He didn't' intervene because He hated the crucified and He let him die in torments.

The idea of the forgiveness seems so bizarre to us the people that Zola in his novel *Madeleine Ferrat* argues that Christ can forgive but God-the Father cannot; and that, after all, we still are harshly punished for the evil we did, despite us repenting for that evil. The repentance has no value at the Father.

(The great humanist, humanitarian, and progressist: Zola!)

The Jilava, Gherla, and Aiud Prisons

Emil Cioran

Two names raise the interest of the inmates form all the prisons cells which I have been crossing through. I am able to offer information on Teilhard de Chardin and on Eugen Ionescu, whose works I have read entirely due to Dinu Ne.

Regarding Eugen Ionescu the reactions are two: sympathy and curiosity from the young people, and indignant aversion from the older people. Costache Bursan, who shows me a lot of affection, after recounting him one of the theater plays read by me, he frowns at me very upset. The rebukes me harshly. I am telling him vainly that I am not the author of the play, I am vainly invoking the poster from the bars of the far West: "Don't shoot the pianist", mister Costache remains morose for three days, and after reconciling with me he begs me to "no longer spread such horrors".

(It was even worse in case of father M. after I resumed, on a warms evening at Jilava, the work *Brave New World* by Huxley. It took a lot until I was able to convince him that I am not a follower of conceiving the children in a vial. Father M is a good and understanding man; later on, smiling, he told me that he was sorry; but I had a lot to deal with professor Petrescu, a former

Cuza's adept, because of the *Animals Farm* by George Orwell, in which he stubbornly saw the work of the masons!).

Virgil Bit, Mihai R., I. Bod, Gh. from the Country Side, and a multitude of young people listen to me attentively and in good spirit when presenting Eugen Ionescu, so that I am realizing well the value of the author and his power of expressing the spirit of our epoque.

I am recounting from Ionescu: *The Bald Songstress*, *Jaques or the Submission*, *The Chairs*, *The Lesson*, *Amadeu Get Rid of Trouble by Any Means*, *The Victims of the Duty*, *The Rhinoceroses* (the last one I read it a few years before being I arrested).

In the conversation between Marin husbands in *The Bald Songstress* ("What a coincidence…") I underscore a very savant construction which it seems to me uncontestably resembling to a fugue by Bach. A very good specialist in music says that I'm right. Naturally, I am tarrying upon *The Victims of the Duty*, which is the story of an investigation. The young people listen to it charmed, and even the other inmates are surprised by it. Often, inside the old walls of the prisons from Jilava, Aiud, and Gherla, a heterogenous and unexpected public dressed in inmate clothing applaud this play by Ionescu stronger – probably – that the public (in evening dresses??) from *La Huchette* theater. *Huis-Clos* by Sartre and *The Trial* by Kafka benefit of the same attention, both of them being full of prophetic power and seeming to specifically being destined to be recounted in places like that where we are. Kafka and Sartre are listened to with interest by the old people too. (Mister Costache no longer says about those are being "nonsenses and insolent filthiness"). The justice obliges me to tell you that some of the adults too show themselves receptive to Eugen Ionescu. (The attorney D. Vgl., for instance, a difficult character, a moody man, a pretentious listener, he immediately leans towards Ionescu without reserves. He is also a great Wagnerian and Nietzschean).

The reactions to Teilhard the Chardin are more nuanced, the age is no longer a separating criterion. The Catholic priests are discrete, the Orthodox don't reject him. Once more is manifested the relaxed attitude of the Orthodoxy relatedly to science: they let the science to mind its business. (I am noticing here also a little wise disregard: what importance have the worldly discoveries?!… While at the Catholics is manifested a worry related to the immense role played by the materialness, by politics in Catholicism – a worry justified as well: once God created the world and He let the world taking acre of its businesses, who were to take care of those businesses if not the people, and especially the most qualified among them?).

The discussions touched the following points:

a) the passing, through evolution, from simple to complex, it seems to be an uncontestable reality. It is about a chronological evolution, and not a causal evolution. The basic idea of Teilhard – that the evolution in time is certain but there are not descendent relations among species – it can be very well exemplified like this: the things happen – seemingly – like in a showcase where an invisible hand replaces the exposed object after each season has come to an end. The replacement – in autumn – of the sandals with boots doesn't mean that the boots descended out of sandals; likewise in winter: there wasn't an evolution from t-shirts to thick coats.

b) "the Teilhard case show that the Jesuits have remained in the front of an innovative and daring branch of the Catholicism and that they still are attracted by science (*c'est leur pèche mignon*);

c) from author's part, one can see an extraordinary human modesty: the admission of the hypothesis that on the road towards the omega point the role of our species could be only the achievement of a new geological layer. (Doesn't that mean that the sacrifice on the cross was vain? Let that not be!);

d) the *meta-Christianity* which Teilhard likes to mention about, isn't that somehow an upsetting concession done to the up-to-date language, an *aggiornamento* arrived on the wings of the fashion trying to satisfy everyone and to gladden us up by using terms which to be as scientific-grandiose as possible?

The Christianity metamorphoses the man. What could be *beyond* Christianity? Valery too was asking himself if there can be anything better than the light is. Could that be the tachyons? I cannot see in meta-Christianity else than the 0old Christianity understood more thoroughly, itself fuller. Otherwise, I am willing to say as the American Puritans from South: *it's good enough for me*.

The Year 1962

A thing seems certain to me: that the world of the simple people is a complicated world, and the world of the complicated people is a simple world.

A century ago, Bagehot discerned in the English constitutional system two parts: one part strictly practical and utilitarian: the cabinet; and one part ceremonial, solemn, good for the masses: the Parliament plus the Crown, with their pompous traditions (colored and shiny).

The more sophisticated the people are the less they grant importance to the shapes; unlike the simple people who immediately after they have gathered themselves together, they start composing taught regulations.

Then the simple men are extremely "serious", namely giving birth to tyranny. The "Mandarins" are the most easy-going, namely more tolerant. They could say, and not for nothing, at the death of Sacha Guitry: Sacha, you have taught us that the easy-going-ness can too be a virtue.

Ah! How disciplined, how exigent, how idolaters of the typic and of the shape are the simple people form the prison cells.

The *good savage man* and the *simplicity of the primitive man* are simply fairytales, *fiction*.

The savages are terribly complicated and meticulous: the sociology, the ethnography, and the anthropology prove that. To savaged everything is under the sign of the taboos – there a hundred, even thousands of taboos – and of the stringencies of the systems for thorough regulation. The shape always is prioritized upon the fund.

In comparison to the life of the primitive tribes, the modern man's life is of a crystalline simplicity and of an absolute freedom.

Seriousness. Good-faith. Lo the double impression created by the recount of Saint Apostle Paul regarding his kidnapping into Paradise, during his trip to Damascus. Paul cannot give any detail; what he heard and saw cannot be expressed in words.

Rudolf Stenier, in exchange, he meticulously describes the universe shown him during his supra-natural trip. The details given by Steiner evoke an inventory or a geography book.

The theosophists and the spiritists suffer of the same weakness: they taxonomy is too meticulous: the give the most exact numbers for the duration between two incarnations, for the spiritual levels, for the spirits in each category…

The difference seems decisive to me. One can feel the authenticity of the vision of Saint Paul, and one can see at the others the impossibility of resisting the temptation of the figures and of the systematization. These so precise figures of the anthroposophists and of the theosophists touch a double sensitive point of the masses: the numerical rigorousness and the need for sensational (scare me!).

The insanity of the *Gospel* is a calm and modest insanity. The Christianity admits the existence of some mysteries and it doesn't strive to solve those with figures whose validity cannot stir up a mind that's tills is rational but the need for ordering the motor muscles to smile.

The figures and the details of the theosophists and of the anthroposophists – by contrasting the discretion of Saint Paul – prove a disarming naiveness, if not also a lack of critical sense.

The mania of the sectarians for establishing the date of the Armageddon, the year, the month of the end of the world etc. contravenes to the categorical text which the Lord excludes by the finding out of ds precise date. There is an impulse for conquering the people by scaring them, and in the same time flattering them by announcing some catastrophic and grandiose events which the people are promised to participate to. Unconscious ability? Mundanity? Fantasy?

The possibility of knowing the exact date of the end of the world would contradict the basic principles of the world: the incertitude, the freedom of the faith, the withdrawal of God into mysteries which are inaccessible to the categorical proofs.

Bucharest, the Year 1969

Regardless how much I try not to upset the extraordinary dr. Al.-G., we cannot meet without discussing (I am the one starting) the merits or the Christianity and of the Buddhism.

I am citing him a phrase from *the Catechisms of the Dutch Bishops*: "The Savior got us rid of suffering due to an ascesis. He crossed the suffering through the whole its depth".

The divine carpenter contributed himself, *il a mis la main á la pate*, he didn't look, from under the tree, sighing and covering his face.

The story with Saint Cassian the Roman and Saint Nicholas could wonderfully express the difference between Christianity and Buddhism. Saint Nicholas dirtying his coat letting God to wait for him in order him to help a peasant to get his wagon out of mud, while Saint Cassian preserves his coat immaculate and he hurried up to present himself worthily to God (Who will gently criticize him while waiting for the tardy and muddy Saint Nicholas) symbolized the Christianity itself: the religion *partaking* the man's tragedy and the world's troubles. (not only the tragedies but also the troubles).

So many people find it hard to believe in Christ, but they are ready to take as real everything Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, Mrs. Armie Besant, Helen White, Krishnamurti, colonel Olcott… said… And there are so many pseudo-yogis in Occident… so many prophets in India…

The Cough, the novella of Hugh Walpole: the stubborn naiveness of the millennialism. Subtly described. Walpole: all the calculations are done by people who interpret Hezekiel, Daniel, and *the Apocalypse* without knowing Hebrew or Aramaic and without having cosmographical knowledge. (A historian called Jerome Carcopino proves in his book on Julius Caesar who complex

elements are needed in order to calculate a calendrical date form the far gone *past*).

Cernica Monastery, the Year 1970

Father abbot Roman: the Christianity is the absolute risk, and the monastic life is the risk brought to paroxysm. Youa re offered nothing, no certitude. Only perils, only risks. Not even the certitude that you will die there, at the monastery. That you will last. That you will have what to eat. Neither, especially, that you have been right by becoming a monk. And neither – and this is the peak – that you have chosen the path of your salvation. It still is possible that after so many suffering and miseries you won't be saved, and you will burn like any sinner who indulged himself in joys, in abundance, and in comfort, and who fed himself with gourmet foods, unlike a certain man who lived his life the best he could without dreaming of daring consummation.

Only and only incertitudes. You give everything, but you won't be given anything in exchange. And you remain absolutely alone, and you cannot be sure either about yourself, even the less about others. Will you be able to endure without murmuring?

The Christianity, the monasticism: lo the jump (and beyond, as Lytton Stracey said about Cardinal Manning, there is not cushioning mattress), lo the hot oven (which you to throw yourself in), lo the bridge collapsing behind you, lo the fleet you are to set in fire, the adventure. The check is without warranty and without signature, you take it to the bank and you don't know whether it will be reimbursed or not. The monastery (or the faith, it isn't any better) doesn't offer you but it takes everything from you and it expects you, cold blooded, at the corner.

(Therefore, the monastery seems being totally conform to the ideals of Georges Bataille and to his theory on disinterest and on sacrifice – out of which he took the grounds of his vision on world and on life. And the supreme phase of the much-admired *potlatch* of the American Indians. Only that the monks' *potlatch* is total and it surpasses that of the American Indian chiefs; that one is not serious and which is pharisaical because of aiming to glory and fame: who gives more? Who is the least interested?).

The six elements from the domain from where the images and the parables of the *Gospel* take their terms from: the agricultural field, the vineyard, the fishing net, the sheep flock, and the cattle herd.

Lesson of simplicity and of realism. And of very clear morals. The family. The work. The obedience.

Where are all our subtleties and reasonings, our thread split up in four? And all our spoiling and indulgences?

Over the paragraphs form the *Gospels* there blows a harsh and clean wind. Nothing bizarre. Nothing unnecessary. The people cry when the children die, they want their children to get healed if they are ill, they cheer themselves up at weddings, they throw parties, they toil for making a living.

Restraint. Severity. And equilibrium; the equilibrium if the great secret unveiled in the Psalm no. 121: "During the day the sun won't burn you, and at night the moon won't spellbound you". Neither the call of the moon, mirky, opalescent, nor the melting down in the heat of the demon at noon. Only the harsh brown of the soil, and in the short cold of the evening – after fulfilling the day's work – the peaceful blue of the sky.

Gherla Prison, the Room no. 44

At night, going to the toilet vessel, it happens to me that I see the frail father Traian Pop awake, praying; out of his half-closed eyes flow tears: his face is ecstatically enlightened.

This view slices my heart asunder and if one asked me on that moment to give my life I would give it without hesitation. I would throw myself off the window into the prison's courtyard. But the window has bars, it is blocked with planks, and I am but an impressionable sentimentalist; everything at me happens on the plan of the emotivity, which is superficiality. So be it.

I am dialoguing with father Traian Pop about the sin with the thought. It is a terribly worrying point and important to me. The Savior spoke as clearly as possible: "You have heard what the people from old were told: do not commit adultery. But I am telling you: anyone who looks at a woman and lusts for her, he has already committed sin in his heart".

It seems that we must force ourselves to understand that. It isn't "quite like that". And it is explained to me:

First, the simple temptation isn't equal to sin. The temptation doesn't become "sin with the thought" except you keep it, you "process" it in your thought, and you put in work the extra-retinal sense, the paroptic sense. (The parable with the birds flying over the house. The temptation doesn't become a sin except by making the birds descending on that house).

Then, doubtlessly, the sin with the thought and the sin with the deed differ from one another. Therefore, committing the first type of sin doesn't imply committing the second type of sin. He who commits sins in his thought doesn't need to take upon him a second debt. It is better one to carry only one burden.

The Occidental theologians didn't judge purely logically, for they submitted the logic to a constant confrontation of the real's lessons. They proved to have a "robust sense" showing that there still is a difference between the two situations.

Otherwise, one wouldn't discern between *restraint* and *debauchery*; there wouldn't be needed two words. The restrained could be unclean in hi thought, but he won't go to deed. The Occidental theologians underscored that wanting to kill somebody isn't the same with actually killing somebody. He who decides to give alms is not the same with him who actually gives alms. (He has no witness).

The reasoning: "once the sin with the thought is a sin, it will be purposeless to me to refrain myself form the deed" it is a devilish temptation. (And the more impeccable a reasoning is the more devilish will be because of coming on the preferred way by the one in the core of the whose kingdom Dante saw the ice: on the logics way). He mocks the Lord by interpreting His words literarily against the express advice to place the spirit above the letter and not to misinterpret any certain verse by getting it out of the *Scripture*'s context. It attributed to the divinity the intention of submitting us to some temptations which we cannot resist to.

They aim at blaming us for the second sin, like there wouldn't be enough one.

A totalitarian temptation: *aut Caesar aut nill*. This is haughtiness. It is better the toiled restraint that the arrogant debauchery.

In His *preaching on the mountain* the things went further than in *Decalogue*: the consummation doesn't consist of non-doing but it consists of non-thinking. It follows that we must strive to control our thought too, and not only our body, but still remaining convinced that the sin with the thought isn't the same with resorting to deeds. Modesty.

Casuistic? It is a term invented by Jansenists against the Jesuits, and it is one of those words covering an injustice by appealing the sense of the masses (on occasions it conquers even superior minds: Pascal, Bossuet). The casuistic was a reaction of the common sense, of the souly kindness, and of the wide spirit against the absolutism and the absurd of the formula: everything or nothing.

Jehovah's Witnesses

Almost all of you have left the Orthodoxy invoking the fact that "the priest was a drunkard" or "he was a fornicator" or "he made politics" or "he was a joker". Like the validity of the teaching of Christ would be at the hand of the wickedness of a certain priest from a certain village.

(But it is more palpitant to be among the 144000 chosen people and to be partaker to an organization having its headquarters to New York in a tower, than to be only a sheep among others in an undifferentiated flock from a periphery of Europe).

Grown up babies.

They say: what value can have the mysteries officiated by an unworthy priest? Full value. The solution was provided in the year 311 at the council from Arles, after the Donatist heresy which was judging exactly like the Jehovah's Witnesses judge.

Ex opere operato.

Bot heresies (Donatist, Jehovah's Witnesses) belong to an infantile purism: the confusion between the human instrument and the divine essence which *crosses through* the human instrument as an instantaneous electric current which isn't contaminated by the tube which it flows through.

Qui latronem exhaudisti

Et Maria absolvisti, you are The One Who saw Nataniel and Who shouted out at Matthew and

Mihi quoque appelasti.

The extraordinary wonder of being called. Me?!, we would want, distrustful, to say. We cannot believe that he stopped upon a being whose unworthiness we perfectly know, and that he stopped Himself to dwell in such a dirty dwelling place. To the amazement is added the fear, we would want to run away from our responsibility (from misfortune) and, as Moses, we would be tempted to argue (in order us to escape): who am I for being chosen by You? I am an unskilled man. Chose somebody else.

This inward exclamation of surprise and of disturbance is convincingly proven by the gesture of the publican form Caravaggio's painting called *The Calling of Saint Matthew*. The future apostle sits at his publican table, surrounded by a player and a few young people. In that finger which he points at himself with one can guess the feeling of a man whom is so hard to believe that he is being recruited. How is that possible? Does He know me so superficially? Or, He might like doing only that what seems impossible. Or, He might be of a kindness which we cannot even imagine.

He chooses some people for they are good, while He chooses other people because they are bad.

The prayer of Saint John Chrysostom, which is read instead of the pericope from *Gospel* at the resurrection religious service: let all of them come who have been fasting since the first day, let them come too who have been fasting since the third day, let them come too who have been fasting since the

sixth day, and let them come even those who have been fasting since the eight day; let come closer those who have been fasting since the nineth day, since the tenth day; and those who haven't been fasting since the eleventh day. And them who haven't fated at all, let them come too. Let everybody come: the table is rich, and the veal is plenty. This is the day left by God for us to rejoice on it and us to be glad.

The Year 1933

The political man – he takes care of managing as well as possible the worldly businesses – is asked not only kindness, but also much intelligence and understanding his purpose: that one of being skillful.

Manole, of course, is citing Mauras: the serious political man has a heart for himself and a temperate mind for everybody.

The shortsightedness of the normal people: they cannot believe that everything is possible.

David Rousset: "The normal people know that everything is possible!".

Aldous Huxley: "Here you are wrong, says the archdeacon. There are no limits. Anyone is capable of anything, you must know that, of absolutely anything".

The angels, the saints, and the confessors are kind, but they aren't naïve, or credulous: they know that the evil has not limit, and that the man can lower himself endlessly. The secret of the absence of their stupidity: they know that the devil exists.

One can get healed of his naiveness and credulousness – without getting cynical – only him who believes in the existence of the devil.

The Year 1970

The observation made by Kenneth Clark (in *Civilizations*), that during the first centuries of our era the Christianity place the accent in art on the representation of the Good Shepherd (a beautiful young man carrying a lamb on his shoulders), on the resurrection, on the ascent, namely on subjects providing hope, capable of inviting and appeasing, destined to attract as many as proselytes possible. Only later on the art dared to take it on the road of the realism and – by invoking now especially the Crucifixion, the Calvary, and the martyrs – to confess the true condition of the man in *this world*, a world of the suffering, of the injustice, and of the absurd.

The Year 1950

Manole on principledness: Let me give you an example of principledness. When being exonerated, Dreyfus came back to the Devil's Island, and his first thought was to go and thank Clemenceau. Of course. But, do you know what Clemenceau did" He refused to shake Dreyfus's hand, He despised Dreyfuss because of accepting to be exonerated instead of enduring until being judged, acquitted, and rehabilitated. "He looked like a crayons seller". (The tiger to Jean Martet).

Another example, from the other camp: colonel Henry who committed suicide when seeing that most of his friends left him because they understood that he used a fake document.

But you must know that the much-blasphemed Century XIX – which I don't love it either, but in comparison to what followed… - almost all people were nice. Chambord was a man of honor at his turn. His stubbornness is condemnable (for he deprived his country of the benefactions of a monarchy), but it is honest, and it inspires a deep respect. In order him not to transgress his idea, he renounced to the throne. It had been easy to him to accept the restauration and then to impose his personal regime. He wouldn't have succeeded, but he could have tried. He didn't want to take advantage of the situation; he openly and repeatedly and insistently said what was his desire and what he was going to do. He wanted to be received as he was. He wasn't deceiving anyone; his scrupulousness was consummate. A possible king is implored to come on the throne, a prince waited for by the whole world, but he constantly refused because of not being allowed by his conscience to be a constitutional monarch, he can be blamed for lacking of intelligence. This is a grave accusation, but it doesn't touch his morality. One could say that Chambord lack his patriotism. This is an even graver accusation, but it shouldn't lose from sight that to him patriotic was only the stance he took, it seemed so to him, and he was convinced that he should proceed like that. Chambord inspired the spite, but in the same time the consideration. He had whom to resemble, he was honest as his grandfather was, Carol X. Royer - Collard who criticized him, he still told Victor Hugo: Carol X was a decent king. When, in the year 1832 was found out that duchess Du Berry, the widow of the prince assassinated by Louvell in the year 1820 and Chambord's mother, a wicked Napolitan and who caused a rebellion in the beginning in Vendee against Ludovic-Philip, she was pregnant, Carol X immediately decided not to entrust her with the raising of the royal baby. The legitimists vainly sent Chateaubriand to Prague to try and persuade him, to forgive the duchess, and to present the baby she was carrying in her womb as "the child of Vendee". A

decent man, Carol X wasn't impressed by stupid formulas. As also, leaving the modesty aside, neither I am conquered by the solemn nonsenses and by the pretentious contrivances of the press from Sarindar.

The Year 1971

The "Happy Christianity" Movement from the United States seems pleonasm to me, as Manole too was saying that the "authoritarian government' was a Pleonasm. ("What government is that having not authority?"). The Christianity is the recipe of the happiness, it doesn't need the adding "happy", because the happiness is implied by the very name of the religion of the resurrection and of the transfiguration, of the good annunciation. What can produce a good news other than joy?

Vae victis.

Huxley: we are punished because we have been punished.

Mary-Antoinette to lady Campan: we are punished for our misfortunes.

And the *Gospel knows how to* be harsh: from him who doesn't have (faith, hope, good deeds, a purpose in the world) it will be taken away even the little he has.

We don't want to admit that there are mysteries, this is the misfortune. Dostoyevsky: What the mystery is? Everything is mystery, my friend, the mystery of God is everywhere… How nice it is on this earth, my dear… And if there are mysteries, that's even better.

The divinity and the faith are ineluctable parameters, which you cannot ever get rid of. You only obtain transfers, as Huxley says. The science hasn't abolished the theology nowadays, but it has replaced it.

Dostoyevsky new that long time before: "Living without God is only a torment… The man cannot live without kneeling down". If the man banishes God away, he will kneel in front of an idol made of wood or of gold, or imaginary. All of them are idolaters, and not atheists.

Lo, that at least for once the Judaism broke the accountant registers and threw their pages insanely into the sky. Rabi Nahman from Bratlav: we don't need anything else but a little sweet life.

Bucharest, the Year 1964

"*The Citadel*" by Saint-Exupery. The printed book doesn't present the final version: the author wasn't able to establish it. There are also contradiction and a pseudo-Nietzschean atmosphere, which embarrasses: but there are wonderful things too. I am copying:

"I hated their smartness more that it was honorable I to do it".

"So, the essential in a candle isn't the wax that leave traces, but it is the light".

"I am hearing the voice of the insane: we must tear down these inutile walls and to level down these short stairs which complicate the walking. Then the man will be **free**. But I am answering him: then the people will become as cows in a market and because of fearing not to get bored they will contrive stupid games still led by rule and those rules wont' have greatness".

"This is for it always is possible to tear down the temple and to erect another temple with the same stones. (The new temple won't be truer or falser, neither juster of more unjust".

"Anyone who demeans is despicable himself".

On friendship: "Because of being vanished the things which you liked the most to a friend, is it there more than you don't like?".

(Commentary: the disappointment in friendship is a symptom unveiling more propound levels. We are hurt not by the wickedness which we unveil in the other – after all we don't give a dime on it – but we are hurt by discovering our own wickedness reflected in another, because we wouldn't be friends if there wasn't a common ground between us, namely the same subterranea waters flowing under two unstable houses).

"The man is the one bearing within himself something bigger than him".

On prayer: "Because I didn't' come closer to God, a God Who allows you to come close to Him will no longer be a God. Neither will God be a God if he listens to our prayers. And for the first time I was guessing that the greatness of the prayer consists especially of the fact that is not answered and that in this trade there isn't any mercantile ugliness. And that the apprenticeship of the prayer is the apprenticeship of the silence". (This is exaggerated and heretic, the Nietzschean imitation is obvious, but this saying comprises the exact thought that a prayer the man is the one who must strive for catching that what is being told".

14th of July, the Year 1963

There is a relentless hatred on the good and a deep and despising dread on everything that is beautiful. This is so true that I wonder if it isn't surprising the fact (which was indignant to scribed and to Pharisees too) that Christ ate and drank with the publicans and with the sinners, but it rather was the fact that the publicans and the sinners ate together with Christ.

It is a wonder that the sinless Christ felt Himself like among His people in the society of the wicked ones. If we think this through, an even greater wonder (and that is one more proof, undeniable, of His divinity) is that these

wicked consented to leave in the company of the righteousness. How could they stand that? At the beginning, because later on their strange commensal transfigured them in new beings. But in the beginning, the sole explanation of defeating such a fierce impulse in the human being is that the Lord made a wonder that though invisible (and easily overlooked) wasn't less exemplary than all the other wonders of His.

The Year 1965

None of the virtues and none of the attributes of the divine can be isolated and idolatrized. Only their balanced ensemble represents the consummation.

As such, neither the truth – alone – is an absolute criterion. Reading on Luther *(De servo Arbitrio)* I am getting convinced even more of this and I am remembering Pascal's aphorism: "You can make an idol even out of truth, because the truth without love isn't God, but it is His image, and it is idol, and you shouldn't either love for worship it".

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

…*So… the IV conjugation*: audiverum, audiveris, audiverit, audiverimus… *a mongoose eaten by cobras*… audiveritis, audiverint… *Demetrios tells Marcellus…*

The Year 1935

Manole: See, I have nothing against literature. (Of course; he confessed me that he wrote a novel called *Freud and Mister Costache*). But the politics is something else. The politics stays on top. *In the first place is the politics*. And don't tell me that isn't so, of I'll cite to you not only Maurass but also Joseph de Maistre who put the literates and the scientists in their place. Lo, the Morny case.

If Morny hadn't died in the year 1865 it would have been very probably that the politics regarding Russia and Italy would have been different and it might have been that the war wouldn't have broken out in the year 1870. Morney resisted the influence exercised by Eugenia. He was a deputy during the monarchy from June, and he wasn't a man made by Napoleon III. He proved himself capable as minister; he was urging the clerks not to be bureaucrats, and in the difficult task as chief of the legislative body he was unmatched. In the year 1863, on the occasion when Theirs entered the legislative body, he declares himself glad for this election of an adversary. Courteous and polite, he was taking a special care of preserving the silence

while any oppositionist lawyer was speaking, for he wanted anyone to be attentively and politely listened to. Emile Ollivier was able to affirm in full legislative assembly that he was a republican; and he wasn't either arrested or killed, or sterilized, or locked up in a lunatic asylum, nor even rebuked. Morney's tact regarding Ollivier brought excellent results: Ollivier changed the sides and started supporting the empire. The liberal reforms from the year 1960 took place due to Morny, who was telling to Olliver that he had been always conservative and liberal.

And what does Alphonse Daudet do? In *Le nabab* he presents Morny under the name as duke of Mora. Daudet's portrait, from literary point of view, it is nice. But it is historically false. Morny was a *dandy* in his youth, and he remained to the very end an elegant mundane man. Be he wasn't at all the frivolous mundane man imagined by Alphonse Daudet. Mora is the cynical mundane man, corrupt, almighty, and sensational, he is the impeccable snob. He is Brummel. Daudet admit that he is Richelieu too, but he depicts the portrait from backstage, if not even from the pantry of the kitchen. Morny wasn't a millionaire duke, he wasn't a politician lacking any scruples, he wasn't a "Parisian" in the sense of the romantic novels, or a luxurious and lazy dignitary. Daudet saw in him only the blasé and tired mundane man, and the rotten satrap. Daudet didn't know how to see in Morny the great intelligent and industrious politician. In the light cast by candles Daudet imagined seeing the debauchery toppling Morny over; the small provincial journalist, the secretary (and he wasn't a slave!), he couldn't believe that a man so nicely dressed can be tired because of hard working, of efforts, and of his activity as president of the Legislative Body. Morny died defeated by his work, after fulfilling with ability and brightness a function much more delicate and exhaustive than that of an emperor. The history must not judge him according to the things said, otherwise without evilness, by a secretary whom he helped to get out of his poverty and whom he escaped from death (for he provided him with the means to defeat his tuberculosis). The history must recognize to this intelligent, nice, and working man, his merits. You know that I'm not a Bonapartist, but it isn't right that the second empire appears as the dictatorship of the debauched from the past century. In the sounds of the waltz, Napoleon III didn't order crimes and, between orgias, Morny didn't dilapidate the public money. He isn't the Aretin. Only the unchained imagination of the readers of fascicle novels imagines Napoleon III and Morny as some Aretins. But our century, pal, offers such sensational shows that those who cannot believe that in the XIX Century a dictatorship could have been a simple non-parliamentary political regime of some nice people and of a normal society, they cannot even be condemned.

Giono, during the German occupation of France, he said: Let's obey. There is better a living donkey than a dead lion.

That's true. Thar' right. The heroism is ridiculous and false, and the big words are empty shells. The ole people send young people to war, the rich people urge the poor people to endure, and the full belly advice the hungry... Yes, yes, yes. For three times yes. Corneille is outdated, and one cannot make literature with nice feelings. The life has no price.

I know. But it isn't less true that the heroism and the dignity have "their parts" too, as Gorica said. And they have dignified gestures, and heroic behaviors. Have their charm as well, and an own humor, and they have an emotional force which isn't quite worthy of being overlooked. (Let aside that in a prison cell is way better having as cohabitants honorable people than partakers to ceding as Giono had, regarding whom I feel the need to believe that they would daily start discussions focused on distributing the bowls).

Example: Saint Peter saying: "Go away from me, Lord, because I am a sinner" (Lk. 5: 8), or when Peter asks to be crucified upside down. The German officer commanding his platoon to present the honor to Bergson in the courtyard of the commissariat where the old man came to be enrolled on the Jews lists. Or Bergson himself, a Catholic by conviction, but who didn't accept to be baptized during the foreign occupation not to be suspected that he did it out of interest. Or – it is like a chain reaction – the Catholic priests reckon him, still, as a Christian and baptized with the "intention's baptism".

Or the legend of Princess Godiva who accepted to ride, naked, a horse in the street of Coventry City in order her to obtain form her husband the abolishment of some accusations – and no city's inhabitants came outside their houses, except only one whom his fellow-citizens punished him only by never talking to him again. Sir Lawrence Mont sends his kinship Soames Forsythe in the house of Marquis of Shropshire. In order to facilitate the marquis's participation to a charity work, Soames offered to buy the painting hanging in the dining room. The owner wanted to take that painting down in order the buyer to be able to see the signature of the painter. Once it is here, says Soames, the proof is already made, you don't need to bother you at all. Mont would have been thrilled by the chivalry-like behavior of his kinship, but immediately after that he would have felt some embarrassment by hearing that Soame answered the marquis that he cannot pay five hundred pounds for that painting. (So, still a merchant! Haggling is in his blood!). But Soames added: It is too little, and he indicated a bigger price. The marquis resists him. I you want so, concluded Soames – and that would have fully conquered Mont – *I do not haggle*.

The fact that the main role of the faith is decisive in everything belonging to the ideational domain I knew it long before receiving the grace, out of reading Ortega y Gasset, out of Manole's sayings.

The school of private law from Lyon, following the thesis of Em. Levy, it showed that, after all, the property right has no other ground except that the other people believe about the owner that he is the legitimate owner of a certain good. If there is no property title (of if they go beyond the oldest available title), the thirsty years title solves everything. And it is not different in the public law. The power – the enigmatic fundamental notion from the public law, the parallel entity to the property from the private law – it is itself a form of faith.

Manole:

After falling off power, Trotsky recounts that he was asked for countless times how comes that he could fall? To them who asked him thus, Trotsky answered that he reckoned that the power appeared to them as a material object which he dropped from his hand, a wristwatch, or a ruler, or a notebook. But he showed his play cards: one loses the power when the influence of some ideas and of some psychic states decreases among the leading spheres and within the masses' ranks. The beliefs get changed, the souls get transfigured, and new ideal and plan appear. Trotsky fell – he said it, not me – not because somebody had plotted against him, but because the people no longer had believer and had thought as he did, the people no longer had been on the same spiritual plan as he was. He was called individualistic and aristocrat, him who was the theoretician of the permanent revolution, because the masses were tired of revolution and they wanted to be allowed to speak nonsenses over a wine bottle (to say so) or to go to the ballet spectacles and gossip at will. Trotsky was still on revolutionary positions, but he was no longer popular, and he fell suddenly and on his own, nobody threw him down, he fell without intervening any catastrophe because of no longer being upheld by anything, identically to one whose chair or his ladder crumbles under him.

The power isn't but a state, a result: the governments aren't in power because of having the coercion means at hand, but they have the coercion means at hand because of being in power. Pal, he who believes differently, he believes as those persons bothering Trotsky with questions, namely believing that the power is like an object that one can drop it from his hand, or that can be conquered or stolen, or hidden away. The power is like some of talisman or the Nibelung helmet. The power is only a second-rank element, it comes out of, it proceeds from somebody else. And the initial element is the belief of the human masses contained in a certain statal form. The law, therefore, isn't but a religion, a system of beliefs.

The governments fall when no longer having strength and desire for power, and they no longer have those because something has happened inside their psychic. The truth is that their enthusiasm has vanished because of no longer being fueled up by the masses' feelings. Their governing potential diminishes, and how could it be differently while the level of the water in the spring – namely the people's trust – has decreased. The government is the shadow, it is the image in the mirror, it is the electrical current, it is the mandatary. The government can do as much as they are delegated to. The people composing the government are able to work as long as they are supported in their actions; as much *potentia agendile* conveys the power house, namely the governed mass, as much governmental action they take. The power is the conventional name given to our general consensus, it is the common will of the group, it is the highest general will which the people living in the XVIII Century spoke about. It means that between governed and governs are established some souly and ruling principles, and it means that the governments – from tzarists to Trotskyists – lose any surety and any capability on the very moment which they feel that the current which was connecting them to the people had been shut down. Do they still work tyrannically and still remain in power? This means that we must resort to papa Freud and ascertain that, unconsciously, the people support them and the people aren't hostile to tyranny.

Cardinal Retz, in this fundamental text, he might be the first constitutionalist who understood how the things are: "Aren't the parliaments the people's idols? I know that you reckon them as a piece of cake because the Court is armed; I beg you to allow me telling you that they must be reckoned as very important on each time when they reckon themselves as everything". Lo where we have ended: "they start by themselves to reckon your armies as nothing and the misfortune is that their power consists of their imagination; and one can really say that unlike all the other sorts of power, they can, when reaching at a certain point, everything they think they can".

Possunt quia posse videnty.

After to Retz, a leap to Robert Musil: "The human beliefs aren't, probably, but some particular cases of the credit. In love as in businesses too, in sciences as in the long jump, you must believe before winning or before reaching the target; how could that not be true also for the live by and large?... When this belief gets exhausted – because there no longer is either justification of solvability – the bankruptcy will soon come: the époques and the empires collapse like businesses do when they have consumed their credit.

The following citation, from Joseph de Maistre, it is connected too to the decisive words of Cardinal Retz, and it is not less unveiling of hidden truths: "One day I asked an important military: "*Tell me, mister general, what does a lost battle mean? I haven't ever been able to understand it well.* He answered me after a moment of silence: "*I have no idea*". And after another moment of silence, he added: "*It is a battle which you thing about that you have lost it*" … a battle isn't lost materially… for instance, Frederic II, who was skillful to this sort of things, he said: "*Being victorious means advancing*. But who is the advancing one? He is that whose conscience and courage determined the opponent to withdraw… The imagination is that one that loses the battles".

The need for a second plan, namely the plan of the Malraux's transcendence: "The history of the art if that the people have always been asking the art for something that isn't something that the people could achieve". "In other words, there is not art except on the moment when something opposed to the reality. The people haven't found this something except in transcendence". And Kafka defines the poet: "a living telegraph between God and people".

I am surprised that the surrealists almost all of them chose the ranks of the antifascists, while the famous statement of Hans Johst: "When I hear the word culture, I grab my revolver" was preceded by another statement belonging to surrealism's pope: "The simplest surrealist act consisted of taking into the street with a revolver in your hand and shooting at the crowd, at your will". (Why Andre Breton sook refuge in the United States when his dream became reality, it is one more mystery which I cannot understand).

My dad (during Antonescu government) explains to my brother and to me that getting upset is useless. We must understand that that is the only possible way.

Later on, I remembered also the words belonging to Saint-Exupery: "Once I belong to them, I won't ever deny my people, regardless their actions. If they mock me, I will lock their mockery within my heart, I will be silent. Anything I would think about them, I won't ever play the role of the prosecution's witness".

The goo-evil dialectics, unlike other dialectics, it isn't egalitarian. Towards the evil, the good is gentler, it is more unstable, it is *lesser* in its being. The good: it always is in a state of inferiority (frailness), it cannot fight its enemy on equal bases.

Camus: "The good is a dream, it is a project constantly postponed and pursued with an exhausting effort, it is a limit never to be reached by us, its

reigning is impossible. Only the evil goes all the way to its limits and it can rule absolutely".

To the theoreticians of the sapience, of the ceding, of the compromise, to the apologists of the "wisdom" and to the critics of "the insane heroism", to Jean Giono, and to some of my friends I would tell these words of Gorki (he too came to his senses): "The insanity of the valiant, behold the wisdom of the life".

In order the European and American statesmen to know how to behave relatedly to the Simian states which they established in Africa and in other parts of the world where the arborical phase hadn't been totally overcome yet, as also relatedly to other wicked and scoundrels who got out of themselves, they should have had the knowledge of one of the noblest scenes happened (not too long ago) on the Romanian soils – and to pay attention to it.

The great painter and authentic boyar Theodor Pallady used to have lunch in the city: at Jockey Club, at Dobrica on Aurel Vlaicu Street, or at the Buzesti Restaurant own by Misu, the former cook of the Automobile Club.

At Buzesti, on hot weather, Pallady was once having lunch in the garden, having his drawing handbook at hand. At a neighboring table sat a young man, sturdy, with curly hair, wearing a coat and a violet short and a yellow tie. Next to that young man sat an expressive *whore*. Pallady drew her in his notebook.

The young man, annoyed (or maybe only pretending?) got up from his chair and stood in front of the artist, asking him:

"How dare you staring at the lady and painting her?" Pallady mumbled a vaguely polite answer and then he remained silent. The young man insisted and, stimulated by the painter's silence, he changed the register: "Listen to me, you old pig…"

Pallady, despite being seventy-five years old, he was in his youth a student of a famous boxing school from Paris, he put his notebook aside, got up, and knocked the lad out with an uppercut.

How pity that no one can find out about that.

(Let them first come down from trees and then have a talk).

On Turkish soil, but with exteriority: the death of Constantin Brâncoveanu and of his sons confirm the advice given by Lord Chesterfield to Philip Stanhope (his son): you can live however you want, but you must die like a gentleman.

The voivode's mundane life came to an end that consecrated him as a gentleman (he didn't accept the conversion to Islam), and it provided him with the nimbus of a saint (he didn't reject his Christianity).

Gherla Prison (Zarea), on 2nd of August, the Year 1964

After the massive leavings from April (especially sick people, many of them on the stretchers; I saw them through the spaces between the planks covering the window of the prison cell no. 35), it followed the reading by the prison's commander of the general decree for pardon, on 17th of July. They mentioned for the first time the expression "political detainees". Previously: "What? Political detainees? Really? To me you are criminals against the state's security, that's what you are!".

In August the order was "there must no longer be any political detainee". I knew about the pardon the day before, finding out about it via Morse code. But that "practical" seemed suspect to me. It might be that the word was used inappropriately, and not "as a matter of fact", or "concretely" – but with the wrong but spread-out use as "general situation which the exceptional cases don't matter because of being very rare". The wardens are not more talkative, and they even hint as" you couldn't have helped it, that was it, don't leave angry" – tell me that the mentioned measure has an absolute character. Despite all of these, after the series of leavings at the end of June, seeing I that I am not either in the series that started to be liberated on 25th of July, I am experiencing an illogical state of impatience and anxiety. It is stupid, still I can't help myself but to feel sorry for myself being among the last persecuted. I was liberated on the last day: my name started with the letter S, I had not lobbyists to plead my cause, I wasn't incurably ill, I was "insincere during the investigation", I wasn't on the informers' lists ("who collaborated with the administration organs"), and I wasn't among the reeducated inmates. But the event of my liberation had been getting closer and it could have happened on any moment. In the small prison cell from Zarca, alone, I have kneeled down and I am proceeding to evaluate the situation. I was blind when I entered the prison (having vague flashes of light but not upon reality but interior, some autogenous flashes of the darkness splitting up the dark without scattering it away) and I am now going out with my eyes open; I entered the prison while being spoiled, whimsical, and I am going out healed of whims; I entered discontented, I am going out knowing what the happiness is; I entered having a short fuse and being sensitive to trifles, and I am going out indifferent to those; The son and the life were telling me not too much, but I am knowing that even the smallest slice of bread has a good taste; I am going out admiring, above everything, the courage, the dignity, the honor, the heroism; I am going out reconciled: with the people whom I did wrong, with both my friends and my enemies, and even with myself.

I am kneeled and I am thanking to Christ God and I am promising Him to do whatever I am able to for behaving myself, from now on, as a cool gentleman when facing all adversities, impediments, hindrances; I will only be glad, always grateful for any joy, for any good word which won't be a curse; and I rather want my death than committing shouting-out-to-the-sky sins.

I am thanking sincerely, I am making promises seriously… But how many others thanked and promised? But this thought doesn't make me hesitating because the others' experience is not transmissible. So that the good mood remains, but it still is disturbed by a certain agitation. I keep walking around the small prison cell. The perspective of getting liberated gives me thrills, but then I am engulfed also by the premonition of getting back to prison – and I seemingly desire that. It might have been here where we should have remained, it might have been more easily so, and better.

Jilava Prison, the Prison Cell no. 25

Montherlant in *Port-Royal* summarizes the Protestant conception on salvation: "The restlessness is a sure proof of the small benefit we draw consequently to the holy impartation and anyone who doesn't feel happy here on earth cannot be happy beyond. Do you believe in God and you still are afraid of something?".

The Jansenists speak beautifully, but right they who know "the fear and the tremble" overlook easily the incertitude related to the human condition fearsome on the last moments. Fearful is the judgment of Christ too, because of nobody knowing which the verdict will be; the merits, the good deeds, are not predominant; and regarding our faith, can we sure that it is true? The Protestants – by allowing the individual to deduce his salvation out of his state of peace or of happiness – they remove the tragic and the anguish from the Christian's life.

The Orthodox – so much focused on resurrection, and consequently on joy – they are closer, as I think, to the essence of the drama by constantly doubting about their fate. Engineer Pete is drawing my attention upon this point, which I am seeing much honesty and a true tremble in: just because one cannot know this! Just because nothing is solved until the very day of the judgment.

Christianity is a perfect school for contradiction and for paradox, it is the most dialectical conception of all.

The first duty of the Christian: to be happy.

The first duty of the Christian: to feel deeply the misfortune of the human condition.

The Christian (or the man – equally) owes to be smiling, tolerant, rational, relaxed, convinced about the relativity of the worldly things; so, a little skeptic and very lenient; in the same time – by knowing that here is played the life-or-death game - knowing that *only into the body we can be saved* (the body is a body of death and Paul expects to be rid of it, but, on the other hand, once out of your body you could no longe be saved) – he smut be serious, absolutely convinced about the truths of the revelation, fierce in his convictions and in his tragic and heroic meaning of his existence, abyssal in his openings upon the life's mysteries. The Christian - a historian of the culture should say that – must combine what Kenneth Clark calls "the smile of the rationality" from the Century XVIII, with the harsh obedience and with the fiery faith from the Centuries XII-XIII.

But how can be combined two things which are so opposite to one another? The Century XVIII and the Centuries XII-XIII? The rationality and the faith? The smile and the seriousness? The lenience and the asceticism?

I don't know. (It might the answer consist of toppling over the question: how could they have been separated?). But I know an example which – mysteriously – seems to be that the extreme can coincide to one another, that there is a possibility of reconcilement (integration) of the vision's divergencies. The example seems simple, it is a little odd, and I am totally ready to admit that it has an unserious character, having a joke fragrance; and it is too local to be extended to a general validity; and, of course, it is upsettingly reactionary. Take it in the whole its ambiguity, in its Philokalian dialectics.

A woman came to confess her sins to a monk known for the cleanness of his life, and who was a rigorous confessor, but who was not so literate. The woman's husband was arrested because of political motivation. Thew woman suddenly drew out a revolver. What should I do, father, this revolver belonged to my husband, and I have taken it with me so that nobody could find it. The monk stared at her for quite a long time; then, he showed her his pocket of his coat and told her: "Throw it there in".

(*Lk.* 8: 8: Let him who has ears, to hear).

The admirable Athenagoras, the patriarch of the meeting from Jerusalem and of the kiss from Istanbul – of the ecumenism which I promised to be faithful to – was told by Olivier Clement that he was going towards Christ for he loved Him and for "he wasn't forced by anything", for Christ – who refused to descend from the cross and to transform the stones into breads – is one and the same with the freedom.

Christ gives us the freedom (Jn. 8: 32: "and the truth will make you free") and the happiness as a practical recipe for daily use.

He who constantly repeats to himself the aphorism of Kierkegaard: "The contrary to sin is the freedom" and he who knows that the freedom is the supreme good, he will be able to understand what the Christianity could mean.

I don't blame Giono because he urged the people to cede in front of evil in the name of the superiority of the life upon death. But I object his sayings because he overlooked another truth: the fact that the life – of course, infinitely superior to death – it won't be, at its turn, the supreme good, if not accompanied by its *ab initio* consubstantial quality, namely by freedom. When Benda says that the supreme good of the man isn't his life but it is his freedom, he enunciated a truth which Giono didn't want to take heed at. Benda is a writer that cannot be compared to Giono. If the truth can come out of the mouth of the children and of the poor in spirit, which won't come also from the authors having a less picturesque style?

After all, Pascal urges us to bet on it. Well.

But what if?...

If it is like Renan says: could it be that the reality is sad?

But what if the nightmare of Jean-Paul was true: in the deserted cathedral under the clock on whose screen the time indicators came to a halt, and Shakespeare announces the dead that there is not God?

But what if, as J. B. S. Haldane believed, God is not only stranger than we think of Him, but He is stranger even than we can think?

Then, so much the worse to nature and universe, I am repeating to myself the words of Abbot Valensin.

(Actually, that is only an illusion: the sayings from above refer to the corrupted universe, the only universe sensed by senses and caught in concepts).

He is humble, yes, he who affirms the truth. But he is so not because of affirming the truth. Proclaiming the truth is always solemn for the truth is solemn.

He who is ashamed to confess Christ, he will be shamed up at Judgment. Christ is the Truth.

Confessing the sin is an act done only *solemniter*.

Buddha, going out of his palace, he saw the death, the illness, the hunger, the poverty. All of these belong, to some extent, to the nature. The unchained and preached hatred, the madness, and the torture Buddha didn't encounter. The Century XII saw, besides calamities, all the fumes of the dementia and of the hell, it saw that the hell can be and that it can pass on any moment from virtuality to concretization. The abyss, the edge situations, and the anguish which came in the streets and were posted on corners showed

to the common man of the Century XX that the devil exists and what close he was like. Consequently, the Century XX was the most prepared to become Christian.

The Christianity isn't a hypocrite nonsense. Prince Mischin – the idiotic – he was anything but not stupid. He knew everything, he understood everybody, he knew the evil as only a few people did. But he didn't draw out of it the conclusion of the cynicism, or the irresponsibility, and of the despair, but he deduced out of it the solution of the kindness, of defending others' justice, and of humbling down the self – which is the threefold Christian solution. The only possible solution if we have some mind and if we look at the face of the reality.

The Year 1971

In the United States have been created churches of the homosexuals. Against. Why? In the first place: Christ doesn't reject anybody coming to Him. Therefore, neither the homosexuals. But, as to all the others, not in order they to justify and confirm themselves into sin, but in order they to renounce to their sin.

Christ didn't reject whores and thieves, but not in order Him to bless them in their positions as whores and thieves, but in order to help them no longer sinning. If is wrong thinking that He would provide the homosexuals a special treatment, namely by receiving them without they cleaning themselves and without get5ting liberated from the slavery of their sin.

The Lord, mercy and kindness, He listens to any prayer; but the purpose of the prayer isn't the strengthening into sin. Mauriac was telling to Gide: it doesn't matter what you renounce to, but important is that you must renounce; as such, in the case of the homosexuals too, the problem is not put in other terms but in those terms of the restraint.

Secondly: by essence the Christianity is universalist and hostile to any segregation. It is not according to the spirit of Christ's teaching there to be a church for white people and a church for black people, a church for women and a church for men, a church for rich people and a church for the poor people, a church for homosexuals and a church for heterosexuals, a church for intellectuals and a church for illiterates. Likewise, it would be Unchristian, and not lacking ridiculousness (the segregation leads to ridicule), they to establish special churches for liverish, for cardiac, for people having kidney stones…

It is enough that we pray to God each of us in our own vernacular language and that we are divided on nations and on confessions, so that we don't need to try other particularisms.

Gherla Prison, July

In the prisons cells which are situated towards the street, in summer, the heat is so intense that the wardens allow the inmates to get off their striped clothes and to keep on only their underwear. Because the heat reaches at certain hours unimaginable degrees, some inmates climb on the upper beds and use a bedding sheet to move the air around like a fan, in order to alleviate their suffering.

I am in the same prison cell with Marinica P. and Sile Cat., and I am learning *The Song of the Chalice* composed by Crainic. The bread and the vine. As at Trakl and Ignazio Silone. The so simple character of the Christianity is founded on two realities, on two humble but in the same time splendid realities: the bread and the wine.

And lo, the chalice is bringing You to the mouth,
You Jesus Christ, You, sacrifice on the cross
Water us up, You blood of holy God
Like the grain in the harvest, like the wort in the grapes
You are in all things and all the things are through You
You the eternal wine of my nation.

As if by miracle, I am starting to feel a chill, a moistening of my burnt-by-thirst mouth (neither at Gherla can I drink the stale water); and I am feeling an immense gratitude, I've never knew what the humbleness is, how "poor" and "wicked" the human condition is.

Gherla Prison, the Year 1961

Very many people deny their past, and they deny even notorious things about themselves. "I wasn't!". An example of honor and sincerity, colonel C. L. who, after introducing himself, he adds – in order to be well known and as a rule -: "I was legionary prefect of Oradea and legionary senator".

Bucharest, the Year 1965

Together with Sorin Vas and Stefan Pop. About insanity.

The secret of the insanity – according to Sorin Vas. And Stefan Pop – it consists of its discontinuity, in the madman's lack of coherence and consistency.

X. Y. says that he is Bonaparte.

Very well. I am ready to believe him. But I cannot do that because he behaves like Bonaparte only up to a certain point. Then he cheats, then he stops. He isn't consistent with himself, he isn't coherent. Better said, he isn't

serious in his insanity. He is insane not because of reckoning himself as being Bonaparte, but because of not continuously being Bonaparte.

Napoleon Bonaparte is Napoleon Bonaparte for he always behaves as such, while X. Y. is content with other treating him as he would be Bonaparte.

Victor Hugo was a mad man behaving like Victor Hugo. Bonaparte likewise.

But Victor Hugo and Napoleon Bonaparte themselves behaved as such, on their own.

By being content with others recognizing him as Bonaparte, the madman proves himself to be unserious.

Very well, I admit his point. Yes, you are Bonaparte. Be!

But lo that he cannot be. While Bonaparte is the madman who *can be*, and who can accomplish his model and who can set his model in work.

X. Y. lacks his means for behaving like Bonaparte and, finally, from concession to concession, he will declare himself content if he is called as Your Majesty.

Shortly, the madman doesn't believe consistently, continuously, and coherently that he is Bonaparte. In this sense he *knows that he isn't* Bonaparte, and he knows that he is insane; in this sense, any madman only pretends to be a madman. At X. Y. there is somewhere an interruption, a leak (*une fuite*), a flanging.

If the crystal man from Henri Duvernois's novella was coherent, he wouldn't speak because the crystal doesn't speak. So, he isn't consistent with himself. The madman, being weak, he needs other people? To recognize him. While X. Y. needs other people in order him to be, existentially. He exists only when perceived so.

The words of Sorin Vas. And of Stefan Pop confirm me my bad opinion on madmen which I have from Chesterton and from Manole ("I don't want to hear anything about lunatics!"). Neither Mischin, nor Don Quixote, neither Alceste, nor Hamlet was insane. Insane are we who think about ourselves that we are in a pub, instead of us thinking that we are in a castle. We must heal ourselves of our insanity, and not of our rationality. Not of the mirky darkness, not of the semi-lie of the dementia consists our escape, but it consists of light and truth, at the feet of Christ Who heals the demonized ones.

Lucerne, the Year 1938

The commemoration of the *Siegfried* Opera, at Triebschen villa, on the shore of the lake of the four cantons. Here the compose wrote *The Trip on Rine River* of the hero whose name he baptized his newly born child with.

Conductor: Arturo Toscanini.

On one evening, in the concert hall, the Symphony I by Brahms, also conducted by Toscanini.

Not long after the beginning the roof is being retracted; angels cohorts descend form heavens and fill up the concert hall. Euphoria waves are flowing all over the place. One can feel that both the composition and the execution stay under the sign of the sanctifying grace.

I am imagining the Symphony I by Brahms, written at night, In Vienna, towards the end of the springtime: the composer gets out from Kafeehaus, late in night, and he goes towards his home. The path is long and it passes by *Votivkirche*. It is chill outside. It has rained. From time to time one can hear the far away thunders. The last trams pass in a hurry. The whole life's melancholy gathers around the composer, all the callings, all the passing joys, all the permanent beauties, all the nostalgias. Especially because of knowing that he will die, the man's soul is conquered by so much effervescence, and the world seems to him so solid around him. He who walks the empty streets with a heavy step of a sturdy body, isn't a non-knower of the life in all its aspects. He also knows the past: he knows that he is walking in places where Haydn and Mozart, Schubert and Johan Staruss walked too. But the present is his; the present with its exigencies and deceptions and researched by imperishable something. I wonder if not at the Symphony I by Brams thought at, Mateiu Caragiale, when he wrote the waltz song at the pub from Covaci. *(Increasingly wavy, lower, drown, confessing tenderness and disappointments, wanderings and torments, remorse and repentance, and the song chocked with longing…).*

I place the Symphony I by Brahms next to the Wagner's tetralogy (Paul Morand prefers *Tristan and Isolda*) and *Don Giovanni* reckoned by Kierkegaard as the supreme success of the music.

I do not think that the city dweller, in music, would have been closer to God, by roving, profanely, his city. (In literature: *Gaspard de la nuit* by Aloysious Bertrand and- of course – Chesterton, wholly).

Integral, stereophonic audition of the rock-pop opera *Jesus Christ Superstar*, by Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice.

The character of Mary Magdalene – text, music, voice, interpretation – is extraordinary. The whole creation power and love for opera of the authors have been concentrated in here.

The most mysterious paragraph from the *Gospels* – harder to understand even more than Lk. 16 or Jn. 17 – it seems to be being the anointing from Betany.

When Judah says: what a waste of money! Such an expensive vessel could have helped so many poor people! Judah speaks on behalf of all of us. We all think like him: yes, it is a waste of money and there are so many poor people!... It is speaking the human logics, one painstaking and envious. (For ourselves nothing would be too expensive, but we reckon everything too expensive to others. And we don't even dare to spoil ourselves!). It is speaking the cheapness worried about limiting the impulse towards generosity and sacrifice.

And the answer from Christ, one a little harsh: give Me a break about the poor people, because there will be poor people as long as the world will be, and you will have them, but not Me, and this woman felt pity on Me – this answer is raising the rightest Pharisaic indignation smoldering within each of us. It is unjust and it is scandalous! we feel the need to say, being us more careful with administration and earning than ever.

Could it be so: pride at the anointed? (Let that not be!). Or indifference to others? (Let that not be!). A too good opinion on Himself and the need for pampering? (Let that not be!). Contempt on the poor? (Let that not be!).

The anointing from Bethany is something different. It actually is a lesson – as everything else happening and being told to us by *Gospels*. The uttered things are uttered for us, and let them be us a lesson.

And we are taught a hard lesson, one difficult to fulfill: when seeing a suffering, a man suffering, be it our neighbor or somebody unknown to us, close to us, around us, in the perspective of a cross, our duty is not to seek for refuge in abstractions and generalizations, in the love for the mankind and in issuing the desire for the social laws and systems to be modified, but our duty is *to help that human being* and to *comfort that human being* and, *immediately* to overwhelm *that human being* and *that suffering*.

Nothing is too good, nothing is enough, nothing is too expensive for being given to the beaten, to the persecuted, to the suffering, to our miserable fellow human who is an image of God.

Mary Magdalene thought so – and that's why her behavior keep being told as long as the people will read the *Gospels*. She thought so and she did so" she saw Christ, she guessed His immense pain, she presented tragical His fate, she understood that it was about a sacrifice. And she knew one more thing: she comforted the persecuted innocent. In the context of the rock-pop opera, which is a paraphrase to the Gospel's text, she told Him: do not think at us, do not longer think at us, sleep peacefully, everything will be good, let the earth this night rotates by on its own.

She dared to trick Him with good words and she dared to lie to Jesus.

A mother's love for her child: everything will be good, sleep, let is go, don't worry about us. The totally disinterested love for letting the self aside: *do no longer think at us*. (Exactly the opposite of the maximum example of egotism: the widow shouting out at her husband's tomb: *Whom are you leaving me to?*). And because – unlike Judah – she removed even that subtle transfer of the egotism consisting of passing upon the imprecise entity of the poor people the offense brought to our person and to our sense of economy and cheapness, which wouldn't have allowed us to do such an inutile and spectacular gesture, by any means, getting us out, even at least for an instant, out of our sour sapience.

The example of Mary Magdalene – and hos vivid the rock-pop opera makes it be – means that we must not invoke in the defense of our egotism the abstraction and the generalization, by thinking at the poor people who are not present and who constitute a simple mental category (or, in other words, an alibi); it means that we must conform Christ, namely the *present* Christ, he who suffers in front of us and He waits, now and here, for our compassion. Ah! It is not bad you to want the good for mankind and for poor people and for the working class, but it is easy to do; It if more difficult to carry to the toilet the inmate who cannot walk (and whom you suspect of exaggerating a little); it is difficult to endure the snoring of general Constantinescu-Taranu without waking him up and ordering him to turn on his side (really, that is not so impossible to endure), and to take care of the insensitive who urinates in the food bowl, or to listen to the relentless bothering of the one who cannot find his peace but in ceaselessly speaking about his troubles, enmities, and grief.

This is Mary Magdalene's lesson: a modesty lesson, as everything that is Christian. We are called not to lose ourselves in vague and great plans and desiderates, but we are called to give practical help (unpleasant too, when needed; gross, when needed; annoying, if that is the case) to the human being next to us. We are called to have mercy on the present and real pain of our neighbor. In the parable of Mary Magdalene, as the rock-pop opera sees it – and that parable is going to be read as long as the *Gospels* will be listened to – Christ is not only God Whom any sacrifice we would bring to it still be too little – but Christ is also the symbol of the pained man from in front of us. Let's help him, with our deed, now, with whatever we can, at least with a good word, with a consolation, with attentively paying attention to him, with a gift, with going in his behalf to bring him some medicines form the pharmacy, let's help him and not invoking the people in need who are not present, let's not invoke the clean, far, discrete, and full of qualities abstractions and categories which – they – do not noisily snore, neither they urinate in the food bowl. Let's help our fellow

human who is full of wounds and sins, full of ugly and stinky wounds, full of wicked and petty sins, who is moody and full of manias, who is naughty, discontent, ingrate, dirty, stubborn, pretentious, and whom nothing is good to, and who, if not answering the did good with curses, he still answers with pricking, ironies, and resentments.

Mary Magdalene has only one thought: that of showing to Christ that she isn't indifferent; she wants to sweeten His suffering, she wants to comfort Him, she wants to sweeten His terrible task. And because she cannot *actually* help Him, she does what she can: she brings Him an inutile and costly offering, she performs some kind of ritual whose hidden gesture is: because of not being I able to do anything else, let me at least cry and suffer a material loss for You. The myrrh, of course, it doesn't remove the cross, but it spreads it with a little dew, it is among the decisive reasons proving that the sacrifice on the cross wasn't in vain.

I think that three were the beings spreading Christ's cross with a little dew: Mary Magxcalene, the good thief and, before those, there was Nicodemus who showed to the Lord that even among the compact and stubborn hypocrisy the good seed will be able to bring fruits. (Three beings – and Mary's tears).

A little earlier, Veronica's veil was the sole merciful station during the Calvary; and if the holy face got imprinted on the fabric it is for demonstrating to us that any imperishable pain and any injustice will shout out forever.

In Bethany was unveiled – out of as many as there have even been to the small-bourgeoise hearts – the most anarchical, the most *aristocratically defiant* and the *most scandalous show*. Gise in *Les Thibault*: "*Vivent les courants d'air*", and he opens all the doors and the windows. Nowhere are the grown-up people more confronted by children and nonconformists: the vessels are broken, the goods are wasted, the precious oil is lost, the whores enter the house, the prophets allow the whores to touch them, they are going to break the windows! And what a mess is going to be on the floor, that grease stains, we will need to clean it up... And the funniest part is that in Bethany, the grow-up people, represented by Martha, - they behave strangely: they toil to cook for those spoiled children...

Saint Theresa of Lisieux: "Of the love, truly, it is to sacrifice everything, to give ceaselessly, to waste, to shatter even the peoples' hope, to behave insanely, to waste without any measure, to never account".

Regarding Judah:

Judah loses himself because of reasoning too subtly, too ingenious; he is sophisticated. In difficult cases the best thing is to apply the simple solution, the simplistic solution of the common senses. If you judge: once Jesus came to

save us, once in order Him to be able to save us He must be crucified, once in order Him to be crucified one must betray Him and I will be the one betraying him – you are reasoning too subtly and to sophisticatedly. And too abstractly. No! The best thing is to reason simply, like a peasant, and to apply the vulgar rule: whatever there is I won't betray my friend and teacher!

I don't know exactly which the possibilities are, it isn't sure that the priests and the scribes won't find another means, I don't want to know anything on this subject, I don't launch myself in successful reasonings an in awful deductions, I only know one thing inherited from my ancestors: I won't betray my friend and teacher. Be the world saved in the best way God knows, I am only a worm, and the duty of a simple man is that of applying the common morals. There are many motifs, there are even much more excuses, and there is raining with arguments, but I don't want to know anything about those.

Judah lost himself also because of wanting to assume a divine mission, so that he thought as appropriate – and this is an imaginable proof of pride – to substitute himself to the *no*.

He should have been more reserved: I don't know. I won't intervene. I'll stay out of this. I won't sell Him.

This is because, whatever Judah would say, whatever refines and even impersonal, and disinterested and grandiloquent his reasons had been, the popular common sense would have always been able to translate the odious and much loaded with mud word of *traitor* to Judah's beautiful thoughts (and the words have a power of defiling and demystifying of their own, coming out of a long wear). The ordinary common sense would ever be able to question Judah and it will *quickly finish Judah up*:

- Pal, have you gone to the priests?
- Yes, but in order to…
- Pal, have you sold Him?
- See…
- Pal, have you been paid thirty silver coins?

(The devil catches us over our deeds; he uses whatever he could; as the federal police arrests the gangsters not for their big crimes but for fiscal fraud).

- I didn't' want in the first place, and later on I gave the money back…
- But you took that money. Thirty?
- Yes, thirty, but…
- Pal, did you kiss Him?
- Yes, but I did it for…
- Pal, even yourself have realized your guilt once you hung yourself.
- But just this proves that…

- You, scoundrel, you are a traitor.

In trouble and in dilemma the only good way which you can walk on is that of keeping the coarse popular rule. Why wasn't I a prosecution's witness? (It would have been so nice of me, as those who concluded that deal left the prison after serving less than five years, but then how could I have found enough sleeping pills?!...). I didn't do that because God helped me to find, during investigation, the escape from subtleties and reasonings and to restore the judgment of the simple man living in the outskirts of the city, or of the peasant living in the country side.

Simple! As simpler as possible, as elementary as possible No complication. Whosoever would be and whatsoever would happen, and regardless how much the logics would tempt us, let's stick with the naïve law, with the most undifferentiated law: there is where the safety is. One and good: I won't sell (or: I won't betray, depending on the case). The others, as Simone Weil said, belong to God, let Him do whatever He knows; that's not my business. I am not God. I am a poor sinner, and I don't know much, but I know that I won't betray my master. I, on my own, I don't elevate myself to the rank of *coredemptor*.

Judah must reckon thus, and not to lose from his sight the defiling capacity of the words which are some sort of gossipers which do not know better, and they make a vulgar traitor out of the one who took thirty silver coins and he hypocritically kissed for the sake of the police.

Yes, the sentiments can be sincere and complicated, the words are terrible precise and they carry the whole load of evilness of the oldness. The inward drama of Judah could have been big, and his motifs could have more complex than related in the *Gospel according to John*. But when they passed from *psyche* to the light of the deeds and on the speaking plan, any surrounding and blurring fog got scattered: after disappearing the halo of the confusion, there only remained the burdening boulders of the qualifications, of the framing in the too less nuanced words of the people.

Shun the words! Run away from subtleties! Don't sign your declarations without attentively reading them before!

The reason why the hierarchs strongly wanted to pay Judah and then they didn't accept him paying back that money, and so they didn't allow him proceeding "idealistically and disinterestedly", it seems to be their desire to provide the whole deal with a sordid character, to sink in the abjection's mud (Jesus, the chief: He is insane! Judah, the accomplice: he is a traitor! and he worked for us) the whole new movement.

They wanted the new movement to lack any noblesse and idealism, both regarding the "main culpable" and the informant agent.

The Secret Police inherited this way of proceeding, the prosecution's witness always accused himself too (at least for the fact of witnessing the committed "sacrilege"). He thinks that, by helping the investigation he will secure some benevolence. He will have that equally little as Judah had it from hierarchs! *All of them must be compromised*: the defendant and the witnesses and the agents, all of them must be equally stained, and after they have accused on one another and after they have been brought to a state of dizziness which they cannot even remember what they have done in, neither they know what to do next, and after they have been denied any possibility of rehabilitation and comforting (*What have we to do with that? You will see.*) they will be thrown in the fourth state of the moral misery, in the same stinky magma of the contempt and of the forgetfulness.

The German psychology and pedagogy – Broder Harald Sigmund if telling me – discern in the presence of the daily life two attitudes: *Ichhaftigkeit*, the view point of the individual who related everything to him, he judges everything only depending on his interests, of his preferences and on his tastes; his capacity of feeling himself offended is immense, the world to him is a circle whose center is himself; in the chain of reactions among *n* elements he sees only bad luck, affronts, and personal impediments. The egocentric imperialism exceeds by far the Ptolemaic geo-centrism, that one conceiving a harmony of the heavenly spheres and plans, while the human self sees only rivals and obstacles. *Sachlichkeit*, on the contrary, it represents him who is disposed to look at what he faces: the interlocutor, the job, the circumstances, the matter. This type is capable of understanding that in from of **him** there are realities – the personalism doesn't listen to Hume and Berkeley – and sometimes he can conceive also the point of view of another or the objectivity of a situation.

The difference isn't only aesthetical but it is also ethical. The egocentric type is more predisposed to suffering and he always can collapse into the precipice open at any step to the right and to the left of his wounded love for himself. The Christianity that, paradoxically, elevates the person and then it submits the person to the objective reality, it can heal the atrocious wounds of the susceptibility by reducing to balanced proportions the problem of the place we occupy at the back of the line at the grocery store or at some tickets selling. The female hero from *Planetarium* of Nathalie Sarraute endures the most awful torments related to the style of a door handle: she is unhappy because of not being a Christian.

The truth makes us free and in the same time it unchains us not only from the slavery to the sin but also from the yoke (which is not light wight) and from the burden (which is not good) of the trifles, of the susceptibility to the pricking of the love for the self. Beyond *Sachlichkeit* we can find the necessary peace for putting ourselves in the service of another cause, one worthier: *die Sache Jesu*.

This expression: "the unseen war", referring to the condition of the Christian relatedly to a powerful and merciless adversary, it isn't a metaphorical story, but it is a serious thing. The Christian wages a war which he mandatorily must win it, there is no "honorable surrender", and that's why the Christian cannot reckon this war as something superficial. He focuses the whole his life around the pursued victory, and he impropriates wholly the words of field marshal Rommel: "once the war declared, nothing else counts but to win that war, the whole rest is cabbage soup".

The imprisoned one can better appreciate than others the observation made by Chesterton: "The situation of the unfortunate is getting worse because of the fact that, in order to meditate on the irrevocability of their fate they have endless pauses. To the oppressed one the worst moments are – out of ten – the nine when he isn't being oppressed".

In the prison cell no. 88 (I hope I'm not wrong) from Gherla Prison, a big and crowded prison cell, were many priests belonging to all confessions. The ecumenism is put in practice. On each morning, at the initiative of a determined priest and of some heartly laymen, it is organized an interconfessional religious service. There stay together Roman-Catholics, Uniates, Orthodox, Lutheran pastors, and Calvinists. One of the Lutherans is partisan of the liturgical movement (*Berneuchner Bewegung*) from Protestantism. A few sectarian preachers keep themselves aside. Later on, some of them (among whom the tolerant Traian Cracea, an excellent lad) will associate themselves with us.

Nothing can express the splendor of this religious service that lacked an altar, or vestments, or icons, of incense, or organ, or cultic objects. Thin silhouettes dressed in inmate clothes, bald heads, pale faces, and songs murmured (not to be heard by wardens), they create an atmosphere rivaling in intensity and energy creator of enthusiasm, the most fastuous ceremonies from the greatest cathedrals of the world. The magical places of the Christendom – the Sixtine Chapel, the Chartres Cathedral, the Hagia Sophia, the Athos, from Wartburg, the Zagorsk and Optina Monasteries – they all seem to be here, in ghost and *in principio*. We feel like being in catacombs, and if the dangers and the persecutions came upon us, I'm sure that all of us would face those. The

Lord's words: where two or three are gathered in My name, there I'll be too, they find their example here. No, nothing can express, explain, or convey the incomparable beauty of those religious services of ecumenical brotherhood. To them, at least so well as to the society from before the French Revolution, can be applied the words of Talleyrand: he who didn't live those times he doesn't know what *la douceur the la vivre* means. The presence of Christ is strikingly obvious an no matter what would happen later on – because we haven't become angels – it won't be able to erase the sensation of being us kidnapped to heavens as provided by the improvised pseudo-liturgy. We are experiencing also a feeling of deep gratitude to those who have brought us in the situation to be shared such non-imitable and incomparable moments which get us out of time more than Proust's Magdalene.

The Year 1970

The priests hurrying up to approve, with fiery praises, the Moral Measures taken by some totalitarian governments (the abolition of the prostitution, the forbiddance of the abortion, the making divorcing a more difficult process), those priests think, I believe, more at the letters than the spirit staying at the basis of such measures. This is because the spirit cannot blow but there where is freedom and where the virtue is chose willingly. (All the things are allowed to me, but not all of them are beneficial to me). If there wasn't the terrible problem of the temptation, I almost would conceive the city where the brothel and the pub and the casino would be present in the downtown, but *they would be empty*.

In a later phase, the situation would become as in the imposed morals: the brothel and the pub and the casino would be not only empty but closed too.

(And I like imagining the devil, behind the shut blinds, running from here to there; *roaring like a lion searching for whom to swallow*. Or, in a version differing from that of Saint Peter: leaning on the blinds, sparking the darkness of the empty place and the green of the play tables with the bitter smile of the offended despair).

Anyway, I cannot agree the priests (despite among them being also the pious Sofian B.) who extoll the militia's edicts regarding the hair cutting style, the length of the girls' skirts etc. Because of stating as preeminent some vanities and because of forgetting that such measures come from some servants of the one who sends upon us the Fear and the Lie. We forget about these. How can we get ecstatic in front of such trifles? Do we want to sift the

mosquito and to let the camel in? Do we see the straw while camouflaging the beam? Do we give tenth of cumin and dill? Let's hear you?

In order to receive us to Him, Christ doesn't ask for any preliminary condition, absolutely none. *But we* if becoming His we'll reject any uncleanness not because of being forced, but because of an untold shame and out of an elementary decency.

As the headquarters of our intellectual self, the brain, is placed inside the skull that is strong enough so that one must use electrical tools for performing brain surgery, the headquarters of our psychic and moral activity takes place in an impenetrable shell of egotism, aggressivity, stubbornness, and pride, which cannot be defeated even by the cosmical rays.

Only the words of Jesus have the gift for - sometimes - melting this formidable shell. In such cases, instantaneously, the irresistible unsee laser dissolves everything in its way, and it stirs up the core from inside the shell, tougher than the matter of the stars in implosion where a gram weights in a billion tones.

The equilibrium – the secret of the life – isn't the same with the eclecticism, with the mediocrity, or with the compromise. It isn't situated on the median line between extremes, but it is beyond those, synthetizing them, summing them up, exceeding them, dogmatizing them (Blaga). It isn't a transaction, but it is a more acute extremization, it is an exit from the seemingly irreducible dilemma, an exit leading to the only one that can intuit the truth: the contradiction and the paradox.

(For instance, Goethe's affirmation: "better an injustice than the disorder" and the saying *pereat mundus fiat Justitia* are balanced in this way: there to be an injustice in order the world not to perish by disorder).

The Christianity's elegance. Proofs:

He who doesn't admit the good done to him he will commit a sin. But it is a bigger sin one to expect gratitude for the good he has done.

He who is fasting he owes to comb his hair and to wash his face.

He who prays let him lock himself in his room.

He who gives alms let his left hand not to know what his right hand does.

He who is invited to dinner let him choose the far end of the table.

Let no one force his fellow human, even for doing a forced good to him. Neither the Lord enters unsummoned.

He who is in the service of Mammon, let him be faithful at leas to that one (Lk. 16: 11).

The famous verses of Longfellow: *Life is real, life is earnest*. Of course, it is so, once the life is from God and Christ descended into life and because in this life is decided whether we will be saved or not, and forever.

But it is equally true that the life is unreal and unserious; illusion and vanity. (This is said by Hinduism too).

If we pay attention only to Longfellow, we are going to reach a "small-bourgeois" conception, one narrow, one flavorless, one that is accountancy of the life.

But if we pay attention only to Hinduism, we are going to find dirt, misery, disgust, and indifference.

Therefore, we must take simultaneously both of those opposite conceptions. We must believe to truths which exclude one another. It can't be done! Yes, it can: the proof for this are the saints, the heroes, and the countless good people.

(It can be done also for the two standpoints aren't contradictory and irreconcilable – as there would be God and Mammon – but they represent two faces of a sole and complex reality which the simplistic minds divide in an absolute manner, but the balanced minds harmonize them as blessed skillfulness).

Why the terrorized one offers more than he is asked for? (this question obsesses me). Why does he attribute to the executioner or to the investigator subtler thoughts, or bigger pretentions, or a thirst for cruelties more dreadful than those he really experiences? It might be because, as he is terrorized, his panic is more inventive, his imagination is more exacerbated, and the whole his neurological activity is more intense.

Because the investigator is not terrorized (or he is lesser and differently terrorized), he will be somewhat tranquil. The truth is that the terrorized is *worse and more dangerous* to himself than his persecutor.

I too say that the existentialists are right regarding the *descriptive* part, as Fr. W. Foerster said about Schopenhauer that he wasn't anti-Christian and that everything he *described* was right.

The Year 1966

Discussion with Jews in the house of my cousin Vally.

They admit, eventually, the conversion from a faith to another. (Especially if it was coerced. Some of them ask me if I was forced to convert myself to Christianity while I was in prison). But how could I pass from spiri6t to matter? It would be understandable to worship in ghost somewhere else, but how could I accept to be imparted with bread and wine (with "food") and to

drink out of the same cup with everybody, and how can I kiss icons made of wood, carved images?

And they smile at me, ironically.

I smile back at them. They could be knowers, but I too know some things: that the people aren't only spirit but also matter. The Lord is ghost; but he embodied Himself, He made Himself flesh.

Behold that such a rational and thoughtful religion invokes the intangible supremacy of the spirit. Behold that a *Weltanschauung* so anchored in worldly and in success gets intimidated when facing the species or images of the matter. What a curious fear and repulsion caused by the materialness of the bread, of the wine, of the icons, to people who speak infinitely more respectfully and more appreciatively about the world than the Christ's followers do! And there seemingly is a disturbed virginal fear of coming closer to God, of asking Him or of giving Him too much, of establishing too intimate connections with Him. And how much Freudian pride: how could I, a man created by the Creator, descend down to matter!

But they are disposed to understand me: I did it on a moment of big and explainable unhappiness and despair.

When I show that, on the opposite, I did it on a moment of inexpressible happiness, they smile again, ironically, and condescendingly.

I have nothing more to say. Now I am smiling in a reserved manner.

We do not do proselytism; this is the superiority of our religion. This is the way they put an end to the whole discussion. They don't give me the necessary time to tell them that they are boasting themselves, speaking the truth. This absence of the proselytism (the conversion to Judaism: it is not only very rare, but it is also very difficult, see the case of Palière) it is actually a form of racism.

A dialogue with Al. Pal.

The sinners inspire us lack of trust when having in their mouth only the righteousness, the restlessness, the non-contamination. They all verbally believe in Monophysitism and in Manicheism, and they conceive the religious life under the form of the etherical and of the absolute. They *conceive* it, literally, but they actually live their life invoking that the sin, because of being irresistible, and the Christianity being the same with the absolute etherical, they cannot get out of the dilemma which they are in. They consecrate their sinful life to satan, while consecrating their speeches and their extolling writings to the most refined purity.

How refined are the Christian theandrism, and He Who was preaching the metanoia in the streets, in villages, on roads, at feasts, and who knows where and whom else.

And wat easy the solution found by them is like.

But the Christianity isn't easy and Christ is difficult to deceive; He asks us to behave here – according to our powers – in a Christian manner. Here in the world, by making efforts even in full uncleanness. And – as Kierkegaard said – He isn't do *weak* to get us out of the world. And neither – of course – is Him so naïve not to know why the people are speaking with so much intransigence and exclusivism about righteousness: the psychoanalytical vocabulary is known to Him as everything else, so that He knows about *compensations* and *transfers*.

The Year 1967

The book of Claude Tresmontant called *Comment se pose aujourd'hui le problème de l'existence de Dieu*.

I too ask myself some questions: if the world had been only the result of the happening, why there would have been illnesses and cyclical phenomena? Whye does the menstruation exist as a cyclical phenomenon? Whye there is for any illness a corresponding remedy in the complex of the vegetal world, of the organic and inorganic worlds? Where does it come from the perfect coordination of the constitutive parts of an organ and the perfect functional coordination of the organs of a being? What is the explanation of the "rejection" phenomenon (in other words, how the cells of a body find out that the new and absolutely identical cells belonged to another *unit*, how they sniff those cells as *foreign*? Why there are periods of accelerated evolution? Where does is come from the capacity of selectivity of the cells and of the groups of cells? And these "punctuation marks" from the genetic code, recognized by biologists, are they also feats of the happening? What about the mechanical relations based and expressed mathematically by the square of some indicators (distance etc.)? I cannot imagine all of these, by any means, as explained by the simple happening.

The infinite complexity of any organism and the dizzying details and construction "finesse" no longer allow us – given our knowledge – to take as probable the hypothesis of the happening. The hypothesis of the creation is much more plausible.

We are forced to presuppose a creator, an agent, an engine, a programmer.

Regarding the soul, we don't need to prove it. Tresmontant (p. 367): What is a man without his soul, or a man who "yielded" his soul? A cadaver. The man necessarily needs his soul once without a soul he is only a cadaver.

Einstein: "If is amazing that the universe is intelligible" and "a science that no longer wonders and venerates, it is a dead science".

The hypothesis of the happening seems to be increasingly childish, or "primary" (this word not being taken in its administrative meaning).

The terrible problem is different: Who is the Programmer and what does He want?

(This matter was treated, endlessly kindly and mercifully, by Jesus the Savior, the Only One giving us the possibility to find an answer to it).

(The year 1971 – in the "Free Romania" newspaper, at the obituaries, the word "church" is no longer allowed to be used. The place where the funeral religious service take place are mentioned as any other address: street and number. But it still is allowed to say: "the inanimate body", and that constitutes a graver transgression of the materialism).

An ascertainment of the well-known painter and art theoretician, Andie Lhote, as also the linguists' affirmations regarding the role of the writer and of the poet concerning the word do match wonderfully what the faith produces within the soul bestowed with grace.

Andie Lhote: "There is nor progress, but there is delighted discovery of some procedures old as the world is… The essential is that this discovery to really be a discovery, and a delighted one, and not a fade inheritance and sprung out of resignation".

The words in the usual speaking, they become a routine, they become banal, they become automatic. But what the poet does? He singularizes the word in order to provide the word with the power of producing a sensation; the poet *renews the perception*, the blasé one, and he refreshes the faculty of the world of waking up the perception form its numbness.

The faith operates likewise. It rediscovers to us the world and the people and it brings us out of our sourness and boredom and gloom. The faith renews and invigorates just like the art of the poet or of the painter. Our capacity of perceiving the good and the beautiful becomes suddenly powerful. Now, the love tears down the walls of the indifference and of the suspicion, it tears down the walls and the ceilings of the ossification in the eternally wounded and upset egotism. Suddenly, the perceptions – both moral and sensitive – steeply increase. The world is to the believer who is overwhelmed by happiness – rich, new, inviting, captivating, euphoric – exactly as it is to the artist during inspiration moments. There works the same power: the sanctifying grace. (The

drug-addict too has access to euphoria, but as everything must be paid for, the artifice he must resort to conditions the obtaining of the state of delectation and of discovery on the material products and on the collaboration of some people who promise him the peace and the happiness; the dialectics doesn't forgive, and the ataraxy to drug-addicts depends on agitation and on obsession, which a pillars supporting the hell).

The believer isn't necessarily and continuously in an ecstatic state; but he still remains, at least a little, master on himself and freed of the anguishes and of the fears caused by the persevering concreteness of the daily.

The language to Brice Parain is the mode which we express through our power of transforming the ideas in deeds, and the promises in truths.

The Secret Police's investigations and the relationships created among people by the terrorist regimes draw my attention upon some other facets of the language, which are acute or even deadly to some social categories.

To them whom I would categorize under the generic "slick", the language is something totally different that to Brice Parain: it is a ceremonial, it is a trap, and it is a rite. Instead of being an expression of the real, of the thoughts, and of the feeling, and a means for conveying the knowledge, the thoughts, and the emotion, it is rather a system of lies, a network of traps, and a background noise.

The words reach to mean that what in the Roman law means "the formula", in the absence of which any act becomes null. The letter totally substitutes the spirit, and the intention doesn't matter at all. The words, thus, become magical incantation but also a means of torture and a trap which you can catch your adversary in. (In this conception, of course, any man is only an adversary to you and the reports cannot be but of adversity caused by the tryptic: suspicion, fear, stalking – a threefold electrostatic barriers).

When the slicks find out that the speaking can be something else than ceremonial and trap, and they start sniffing the purposes intuited to it by Brice Parain, their amazement is borderless.

Having mercy on the persecuted, we must not fall, here on earth, in another error. The Scripture foresaw this peril and it advises us not to defend the weak against the righteous.

The conception of some writers as Jakob Wasserman to whom anyone who has a little authority (the magistrate, the father, the professor) is guilty, this conception is unjust – and wrongheaded – and it must be revised. (Manole is an implacable enemy to the mentioned novelist).

J. Madaule on *Besi*:

"The true subject of the book is the absence of God. And in the same time the need for God. The craving for God. A craving which is not only Russian but it is generally human. There is no way to restore the world without God, there is not way of living humanly without God, since He made himself man in order to deliver us".

The courage.

Dstoyevsky: "The fear is the curse of the man".

Not only in the constitutional law, but in all domains, it is the same. The courage is the final mystery; only him who is dispose to die will be victorious. The party known and seen as not ready to face their death is, since the beginning and surely, already defeated. The history belongs to those who knew how to die or how not to fear – physically – of death's perspective. (I think this is the real meaning of the saying – Asian I believe – that the death is the door of the life).

Gherla Prison, March, the Year 1964

Relatedly to the ecumenism's problems I am finding out that one of the most difficult in the schism between Catholicism and Orthodoxy - of *filioque* – doesn't' constitute to the great Orthodox theologian Serge Bulgakov a dogmatic ground. There is no dogma on the relationship between the Holy Ghost and the Son and therefore the opinion on this domain aren't heresies but only theologian hypotheses transformed in heresies by the all-suspicious mentality nesting within churches and seeing heresies everywhere.

The Year 1937, Paris

Manole on three phenomena of the time: the vertical invasion of the barbarians (expression belonging to Rathenau), the rule of the stupid, and the betrayal perpetrated by the nice people.

First: there are rushing in not the barbarians from other continents but, from down upwards, the rascals. These barbarians take over the leadership.

Second: there have arrives – simply and in the most categorical sense – the stupid and the illiterate in power and despite all economic and political rules they commit stupid things, as they are ignorant.

Third: instead of resisting, the nice people adopt benevolent stances, they pretend of not seeing and of not hearing, briefly: they betray their duty. The impartial and the trustful record and keep their silence. They are the guiltiest.

The Year 1937, Paris

Visiting Ernest Seilliere, who has recently wrote referring to Jules Lemaître: "I will never follow him; becoming antiliberal as he aged, he approves the severe criticism of the doctrinal who, he says, irritate him with big words as justice, order, and civilization. I for one reckon these words as very noble for their include hopes; they don't become dangerous but by becoming these hopes excessive and impatient. One must not condemn but they who abuse those words in order to masque their material naturism, while actually preparing the injustice, the disorder, and the retrograde".

Without these big words everything will perish, the *small words* included.

It is so, mister, rejoices Manole, who cites Prosper Mérimée ("I like you, lady, for you are harsh, and I don't hate anything more than the people who allow themselves to be fooled") and he is frowning upon Paris. The freedom doesn't mean indulgence for criminals and rascals. He would defend the freedom as back in the XIX Century, as energy, as strong-hand policy, and accompanied by a brass-band.

There are vitalists and unbelievers who say that they sympathize Christ, but they reject the Christianity as being founded on the horrible idea of morals.

We cannot separate Christ from Christendom, we cannot remove te light – that is one with the Lord.

Any religion proposing as object of its cult the forces of the night and the depths of the unconscious will necessarily reach sanctifying the cruelty and the swamp.

Julien Breda: "He thinks at Gide, or Valery. They have lost their discernment because of being overwhelmed by their ideas, overwhelmed by learning... They didn't have enough morality in order to bear the burden of the culture".

These people live in illusions and among extremes. They either see the man as unspeakable evil, or they think that there are beings whom the high virtue is the natural state. Actually, even to the best people the virtues supposes will and effort. The truth is that among the civilization's obligations none of them is pleasant. And nothing comes on its own. The idleness is sweet, and not the work. All the gestures of the daily life, starting with maintaining the body's cleanness, they contain an endeavor. The rule of prayer is hard to the monks too. It is doubtful that the sincerity – if elevated on the rank of unique absolute rule – would unveil grandiose landscapes, but rather small ugliness.

Gide: the morals bore him, and it is good only for the beings wanting to take a break. By no means! The morals aren't static, it presupposes a constant

progress, they aren't either easy or boring. Henri Massis: the evil is banal, the disorder is banal, while exceptional are the good things, the chosen features. Renouncement and the laziness are monotonous. The effort is creator of interesting novelties. We always know how the Pharisees would react, unpredictable is only Christ.

If it is about dull, says Suares, then the obscenity is monotonous, ritual, and the evil and the vice are always the same, of an upsetting dryness. Generally speaking, the defects are uniform. Dull because of lacking its inventiveness is the vice.

In order to escape this entanglement, bored by Christianity and by the ideal of the good, they finally resort to Manicheism, they solve everything by replacing the labels. By proceeding thus, they fall under the prophecy of Isaiah (5: 20): "Woe to those who call the evil as good and the good as evil, and who say that the darkness if light and the light is darkness, and who give the bitterness instead of sweetness and sweetness instead of bitterness".

It seems that now it is known also that neither the nature is indifferent; all the more the spiritual life where the reality cedes the pace, ceaselessly, to the meaning.

Seilliere: not psychological optimism (the man is good as he is) and moral pessimism (don't ask the man to improve himself) – as the naturists want – but psychological pessimism (the man isn't good) and moral optimism (the man can be improved by morals and religion).

The people don't know the justice of God, neither they can know it. It is accessible to them, here, only the human justice.

Neither is appropriate to the people claiming that they can understand the divine justice, the ineluctable consequence of this reckless claim being always catastrophic.

But the people owe to apply, to strive ceaselessly applying the human justice – being always fully aware that that isn't the same with the divine justice. I think that Montaigne too must be understand in this sense: "*II faut sobrement se mêler de juger des ordonnances divines*" (A formulation, of course, equivocal, but not necessarily skeptic of atheist, but Orthodox: the only road open is that of the human justice, let's walk on this one).

Any leap *beyond good and evil*, any ignoration of our situation, *on this side* of the limit between human and divine, it cannot lead but to dementia or satanism (Nietzsche, Stavrogyn, Ivan Karamazov).

The Year 1964

One of the first worries, in Bucharest, was that of writing a letter to Ionel Trail. I really can say that he is "my friend since ever".

He is four or five years younger than me. I remember him as a fatty child, who arrived on day directly from Paris to the house from Armeneasca Street. Mister Iancu – his father -, a boy of some peasants from Mehedinti Country, he was a colleague of my father at the Highschool from Braila and they remained in brotherly relationships (the third one was doctor Butoianu). After attending the school as bursar in Braila, Ion Trail studied – illustriously – at Fontainebleau and Liege, and he reached to be a military attaché or Romanian in Paris, where he married a French woman of a great beauty, a Parisian having Breton origin. Aunt Alice represented something rare: a faithful Breton. She couldn't stand the priests and she was telling that she felt dread when seeing the "black gowns". But at her the gentleness and the finesse were functioning – a could say better: they boiled up – on a such unparalleled level that she was passing through life surrounded by an aura of charm, sweetness, kindness, cuteness, and altruism, as only at the great saints and at some hermits it happens to be. She was endowed by God Whom she didn't believe in on the usual ways, but Whom she was getting close to on ways unknown to us, and in the gift of working miracles. With her smile that melted any ice, any annoyance, any impulse of evilness and bitterness, she knew how to reconcile the strife, how to alleviate the pains, hos to wake up hopes. Sh4e was always ready, anytime, day and night, on rainy days, on windy days, on blizzard days, or in scorching heat, so jump off her bad, to leave her house, to run to the end of the earth to help somebody, to get somebody out of trouble, or simply to serve somebody, or, shortly, to be of help. She didn't hesitate, if needed, to tell a lie, or to beg, to insist, to enter through the window after being politely asked to leave the house, so humiliate herself (according to the criteria of the average man, because to her the word humiliating for the good of another as also the word tiredness didn't exist), to take upon her foreign guilts if the peace of the one who appealed for her help depended on that. This woman was as kind as she was intelligent, spiritual, full of the most refined features of the grace. She was strikingly beautiful and elegant, she was combining the face of a queen with the soul of a saint, in an anonymity which you couldn't wonder enough about once becoming aware of it, you couldn't believe it, and you couldn't resist but be conquered by admiration.

O had been lucky enough to enjoy being sympathized by this rarissima being during my childhood and my youth. She didn't stop showing her friendship – always borderless for she couldn't conceive the friendship being

otherwise – to my parents and to myself. Who could resist her charm? Even mister Iancu felt charmed. This man from Oltenia is and he was of an honesty which could have been envied ten priests from Transylvania; he had a formidable work power; he was impeccable and irreproachable in his service; he was extremely educated (breaking the legend according to which the officers are among the illiterates, as for instance Arthur Schnitzler recounts in his novellas and theater plays affirming that the officers are necessarily stupid and evil); but he was frowning upon and merciless with the mistakes, he was cheap with himself and with others, and he had a short fuse. Only aunt Alice knew how, by using an ability rather angelic than demonic, to tear down the sealed barrier of the severity, so that she often got out of trouble some inferior rank or some military school student who didn't salute enough correctly.

We lived the days of the Legionary Rebellion in the house of general Trail, in the room of Ionel (who went to the countryside), and in that room there was the portrait of the Captain (because Ionel was a legionary). The general was hostile to the political views of his son – and as we stayed there during those January days, I could read the pain on the general's face during those moments which the fate seemed to had been favoring the legionaries, as I also saw the relief when the victory belonged to the other side. (If the legionary rebellion had succeeded, I think that mister Iancu would have faced the hatred of the apartments block's doorman – a passionate rebel – who was very suspicious concerning my presence. And the doorman was lucky in the aftermath, for the general was legalist and the procedures applied by Marqui of Galiffet in May 1871 were inspiring his disgust).

The proof of his total friendship was provided by Ionel to me during the summer of the year 1946 when he came to me and proposed us to live the country together. He was insisting for days. The occasion was extraordinary. A pair of old Jews were to cross – and they had papers for their sin too – from village to village, from community to community, throughout Transylvania and Hungary, all the way to Vienna. The son dies a few days before departure and the old couple decided to take a Romanian to accompany them, preferring a former legionary. Ionel was recommended to them and he asked them to take me too and then he convinced them to try and sneak out all four of us. My smart ass refused to go.

But Ionel succeeded to reach Austria, unharmed, together with his benefactors whom he left with tear from. In Paris, due to the fact that Ionel was born there, he was given the French citizenship on the base of the de Gaulle's law regarding the achieving of the citizenship, and Ionel first worked in a library; then he entered the monastic Orthodox community having its

headquarters on Vaugirard Boulevard. The review published by the community – *Le Messager* – he was sending it to me from time to time and I even received it.

It is a great joy for me being able to write to Ionel that I am partaker to the Christian Orthodox community and that my soul has been opened to the understanding and to the getting in love with everything that is Romanian, a joy close to that of being baptized.

So, I wrote him, but after a long while. He answered me sending me a postal card in an envelope; it represented the resurrection and it is inscribed with the French words *En verite il est ressuscite*!

(Aunt Alice died at Stefanesti, near to Florica, in the year 1956. She was living a peasant life. Mister Iancu lived until he was ninety-two and he died there, in their little house surrounded by a vegetables garden and a line of vine).

We totally lack the feel of the mystery during this XX Century which the number of people loving to read police drama novels – *among whom I am the first* – is so big. We love Edgar Poe, Conan-Doyle, and Edgar Wallace, we are passionate about the adventures of the impeccable lord Peter Winsey, of the mustached Hercules Poirot, of the dandy Philo Vance, of the commissaires Ellery Queen the son and the father, of the cynical John Le Carie – and we don't sniff the mystery which is all over the place at every step we take. The priest-detective (equally unusual as the priest-worker in a factory) of Chesterton, Father Brown, he though draws our attention upon the omnipresence of the mystery which is encountered in each of the novellas of metaphysical policing of this Father Brown.

The Catechism of the Dutch Bishops identified the mystery in the most unexpected places. The husbands, the catechism says, they don't even know what deep mysteries there are surrounded by, and what mysteries they express when he comes home from work and tell her: you are beautiful on this evening, or she tells him: I have been waiting for you, my dear, you are late.

Gherla Prison, the Year 1964

When a new inmate arrived in this section and they have no other things to do, the wardens enjoy intensely to ask him as numerous as possible questions, despite they already knowing the answers out of that inmate's personal dossier. But that is an entertainment keeping the place of pub-gossips, it is a means to wasting one's time, it is an invigorating things to them (neither to them the prison is some great place to be, they spend a big part of their life inside the gloomy walls and in the power of the prison: to some of

them the dramatic atmosphere tickles up their personal importance, while it tires others) and it satisfies their tendency to much-speaking and curiosity. The sole true pleasure of the city's outskirts: not the booz, not the sexuality, not the money, but it is the relation with another – because of fearing the loneliness – under its threefold aspect of whining, gossiping, and quarrel.

I am arriving to Zarca, and the NCO officer – a severe one – seems to feel the need for conversation. The questions are usual, I recognize them, and they follow their course in an almost invariable order: what's your name? what's your age? Where are you coming from? What were you born at? What was your civilian occupation? Are you married? How many children do you have? What's the length of your sentence? What have you done?

I am answering the last question showing that I didn't want to be prosecution's witness. What? What do you mean you didn't want to? – I am giving some details, but I am thinking that he already knows about me more than I imagine, because he tells me: are you that one who was a smart ass? - I didn't want to betray my friends, warden. – What are you saying? And tell me, didn't you want? – I didn't want to. – And didn't they shake you up a little? – Yes, they did it. – And you didn't tell them what you should tell? – No, warden. – That's bad, very bad, because that means you are a rascal.

And after a pause: did you eat something today? – I did eat, warden. – And you say you didn't want to be prosecution's witness. – I didn't want to. - This is very grave, why didn't you want to tell them the truth? Youa re a big rascal, pal, and do you say that you have eaten? And he is telling to another subordinated to him warden: Bring him another bowl of food, dietary, and take care of being full.

The Year 1972

I am visiting Ana. She is coming home from the hospital where she was submitted to a surgery on one of her kidneys. She suffered much. Floriana is present too., with her round eyes and with her ponytails which always spread around light, kindness, and devotion.

Ana reckons that three perils menace the Occidental Christendom: the rationalism, the sentimentalism, and the moralism.

The Protestantism, especially, it is stalked by moralism; the Catholicism is menaced by rationalism; and the sentimentalism lurks everywhere it can.

The Orthodoxy, of course, doesn't overlook either the rationality, or the sentiment, or the morals. The Orthodoxy leans itself on all three of them, but is places the grace upon them and, by combining them, it balances them and it doesn't allow any of them to break the equilibrium.

The Orthodoxy, therefore, doesn't descend to the level of any of the tree additions to the faith, but it maintains itself to that – integral and infallible – of the sacred. The grace is ordering, harmonizing, and balancing.

His Eminence Alex. S., a Uniate bishop:

A consequence of the unseen war which we are waging to the demons is that the only person which we are justified to deceive is our own person. In that war whose battlefield is within us, any cunningness is legitimate. From where comes also the notion of *fraus pia* which groundlessly scandalized all the Protestants. We can also delude ourselves by promising to the temptation that we are going to satisfy it on the next week, of the next month, lying to it (I am summarizing it here, the hierarch didn't use this word) from a date to another, as in the case of an ill person who, in order to achieve some patience fixes resistance terms from a torture session to another. Within ourselves, in the fight with the evil ghosts, we have the right to resort to that what the French called as "Red Skins cunningness". The French admitted that *en mariage trompe qui peut*. The chief of the smart-asses, Beelzebub, we are justified to deceive him the best we can.

Bucharest, the Year 1964

My dad told me that Gigi Tz. called via telephone and he asked me whether I have arrived. I phoned him back and he invited me where he lives place, in Udricani Street, to his brother Misu, where he has been staying since he had been liberated in September '63. I am finding him in an improvised studio, among books, maps, vinyl discs, drawings, paintings, and white canvases. Two self-portraits stand out by their beauty and power. Consumamte drawings and paintings full of charm and Romanian Paradise. One could say that he didn't stop painting for forty years in prison. I immediately am asking him for forgiveness because of upsetting him fifteen years ago, and I am seeing that he has totally forgiven me. He is playing at his vinyl disk player the *War Requiem* of Britten and some musical parts from Messiaen, which I am crazy about.

Many of his books and works have been saved. In the year 1944 when he was arrested for spying in favor of the Brits, a multitude of his notebooks containing drawings inspired by the texts of the messages sent via radio from London, in the program *Les Français parlent aux Français*. When I heard about him being arrested, I expected myself to have my house searched, but I didn't want to destroy his notebooks but, on hat few pages where the caricature of Hitler appeared, I had the naiveness of drawing some enormous mustaches to him!

Now I am more experienced and I feel the need for laughing with much compassion at my procedure. Both Gigi and I are wiser, healed of susceptibilities, and we wonder about our past grievances as of some unreal things. Gigi too passed through a conversion: he wears at his neck a little chain and a little cross, and he confesses to me his love, his trust, and his gratitude to the Savior.

The Year 1954

Iulia Ionescu, when attending the classes of the Law Faculty, she always sat in the second bench to the right of the chair, she was obtaining the highest grades, and she was learning as a role-model student. Sapient, serious, modestly dressed up, having her hair tied in "phones" covering her ears, she was a perfect colleague. But, despite the whole admiration I had for her (I was sitting in the first bench to the left side of the chair) and I still have it for her, I admit that I have a special crush for her older sister, who is also our colleague, and who is less industrious and conscious)Gabriella -, and who belongs to the genre of the elegant and modern woman, and who answered to the supposition regarding that I am going to become a big communist boss: Him! Never! I'm sure about that!

Gabriella rarely attended the classes, so that I didn't imagine that she noticed me. Could the intuition or a fugitive glance perceive more clearly that the benevolent attention worn up by the daily contact? Or it might be that the generosity – because of disregarding the logics – can guess more exactly?

The Christianity isn't confounded to the stupidity; the stupidity is a sin:

Saint Bernard of Clarivaux (cited by Daniel-Rops): "It isn't appropriate that the bride of the Groom to be stupid".

A role-model for friendship and for brotherly behavior is Mallarme in his relationships with Verlaine.

Mallarme, in his apartment from *Rue du Rome*, he is serene, familyist, calm, and industrious: his life of (hermetic) poet unfolds in a frame of an impeccable bourgeoise sapience.

Each time, on any bad luck and grief, Verlaine asks Mallarme for help. And Mallarme always helps him.

No reproaches, not moralizing words, not advices. The servitude doesn't tire, doesn't research, doesn't get haughty, doesn't search for excuses. It is like a tap which you turn on and use, because of that being its purpose. Once, twice, sevenfold, seventyfold seven.

Money, investments, support, recommendation letters, anything.

Mallarme, never complained, never refused, never avoided. The kindness functions like an apparatus, objectively, as it wasn't a faculty from the conditional domain, but as it would be a feature indicating an existent. The benevolence as become instinct, an automatic reaction, a social function.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… The best proof that he was ill with love-for-money on the highest level and that he wasn't but a scoundrel coming in the country for tying the donkey to the fence and to go back to the night clubs, to the casinos and to the sumptuous villas from West, it was that in September, when the generals Gheorghe Mihail and Paul Teodorescu offered themselves to save his throne and to bring the situation under control, he refused. Gheorghe Mihail and Paul Teodorescu had the most serious chances. But he was no longer interested in his throne. He reached his goal. He only wanted a train, as quickly and possible and to run away with Lupeasca towards his much-beloved bars, the ideal of tens of years of glorious reigning, as Teofil Sidorovici said…

No, mister!

The pleasure of knowing how to say *no, no, mister*, to the investigator who asks you for your name, to the political officer proposing you the situation of an informant, to the devil who tempts you, to the scoundrels who do whatever they cane to annoy you.

(Pilat must have been reading in the eyes of the man brought before him, the eyes of the man whom he would have wanted to get rid of by inviting him to apologize, to commit even an insignificant lawlessness to give the procurator the possibility of liberating him, Pilat must have been read and felt this *no, no, mister*, issuing distancing).

Even though comprising a dose of conventionalism too, the praying formulas: "I am to be blamed, I am to be blamed, because of my too big guilt", or "let's pray for our friends and enemies", "for they who hate us and for they who love us", these formula cannot but awake in our selves admiration and delectation sentiments, they get us out a little from what we hear around us since morning to evening: each individual stubbornly defending his point of view, blaming others, claiming the right for himself, cursing his enemies and everyone whom he comes across with, or who stays in his way (what are you doing, mister? Don't push!), or who talks to him, or who breathes in his imperial range of action.

We overlook too quickly the huge reserves of high noblesse in Christianity.

This tendencies to admit your mistake, to take upon yourself the responsibility, to be ready to forgive, to not consent to avenge yourself and to create to your enemies an apart situation (I must admit that here is a proud but also full of charm dose of detachment), to not be suspicious and to not attribute to somebody else your thoughts, all of those prove the presence in the Christian religion of the thinnest aristocratic spirit.

(The sermon on the mountains is reckoned also as Declaration of the duties of the free and noble man).

In the prison cells – because of there being violently amplified and exacerbated – I have understood how miserable is our situation in the world: by simply existing we bother others.

We can't help it. We owe to understand that whatever we would do and regardless how much we would strive for the opposite, we still upset other people. The sole solution is the resignation. What can we do? Us to be silent, us to be silent. Not to commit the evil, neither to do good forcedly. But even overlooking and being silent, we still cause discontent. We owe to keep in our mind once and for ever: we bother other people by our simple presence. And let's not stop here: we must also admit that other people bother us too! An awful thought: Because we are not better than other people, we are in the same pot and boiling slowly.

The absurd is one of the parameters of the human condition.

We get out of chains by the love of Christ, which is a meandrous but sure path to the love for our neighbor and for enduring our neighbor's presence.

Bucharest, January, the Year 1958

At a corner I bump into Mihail Avramescu. He is civilian, completely unshaved, without a hat, and he wears a coat and a pullover with a rolled down collar. One can read on his grey face his bitterness: his wife obtained the divorce, he no longer has a parish, he is poor, disappointed, compromised.

I think he is waiting for somebody; anyway, he tells me that whatever occurs he will still remain Orthodox to the very end. Then he grabs my arm and accompanies me while making me a Guenon-ist confession. I then ask him why he accepted to be baptized. Because of hygiene, he answers me.

In the limits situations which he is in – forsaken and blamed by everybody – he is of an absolute simplicity and he speaks more openly than ever. Being close to this who is really and in the stronger meaning of the word *miserable* it thrills me up. It seems to me that I cannot find the means for being as friendly as I should with him. In front of the spiritual collapse, as next to the bed of the cancerous, we get lost ibn empty, stupid words.

The Year 1970

How right is dr. Al.-G. saying that above everything we have to shun ourselves from the ideal of the perfection. (Of course, of perfecting the world and not of inward perfection: there we owe to search for consummation and holiness). *Killer without being Paid*, by Eugen Ionesco: the perfect and splendid city, only marble, flowers, and sun, which the inhabitants stay hidden in their homes in, under furniture. Or the New York, Los Angeles, Dusseldorf of today, where nobody dares to take a walk after the night falls. Or The Eloides and the Morlocks from *The Time Machine* of Wells. At night the Morlocks pluck the Eloides out of their palaces and eat them. The hooligans of the metropoles do not eat their victims yet, for now they only robe them and kill them. But I am fully confident that the time for eating their victims will surely come as well!

The contemporary unbelievers, when having a scientific culture, they no longer dare to simply deny God, as those from yore did. They understand that the probability of the existence of a creator of the universe imposes itself, and that's why they prefer to situate themselves on the positions of the agnosticism rather than of the atheism, and they resort to technical-scientific methods. Thus, Arthus Koestler said: "God doesn't answer. God turned his phone out.".

(We'll see: a) do we call Him? b) do we know what to ask Him for, because if we ask God to solve our problems of worldly organization, then we will rightly hear "wrong number").

My particular devotion is to the cross.

The cross is the essence of Christ's mission – of Messiah on this earth.

The Lord refers Himself to the cross on each time he hints at His mission, at the cup He had to drink. Everything in His words, in His silences, and in His heralding, it leads to the final point of Golgotha.

The cross to Christian (and let me not lose the occasion of repeating: any human being is Christian): the symbol of the interference of the sky with the earth, of the spirit with the matter.

The cross is the template that, the only one, it allows us to understand the mystery of the world and of the life, it is the sole *key* we have.

Shunning themselves from the sign of the cross, the Protestants lose from sight that it doesn't evoke only a dreadful instrument of torture (and not haphazardly the torment consists of nailing the creature vertically, in punishing the Man by his Position take in derision, vertical but lacking his freedom, vertical but exposed to mockery), but the sign of the cross is also the conscious repetition of our integration in the ultimate significations.

More than any symbol, the Cross is consummate and complete, and *imago mundi* simple and integral, which tells us everything. Dear doctor Al.-G. the cross is more complicated than the complicated and fastuous Borobudur.

January, the Year 1954

Again, at the hermitage of the nuns. I leave tardily. The road to home, through snowdrifts. No tram, no bus. The city as desert. Impression of desolating forsaking, of regress: how different from the Bucharest from yore.

I feel that father Mihai doesn't understand: I am coming to them, I am attending the religious services, I am reading Christian authors; so, why don't I take the decisive step?

Why? I too am asking myself.

Because of being I lazy, without any doubt. And because of fear: I am afraid... do I really want this baptism or this is only a passing impulse (sentimental cerebral...)? (A chill place on a sweated pillow, as Cocteau would say). Because of incertitude, therefore. And because of some sort of shame, as the demon confesses to Ivan Karamazov: at resurrection he too would have wanted to shout out joyfully, to fill the universe with a huge hosana, but he *was embarrassed*, it *hadn't been* right to him. And because of small, totally small motifs, but maybe not so small: what my relatives would say, and my friends? I am convinced that my mother would agree that if I asked for her consent, but she was too sapient and timid to take action while she was living. And Manole! What would Manole say, he who once recounted me the anecdote with the Jewish merchant whose store wore the emblem "At Jean", while to the other corner of the street was a store called "At Iancu". He baptized himself by transliterating his name in Romanian language, as Iancu too. And what followed there? The people, in order to discern between the two Iancu stores called him "Mister Iancu the Jew". And then the rabi, next to him I vainly tried to find my place in the synagogue, rabi G. whose boys were killed under his eyes and in his arms in the Jilava Forest during the Romanian fascist Legionary rebellion?

And as the people, as they are getting older, they decay and they live a more meaningless and deprived of joys life, but they cling on it stubbornly, while the impulsive young people are ready to sacrifice themselves, to enlist voluntary for wars or to commit suicide, I too live so, too petty, too dirty, too stupidly for finding within myself the power of committing a courage act, of trust, of hope, and of defiance. The housing management, the clerks, the jobs which I am quickly sacked from after an only short period of time, the buses, the lines which I am force to wait into, the hours spent into the waiting rooms

of the hospitals, they bogged me down into some sort of stupid tiredness. (Why don't you try mixing chamomile with linden and Saint John's wort? Why have you adopted such a strict diet? Why don't you apply to leave for Israel? Why don't you try to be accepted as communist party's member? Why didn't you leave earlier? Why didn't you accept their collaboration? Why don't you address yourself to the prosecutor's office? ...).

I am arriving home late, defeated, irritated. At home: the joys of the community: in the next room there is a big party, with guitars, banjos, and blues songs until dawn.

Since the computers have been introduced in all activity domains, we live in some sort of machinist animism. After prolonging his hand by the help of the tool and of the machine, now the man increases, by the help of the electronical machine the efficiency of his mind itself.

But this cannot lead to the denial of the spirit's supremacy; neither it can lead to overlooking the fact that we have a conscience. The man perceives that he perceives, he knows that je knows, and he thinks at his thinking.

Let's not pretend that we don't know; we know very well that we know; we know very well that we are conscious beings. It wouldn't be either serious or *fair* us to claim that we cannot understand the complexity of our being chewed up by remorse, obsessed with the idea of godhead (the argument of Saint Anselm still remains the strongest), forced to make efforts in order to prove that they are not simple matter. And if they had been only machines, what would have been a better proof that the computers were created by a programmer with theological inclinations?

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

... I told him, mister, that I am some nobody, a yes man, a y man, but you are chief accountant... Please know that the agricultural mechanization was introduced to us by the great landowners, even before WWI. The firms McCormick and Lanz had their official shops in the country, and not for nothing... Of Rimbaud is called Rimbaldian, of Giraudoux is called Giraudoux-ian...

Relatedly to the antique gods, God seem to be endowed with limited powers. The gods did *anything* they wanted, while Bossuet says about God that neither God can do anything against rationality. And we also know that God cannot do but the good. Are there limits to the divine power?

The theologians explain, by discerning between anting and being able to: God *can* do everything, but He doesn't want everything, He doesn't want the evil, He wants only the good, He is the good.

Pascal (The Letter XIV from *Provincials*) summarizes: "God, by not having any power when it comes about doing the evil, He is almighty when it comes about doing the good, while the demons have no power for doing the good and they have power only for doing the evil".

God doesn't want but the good, He doesn't do the evil: but we must not forget, starting from here, about His almightiness. The Ghost blows wherever He wants and God is *sovereign* in appreciations and in choices: He prefers the publican, he praised the debauched woman, he calls whom you would never believe to.

Our logics, our morals, our common sense aren't worth a penny in the presence of the sovereign and unexpected divine almightiness, which often amazes and scandalizes us. Because we cannot understand it. And we must get used to this truth: we must learn how to obey.

There is only one thing that God *cannot do*: saving us without our consent.

Wonderful and full of decency are, in *La part du diable*, the advices given us by Denis de Rougemont for the fight we wage against the evil's powers.

Can we use the force? Or only the ghost?

It is sapient to us to resist the devil with the help of the cunningness and of the subtlety, with the help of the irony and of the intelligence and *in the same time* with the help of all the weapons of the faith, of the hope, and of the love – whose efficacity he doesn't know it.

Likewise, the tyrant must be attacked with planes, with tanks, with massive propaganda, and with an iron discipline – and *in the same time* with a new ideal. Only thus the people can avoid be annexed on external and on internal plan.

The demon of the simplification wants to push us on one of the ways, though we can win and hope only by using both ways.

Once we are partakers to the mystical body of Lord Christ, as His limbs, once, the ghost always is superior to the letter, once no biblical text can be interpreted isolated from the entire content of the Scripture, once the supreme power is the love, once we must be grown up men and not children in mind, once the kingdoms of this world are only vanity and they belong to the devil (Lk. 4: 6), it means that on each time the natural law enters the conflict with the worldly regulations and especially when the laws and the regulations emanate from a pseudo-Caesar who actually is Mamon or his servants, when they plainly defy the natural morals, then the text from *Romans* 13: 1-2 must be applied wisely and measuredly. Anyway, that text doesn't want to tell us that we owe to blindly and stupidly execute orders which are contrary to the

common sense and to the divine commandments. *Romans* 13 cannot cover the cowardice and it doesn't exempt from the duty of judging and weighing in on what we are doing.

The Year 1970

Where is the time when Sartre wrote (*Situations*): "The writer needs the freedom of the readers" or "The writing's freedom implied the citizen's freedom". One cannot write for slaves. Writing means wanting the freedom in a certain way" or even: "The duty of the literate is not only that of writing, but also to know how to remain silent if needed"?

On the closeness to Christ, the undeceiving proof, the infallible criterion is the good mood. Only the state of happiness proves that you belong to the Lord. The disgruntled virtuous isn't the friend of the Lord, but he craves for the devil. The quarrelling ascetic is inauthentic.

There are objective means, in art, to recognize the authentic and to detect the copy. In order to discern the Christian from the caricature or from the imitation of a Christian, there is not surer procedure than ascertaining if the postulant is happy and content. If the individual is intolerant, grumpy, or agitated, or hangover, or upset, he won't be a Christian regardless how perfectly faithful he is to the virtue. He is virtuous, but he isn't Chistian. The Christian is free, and therefore he is happy. This is also the meaning of the genius and inspired phrase belonging to Kierkegaard (I cannot escape being obsessed with it): the contrary to the sin is not the virtue, the contrary to the sin is the freedom. The sky's customs offices are numerous. Here on earth, to the customs office that cannot be deceived, the proof consists of the state of happiness.

The untamed virtuous doesn't know how and he cannot utter "sweet Jesus", the whole sphere of the *sweet* is stranger to him and inaccessible – and he forget that the Lord's yoke is gentle and His burden is light.

(It may be that out of the *Gospel according to Matthew*, at *The Sermon on the Mountain*, some rows as the followings got lost: "You have heard that it was tole to them from old: do not commit sins. But I am telling you that anyone who gets sad even while not committing sins he has already sinned in his heart").

See also *Tartuffe*, and anti-Jansenist theater-play.

August, the Year 1964

I have succeeded in finding out (with difficulty, because he avoids being visited) that Dinu Ne. stays in the house of Cassasocivi family, his relatives, near to Icon's Garden.

It is evening, I am not finding him at home. I am waiting for him. When he arrives, late, he seems to be even thinner that I last saw him at the Secret Police headquarters, in the scene of the confrontation, to him a scene invisible and unsuspected. He is even paler; his cheeks are collapsed (the dentition! Our common illness). He is terribly emotional, his repentance (the suicide of Mihai Rad is obsessive) gives him the appearance and it instills to him the gestures of a Dostoyevsky's character. He wants to ask me for forgiveness, I want to tell him how grateful I am to him, and there occurs a little odd scene which we compete in bowing to one another, in thanking, in excuses, in forgiveness, and in hugging. But we soon get tranquil and we succeed in talking to one another openly and cleanly. He finds it hard to believe that I am totally sincere by using the word *gratitude*. Finally, he understands (he will understand it totally – and tell me about it – only at Varatic Monastery, in the summer of the year 1971 when, in his presence, of the Stolojan husbands, and of Al. Pal, and of a recorder, I underscored the character of Orthodox and Romanian Confession – Chicago, *1959*- of the novella called *A Fourteen Years Old Photography* by Mircea Eliade: "Yes, really, you wouldn't have been able to interpret that novella in such a manner if you hadn't been in prison, and not I believe you when you say that you are grateful") and his emotions are so sincere, and his wonder disappears so smoothly, and his eyes look at me with such a gentleness, so that it facilitates me finding the words for increasingly convincing him that on this moment, as on the moment when we both were on the defendants box, I am not only fully sincere but I am also legging behind the things I wanted to communicate him.

When living he accompanies me to the gate, and the starry sky and the warmth of the August evening, passing over our clumsiness and exaggerations, it engulfs us with the ethereal coat of the third theological virtue, on us who have passed beyond the threshold of the second one, as song by Péguy.

Alone, I am asking myself if I'll ever be able to explain to Dinu that I owe him the occasion which I wouldn't have been able without to be reborn out of water and ghost.

The Year 1972

I am receiving from London, sent by Gigi, the picture of the new altar of the Coventry Cathedral: it is a well-made block of stones and apparent bricks,

covered by a wooden plank of an absolute simplicity, of a conquering dramatism. An altar elevated on places where misfortunes and sufferings took place. The only inscription above the altar: "Father, forgive us!".

The English people have their defects, but you must see them when they have decided to be nobles! The City of Coventry, destroyed by Germans, it restores its cathedral under the sign of equally assuming by both parties – attackers and victims, victors and defeated – of the guilts.

The leaflet accompanying the picture comprised two quotes from Saint Apostle Paul. One from the *Epistle towards Romans* (3: 23): "Because all of them sinned and they are deprived of the glory of God", and the other from the *Epistle towards Ephesians* (4: 32): "But be kind to one another and merciful, by forgiving the guilt to one another, as God has forgiven to you into Christ".

They knew how to choose and how to combine the essences of the faith and of the life's practice: the conviction that all of us are sinners, without exception, that all of us deviated and become unworthy, and that the only thing we can do is to be tolerant, to forgive, to make an undenied law out of benevolence. The others are illusory.

Churchill in the year 1940:

Freedom: I am right and you aren't. And for your right to be wrong I am ready to die".

Sincerity: "I cannot offer you but blood, sweat, and tears".

Politics: "In war: the decision; in case of being defeated: the defiance; in case of victory: the generosity"

Noblesse.

Marcel Jouhandeau: "The biggest wickedness: to think that people owe you something, to claim that something from others, regardless how little would that be".

Simone de Beauvoir about the notion "our neighbor": "I knew a child who cried because the son of the apartments block's door-lady died; that child's parents got enough of that and told him: "After all, that little boy wasn't your brother". The crying boy: he wasn't my brother. But if I cry for him, he will no longer be a stranger to me. The decision is made by my tears. Nothing is decided in advance. When His disciples asked Christ: who is our neighbor? Christ didn't' answer them by an enumeration. He told them the parable of the good Samaritan. The neighbor of the man forsaken on the road was that man who covered him up and who helped him; we *aren't* anybody's neighbor, we make another our neighbor by a deed of ours".

Repentance is often something else than a resentment. The countryside priest described by Balzac: "Your repentance isn't but the feeling caused by a

defeat which you have suffered, and that's awful, it is the despair from satan and it might have been the repentance of the people from before Jesus Christ; but our repentance, of the Catholics, it is the thrilling of a soul who is stricken by a wrong way and to whom, in that strike, God reveals Himself. You resemble to Oreste, try to become Saint Paul".

The Christian isn't upset with anybody and he isn't discontent of anything. Upset and discontent is only with and of himself.

One can find in the speeches of P. P. Carp really Christian formulations: "in politics the mistakes must be corrected, not avenged"; "You are wrong swinging yourself in the eerie and dangerous illusion that the dirt can be washed with human blood"; The first sign of a backward state, from culture's point of view, it is the intolerance. When somebody thinks that only him is right, when somebody thinks that except the conception of his brains there is nothing else in the social life, that one is an illiterate because of not being able yet to realize how various how multiple are the manifestations of the human thinking".

The Christianity cannot but admit the miserable condition of some categories of workers form the XIX Century.

The Marxist error consists of saying that by being poor and forced to sell his workforce, the English worker of the XIX Century wasn't free.

The English worker was free. But he was wicked. And that is something else.

People confound the freedom to misfortune. And what must be abolished is the misfortune, and not the freedom.

"*Let your word be: What is yes, yes; and what is no, no; and what is more than these, it is from the evil one*" (Mt. 5: 37).

The case of Brice Parain is extraordinary, for he reached from linguistics to holiness.

His long studies and researches led him to the realistic conclusion that at the beginning there was the word.

"The word "cup" doesn't exist because the cup exists. This is for at the beginning there is the word, that's why there is the cup notion. And maybe even due to the world cup the cup came into the world in the shape of an object!".

Semiotic, phenomenological, realistic, one can ascertain the priority of the language upon material things.

But the language benefits of an absolute monopoly. This is for we cannot establish contacts with other, we cannot exit our isolation *but* by language,

which is the sole bridge of ours in order us to cross from loneliness to communication.

The Parain rushes even further, rational and fearless: "The only means for speaking correctly, wholly, it is, after all, that of living correctly. I too think so. When saying to live correctly I mean doing as less evil as possible, lying as little as possible, going to the very end of our promises, being – speaking straightly – a little holy.

The honest language, that language that sets us free of language, it is some kind of holiness".

The Year 1969

"*Everything that your hand grabs to consummate, do it decisively, because in the hell where you are going there are neither deeds, nor planning*" (Eccl. 9: 10).

The verbs *to do* and *to be*.

In *L'Etre et le Néant*, Sartre consecrates a bright chapter to the verbs *to be to have* and *to do*; that chapter is full of interesting, subtle, and fruitful observations. (I am rereading the volume which I read it back in the year 1945).

I must stop myself, as in Cluj on the day of my liberation, only at *to do* and at *to be*, accentuating – I would say – the eschatological side. I must repeat, I must complete.

The life is decisively tied to the verb *to do*: our living on this earth, our passing through this world constitutes *the phase of to do*. The death (or the states foretelling it) stay under the serene *to be*. (The death itself could be defined as the crossing in the state of *to be*, of and absolute *to be* purifies of any contingency).

The state of *to be* presents here – despite of not reaching the absolute purity from beyond – as especially difficult and dangerous. (and that allows us to suspect how difficult and dangerous will it be *beyond*).

When the human being is reduced *to be* a lonely conscience, which is in communication only with itself and which is forced to live the passing of the time only with own forces, that human being won't have where to ask for and receive from distractions, alibies, escape gates, raw material. That human being will stay, irremediably and inexorably, face to face, purpose to purpose (in the meaning formulated by Dinu Noica) only with himself.

And when the human being is only with himself, he will have only the memory of his worldly period of *to do*. Now, in the imponderable "being-sphere" the only support and orientation point is the gravity center of the past and definitively ended "doing-sphere". Any "doing" is impossible by definition. The

sold have been calculated, the lines save been drawn, the seals have been placed.

Lo why it is good for us to take care of sledge and thick hat in the summer and to cogitate as long as we will are in the doing-sphere at what is going to happen in the unavoidable phase of *to be*.

On the eternal *to be* we build it up on our own, and this eternity – in Paradise or in hell - is a variable function on what we *do*. Droplet by droplet, day by day, moment by moment, action after action, gesture after gesture, the *doing* prepares the permanent *esse*.

Therefore, the hell and the Paradise can be reckoned as states of pure existence; the conscience (of the soul, or the self, or the ghost, whatever one would call it) is there lonely and helped-by-nobody and from nowhere, facing the eternity, climbed up on the pile of doings committed during the phase of *to do*.

Beyond – regardless how much we would crave for (this is the meaning of the parable of the merciless rich man) – we won't be able to do anything and forever (*nevermore* says Poe): the verb *to do* will vanish, it will be like it never existed before. But there will remain, in the whole its dreadful fulness and signification, the verb *to be* – only this verb and nothing else.

Let see you then, man! When you have remained only with your being any becoming will be excluded, *qu'en toi-même l'éternité te change*... Without friends, without television, without neighbors' noise... Then one will be able to see what you have built to yourself, what you have chosen for yourself: the sheep or the goats.

This seems a little too sententious, but I owe this understanding to the exceptional circumstances which offered me the occasion to know the fulness of the verb *to be*; and I may have this right – if not the duty too – to speak sententiously what I know.

If *here* in the prison cell where you happen to be alone, the time is so hard to endure, if here "to be" can be superimposed to the torment, all the more dreadful must seem to us the eternal existence, absolutely pure, disrobed of any sweetening, and becoming – by the simple fact of its existence – increasingly (despite escaping from under becoming) burdening.

The verbs *to do* and *to be* are equally gentle: one by its evanescence, the other by its eternity. Goethe showed how difficult is *to do*. But its difficulty vanishes in front of the *to be* and some souls can enter the kingdom of *to be* by being content with the way they have ended their relationships with *to do*.

Mauriac on freedom: nothing can surpass the freedom of God's children. Only that freedom gives a price to a man's fate. That freedom we must preserve

in our life, in our nation's life, and in the church's life. That freedom we must restitute to those who have forgotten its taste. The salt of the earth.

Je puis toujours pleurer.

The gift of the tears.

This supreme benefaction done by God to His believers, this sole way for exiting the impasse mentioned by Mk. 9: 24, it is known, it is admitted, and it is extolled by such a skeptic and mastered by pudor spirit as that of Valery. The disciple of Mallarme (the one who was saying: I don't cry in poetry – as I also don't blow my nose in poetry), doesn't hesitate to write: "I can cry anytime, and, as a poet, I have noticed that there is no thinking which, followed up to the closet possible to the soul, not to lead one to the shores lacking the words, those mute shores where remain only the mercy, the tenderness, and some kind of bitterness remain given us by the eternal, random, and temporary mix: our fate.

April, the Year 1968

Father Benedict Ghius, accompanied by Floriana, comes with the Holy Mysteries, before Easter, to impart me at Pantelimon Hospital. He receives my confession covering my head with the epitrachelion. The sensation is that of deeper recollection than at the door of the altar at Darvari Hermitage. The two other patients have left us alone. Floriana is on guard in the corridor, in front of the door. I am in bed, in plaster up to the chest. It seems like being in prison, equally helpless, transformed into an object, being at the will of those who handle me – and just because of that I am unbelievably free, exalted, happy. Rid of this body? Of responsibility? Of the damnation for choosing between good and bad?

Anyway, I am relaxed, "detached" and flying with my thought. Are Jack London's heroes the only one traveling among stars?

After impartation I am drinking the whole wine remaining in the chalice. Father Benedict smiles. Only if we are like children.

The peoples' wisdom understood, long ago, that there is a precipice between faith and stupidity.

The German proverb: God helps the sailor in time of storm, but the helmsman must be at the helm; the Anglish proverb: God gives wood, but He doesn't build up bridges; the Danish proverb: God feeds the birds which flap their wings; the Czech proverb: He who was shown by God where a treasure is, he must dig it up on his own; the Basque proverb: The good God is kind, but He isn't stupid. Joanna d-Arc: let's toil, God will toil.

If we are asked the impossible and us to deify ourselves, that will mean that we are asked for wonders too, at our turn: to transform the plain water in fine wine; the poverty into plenty; the thorns and the brambles and the pelamid in fruit and roses; the pettiness in generosity, the mistrust in gladness; the indifference in Samaritan kindness; the hypocrisy and the legalism in love and flame; the pub into castle and the brothel in a salon. By our behaviors and endeavors. These wonders are accessible to us – they are predestined to us: by the power of the words and of the deeds *this* world can be dressed in different colors and, while waiting, it can get other tones.

Protector of the communist party to no longer chock the throats of the simple people; the spellbound got broken, the photography came out blurry.

The Year 1969

On each time someone reckon himself as God and established new rules, from some high mountain. One, or several. (Now, the situationists, coming after Marxists: another world, other axioms. Of course, in an absolute mode). And each time they find a herd to follow them. The showcase is refreshed: different merchandise, different jewelries, different vestments. And there occurs some intellectual who experiences the ineffable joy of being a Prophet. (There are being renewed - obviously – not only the fringes form the showcases but also the inventory from the dungeons: are being sharpened other knifes, are oiled other pistols, are printed different manuscripts).

November, the Year 1948

Purged from law-bar, I have found a job to the newly founded Agir Publishing house. On each morning, they collectively read the communist newspaper *The Spark*.

The communist party organization, through the young female comrade Lotti, have invited the cleaning lady to be the one reading the newspaper today. The cleaning lady shies. Female comrade Lotti both inviting her and forcing her forwards, she sits her on a chair, she places the newspaper in her hand and she takes a seat next to the cleaning lady. Lotti puts her hand on the cleaning lady's shoulders, following the text together with her, meanwhile smiling extatically and protectively. This picture is meant to show, in concrete and gentle manner, the alliance between the progressist intellectuality and the working class and to prove the harmonious cohabitation with the citizens of other nationalities.

In the read article there is about the French minister Jules Moch and the reader pronounces it "Moc". With an even more protective smile, with an

especially gentle gesture of her left hand – gentle and depreciative – and with a frowning of her forehead, which expresses her modesty and, actually, the vanity of the cultural superiority, the female comrade Lotti corrects the pronunciation of the cleaning lady: "Mosh".

Then I am intervening and showing that the correct pronunciation is "Moc".

The female comrade Lotti doesn't dare to contradict me, and the whole room (there are quite a few employees) is thrilled with satisfaction. Laughter, a rumor which the accumulated disgust is let go out, a general movement of resettling on the chairs – accompanied by short sighs – express everyone's joy. Female comrade Lotti appears to be very embarrassed. The reading continued without her arm laid on the cleaning woman's shoulders.

The Year 1937, Chartres

What could that be? The stain-glasses? Could it be the interior space well compartmentalized, avoiding the sensation of narrowness and of agglomeration but also that of confusing vastness? Or could that be the fact that the moment is shown to the look since the by-looker still is at a long distance on that plain? Could that be the memory of Péguy? Could that be the blessed proportion between ornaments and simplicity? Could that be a certain *non-worry* concerning the symmetry?

Who knows. But I am feeling like in a magic place, a clean place dwelled by the ghost, in one of those chosen places of the world where there is nod doubt about God being present.

(I had identical impressions in the year 1969 and 1970, at Old Agapia and Procov Monasteries, placed sanctified by asceses, by innocents, by aspirations. And, also, impetuously, at Frasinei Monastery).

October, the Year 1956

My dad proved to me to be in the best shape on two occasions: Dinu Ne. comes clandestinely from Campulung, for two of three days. He has no place where to stay. I am telling that to my dad who immediately ceded his bed and asks me to welcome Dinu "kingly, without sparing anything". We have hot water in the apartments block twice a day. To Dinu that means happiness. He feels perfectly.

Then, the days of the Hungarian Revolution. My dad, increasingly exalted and beyond himself. For the whole day – namely staring around four and a half in the evening and until late at night – we listen to the radio, we laugh, we can't

believe it, we clap our hands, we walk around the room as some lunatics, we whistle, and my father does all of these more than I do.

I, at the Ministry of the Light Industry, in my quality as registrar, I am going everywhere in order to distribute the correspondence. They don't let me step beyond the threshold at the leaderships secretariate, but in the rest I can enter everywhere at will. I walk upright and I smile. I keep my silence, and I walk upright. Around me, in all corridors, in all offices: silence. All the employees are silent having their noses stuck in the papers. They don't look at one another. Something's cooking. A dense silence, as in *Le silence de mer*, the great book of Vercos (where one can see that the dignity isn't an empty word, where is song the poetry of the stance – there is a poetry of the stance, see Roland's epopee, see Caesar whose last care after being stabbed to death was that of covering his feet with his toga -, where the father and the daughter do not talk to the occupant regardless how nice or sympathetic or dear the occupant would be to them, and regardless how bad they feel about that and how difficult is that to them). As in *The Plagued* where Camus, towards the end of the epidemics, here and there, on the sky spared of heat and miasmas, star being seen – fugitively, frailly, shamefully – some patch of blue sky, and the people too – timidly – start smiling to each other.

Yes, I am sniffing smiles and corners of blue sky. The happiness is short lived. Under the steadfast eyes of General Dwight Eisenhower and of his foreign minister John Foster Dulles (I feel the urge to wish them not to rest in peace, but my faith forbids that to me), the Russians occupy Hungary and they bath the revolution in blood. The history is taught in schools not for nothing: like in the year 1849.

My dad is shaken, and my smile at the ministry get dissolved before starting to sprout up; the ministry starts again smelling as a laundry basket and as cabbage swills; the blue sky becomes again grey and shitty; and we are feeling engulfed by cold and darkness again.

November, the Year 1968

Floriana has been this evening godmother to her niece. Father Sofian ministered. The sober greatness of the courtyard of Antim Monastery; the intimacy of the chapel (where the baptism took place); the extraordinary sapience of Domnica, the baptized baby-girl; the abbot's white beard, his serene voice, his very slow and hieratic gestures; but especially Floriana's behavior transformed the banal baptism in a long, and seemingly intentionally prolonged ceremony of the baptism into a mysterious and shaking ceremony, and they give it its true meaning, one so fantastic: the immersion into a

caldron of water (symbol of the tomb) and the sign of the cross make of an unworthy biological creature a *digenis*, a daughter of the Covenant, a free, noble, and living being. Floriana worships, she believes in One God, she waits for the resurrection of the dead, she rejects satan, and she utters the formulae with such a seriousness and conviction, with a so firm and warm voice, with so clean looks directed only towards realms lacking sight, pain, or sadness, with a face enlightened by absurd hopes, so that the chapel – in a corner of which there is a little stove whistling, and where there are only a few people present, and where everything is mysterious, intimate, initiatory, and hatched – takes the imagination towards Optina and Athos, and the place seems to be the hall of Camelot castle on the day of the Graal's apparition.

Emile Mâle : the beauty if everywhere, but it isn't unveiled except to the love.

The Year 1936

The Zionists invite both me and Manole to have dinner. We are dining at a Jewish restaurant from Vacaresti, where the customers get standing when the Zionists enter the restaurant. The owner of the place and the waiters hurry up to welcome them as there would have come the chief of the state. (And in the Zionist conception the this is how it is: the deputies, the journalists, and the organizers are the representatives of the future Jewish national state).

I somehow have the impression – contradicted, though, by the happy scenery - of being in Ireland during the fights of the Shin Fein or among Chouans: the subterraneous hierarchy if different from that in the streets of the city. The orchestra plays the Hymn of the Hope and a female violinist between two ages sighs loudly and gives us sweet eyes.

We are being served the most authentic (and delicious) Romanian steaks, which the theoreticians of the Hebrew revival stuff themselves up with (together with the great pickles). – A fore-imaging of what will later on be in the State of Israel. – On the walls there are banners forbidding the political speeches, but nobody cares about them. The whole Zionists' anger is being directed against the U. E. R. Association belonging to doctor W. Filderman. Manole is gaining enthusiastic unanimous sympathies by saying: "an U.E.R.-ist, as stupid". (And about the adverse chief: with this Transylvanian mania of mentioning his title as doctor he will one night be called to assist some birth!).

The dinner, as usually, it gets prolonged: the atmosphere becomes increasingly cordial. The stakes are accompanied by a wine worthy of such important guests. The female violinist plays solo. Manole starts asking for and singing autochthonous melodies and the Zionists – forgetting about their

doctrine – accompany him in celebrating the green leaf and the lover from under the hill. One no longer can tell if the feast – the political discourse has been long forgotten – is Romanian patriotic or Zionist.

Only later on, when leaving, in the cold and empty street, they directions – and I almost mentioned it, the waters too – are shed.

The year 1866: the compromise between liberals and conservatives for dethroning Cuza: the *monstruous coalition*.

Between the years 1966-1970: We see one more, if nor monstrous then at least surprising. The alliance between communists and grown-up people against the youth.

The communists hate the young people because after twenty-five years of materialistic education the young people wear cow-boy clothes in the streets, they hang at their necks little chains which little crosses hang on, and hey crave for pop music and they are slick. The old people hate the youth because of being naughty, disappointed, disobedient, and they prove to be to the regime – which the old people feared so much of – either indifferent or unscared; so that the old generation turns up to be mocked! Does that mean that the old generation feared vainly? Let that *not be*! They cannot admit *something like that*! The *youth must feel fear too*! Let the youth too tremble, to denounce on one another, to sell their souls, to bow down, to conform themselves. To buy refrigerators and laundry machines, at their turn. And why would be this generation seemingly more beautiful, taller, nimbler? And why they are allowed to have so much coffee and cognac and this fantasist and so defying clothing which is so opposite to the uniforms from yore, which were the twins of the inmate's uniform?

Even stronger than in the year 1907 when the representatives of the two parties reconciled and hug each other crying on the Chamber, the now reactionary old people perfectly agree the militia, the traditionalists critics condemning the new dreaming literates with the same zeal as the chiefs of the communist regime, and even the priests in the sermons unchain themselves against the long hair while forgetting about looking at the icons painted their churches walls where one can see the maned images of the archangels, of the saints, and of the hermits. (As also the educators, the history professors and the patriots could have seen in their books and in painting the voivodes' images).

Such an odd coalition. In the house of Misu At. I have come across, on a Sunday, with a pair of intellectuals – old, elegant, distinguished, French-culture admirers – recently turned back from a long ad interesting trip in Occident. They visited Holand while participating to a medical sciences

congress (the old man is doctor, professor, academician), and then the visited the West Germany, England, France, Italy. They are terrified and indignant because of what they have seen at the youth form there. After recounting erotic scenes sawn by them in movies or alive, the sigh of relief: so good that in our country it isn't like that! No! After they crossed the border back into Romania, they felt the need to – as Lascar Viorescu too – kiss the ground of our motherland for being such a vigilant with the youth. After everything we have seen abroad! *Heureusement que nous avons le communisme* (they use the French language for uttering the essences, as they ought to for being authentic boyars). I knew it before that they came to an agreement with the communist bandits, and that they accept to represent the communist regime to scientific congresses help abroad, but hearing these intellectuals and boyars declaring that we are lucky for having the communist make me flinching.

But those children wearing small crosses, do they know what those little crosses means? One can suppose that to many of them those little crosses are only unusual objects, a means of affirming their originality or of scandalizing, a contestant pretext, actually: a toy. It could be, Anyway, it is also something else: protest, nonconformism, challenging the blind obedience and the unconditional assumption of the stupidity and of the evilness.

And I wonder: this eruption of crosses, after twenty-five years of communist, could that be haphazardly? Could that symbol chosen for resistance be quite without any significance? *Heureusement que je le ne crois pas*.

When addressing Himself to Simon and Andrew, to John and James – as to some simple people – the Lord explained them why He called them. ("And I will make you fishermen of people"). To Levi, the publican, as one who is more special, He was content to tell him very concisely: follow Me. The Lord seems commanding him: come here! And, "leaving everything" (Lk. 5: 28), the summoned one stood up.

He who believes that the grace is gentle of shying, he is wrong. The grace is instantaneously and arrogant. The Lord doesn't' have time to waste with him whom He knows about that is His. We are being called by the Son of a *living* God Who is *still working*. And this Son has something to do with us. *He means business*.

The Year 1960

Carrying the toilet vessels in Jilava Prison it takes, when they are full to the brink, pathetic and comic aspects. The least insignificant movement non-conform to the equilibristic of the jumps at the trapeze can have as

consequence the spillage of the content usually called as “cannon” in prison slang.

I am repeatedly appointed to “getting out the services” together with father Mina. He is skillful, I am not. It happens that the “cannon” is spilled because of me. The punishments in such a case are harsh. We quickly let the vessel down and rush to gather the spilled feces and to wipe out with our fingers and with our handkerchiefs the traces of shit. Sometimes we succeed, sometimes not. Father Mina works so quickly that I almost do nothing. The punishments, endured together with father Mina, they lose their sordid character and they took an aspect of mortification. Then, the pious monk who is also a full of humor peasant, he laughs so sincerely that I too am learning to laugh at the gathering of the shits.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… Tibica Romalo was so drunk that he didn’t know what planet he was on… There came Miclescu, drunk too… I was on duty at Cotroceni, in the winter, and princess Ileana found us in the courtyard and, she was turning back from the city, and she immediately ordered the service to bring us something to eat, you must be froze, she said, and then two enormous plates with food were brought to us, and on them there were ham, black caviar, zander, whiskey and champagne… Tell us more, mister admiral, tell us more… I already told you, I think this story with the shirt, for several times, but if you wish: I was on board of the imperial yacht Standard *and we were coming from Peterhof, we have crossed the Baltic Sea, Gibraltar, Bosphorus, to Livadia. The tzar was in a very good mood and he called me before disembarking and he told me: Sablin…*

The Year 1970

Nowhere I have found a clearer explanation of the motifs which I intuited at the Romanian people for, an irrefutable Christian background – due to which even the Romanians’ defects seem to be bathed into an attenuating light –, as I have found in Mirca Eliade’s study on *Miorita* (the chapter *L’agnelle voyante*, from the volume *De Zamolxis de Gengis Khan*, Paris, 1970, sent me by Virgil Ier.).

The Eliade’s interpretation has in it something of the absolute of the solutions after whose formulation any discussion becomes inutile. *Roma locuta*.

Miorita means: resignation, fatalism, calling upon the death, passiveness, pessimism.

It means: anti-historicity, transfiguration of the Adamic condition.

The Romanian people are endowed with a transfiguration power allowing them to change the entire universe and to penetrate the liturgical cosmos (to participate to the celebration of the cosmic liturgy, as Maximos the Confessor would say). You cannot defend yourself against your fate as you do it against your enemies; you cannot but give a new meaning to the ineluctable consequences of the destiny in progress towards fulfillment. It is not about fatalism, while the fatalist doesn't believe even in the possibility of transforming his fate.

The shepherd commits a transmutation – *le grand oeuvre* of the so denigrated alchemists -, he transforms his misfortune in a mystical mystery. He defeats his fate. He gives a fortunate sense of the misfortune by assuming it not as a historical or personal event, but as a mystery. He imposes a sense both to the absurd of the life and to the history's terror.

Just like the Christianity, the Romanian-ism can annul the seemingly irremediable consequences of a tragedy, by providing them with unsuspected values drawn out *other series*. The degrading adversity becomes its contrary, as the shameful hanging on the cross's wood reached to be, through Christ, a victory upon the death, and a getting out from under the anger of the Creator.

Again, about Saint Apostle Paul and the bodily sin.

Anyway, out of the Apostle's words one cannot deduce the monopoly of the bodily sin. This tendency exists mainly to Puritans and that is their most rejectable trait. The daring of confounding the love for Christ to the virtue and to the sexual restraint, as the bodily sin would have been the *only* one and not committing it would give one the right to full peace and a license to commit with a reconciled conscience - *d'un cœur léger*, as the poor Emile Ollivier said – all the other sins: envy, paired, evilness, avarice…

The excessive importance given to the sexuality usually comes from the thirst for gossip and for scandal and it is explained by the fact that the sexuality being absolutely common it is a means for reducing the important people down to everybody's level. (Wilde? Verlaine? Socrates? Homosexuals. Sviatoslav Richter? Pederast. Byron? Chateaubriand? Incestuous. Stendhal? Impotent. Hugo? Tolstoi? Priapic). Glad and eased calling of them to the common denominator. Obsession of the quarreling beings, merciless, obsessed, and who think they have grabbed God by the foot and that they have in their pocket the key of the Paradise only because of not committing the bodily sin.

Romain Gary: I refuse making out of the sexual compartment of the individual my only judgment criterion upon him.

The usage of the word *bridegroom* by the Scripture for designating Jesus Christ, or likening the Kingdom of Heavens to a wedding feast, the fact that our

Lord did His first wonder at a wedding, the parable of the virgins – though to the words *bridegroom* and *wedding* is being given a totally different acceptation than the phenomenological one – it should have appeased, thought, the monopolistic zeal of those who do not realize that the choosing of such metaphors isn't random.

Orient and Occident.

Patriarch Athenagoras says about the Russian religious philosophers that they have combined the feeling of the mystery with that of the freedom.

Freedom and *mystery* are they the very notions which the atheists try to get rid of? And after banishing those notions what will it wait for them if not the stupidity and the tyranny?

(Almost identical said Olivie Clement too: "One need to find again the Orient and the Occident in order to prove that the mystery can lighten up the life").

The feeling of the mystery not only doesn't impede or hinders the research and the thirst for knowledge, but it even pushed it forwards; the only thing hindering the thirst for knowledge is the proud stupidity of thinking that one already knows everything and affirming that a few panacea-formulae (reinforced by the police) can solve the human problems and anguishes of an unimaginable complexity.

This vain world and which our fate is decides within, forever, it isn't so unimportant, vain, and illusory, once Christ came to die here.

Bulgakov: The world, somehow, it charms, it fascinates – at its turn – God too: He gave His only Son for the world.

Professor Stefan Todirascu:

The words of Saint Maximos the Confessor have been proven as true, namely that not to everyone is good to the healthy, happy, rich, peaceful…

Take Petre Tutea for example. (Because of whom I was beaten for some nay times. Onea didn't want for the whole world to believe that "I didn't have the honor to know" Tutea). Before being him arrested he asked his friends to sacrifice a cock for him to Aesculapius. At his liberation from prison: instead of Socrates-ism he had a living Christian faith).

The Romanian land isn't a corner of barbarism, but it is an area of culture which has been able to spellbound even the Roman Ovidius. *Dieu est né en exile*, by Vintila Horia. Ovidius found here the "unknown God" of the Greeks, that One preached to the Athenians by Paul, that God Who came into this world of exile, for everyone whose motherland is in heavens.

In which, Christ and the Christianity aren't mentioned; nothing is uttered; everything is suggested, forefelt: virtually and imminently. One can see

here baren landscapes and most banal objects: still undeciphered signs. But everything evokes meanings and significations, suspicions which are full of splendor.

J. L. Borges: The art is the imminence of a revelation that no longer takes place.

But here, though, the imminent revelation, embodied, it is at the point of exploding, and the piece of the world presented by the writer has been already ennobled by the rays of the mysterious sun rising towards the eyebrow of the dawn, over the *boundaries*.

London, the Year 1938

I spend my Sunday afternoons strolling through City. The streets are absolutely empty. I walk for three or four hours without meeting a sole man. On occasions some cats exit from some gangues and quickly crosse my path or walk along the walls, relaxed. I have the impression that for me alone is being unfolded as on a revolving stage this urban setting, and I am the sole spectator of a unique wonder as Ludovic II of Bavaria in Wagner's masterpieces, sometimes stages up and sung only for him. At often intervals: churches, chapels, some of them hidden in courtyards, gangues, unexpected corners. (Dickens: small houses which one could tell about that they have played hide-and-seek among the big houses). They are closed. I would want entering them. Would Christ receive me? He cannot receive me. He has nothing to do with people like me; He hates us. But what if He doesn't hate anybody? What if He too trolls in these empty and mysterious streets in search for souls? What if He is liberal and tolerant and he has a hunter heart? In order I to get closer to Him I would have to cross through the water of a cauldron, to eat bread and to drink wine which are flesh and blood. Why did He establish these barriers? How far He is! How locked up! But I still feel, though, the somebody else too is walking on this pavement (haunted by so many phantoms); but He doesn't' walk, he slides; He floats over the asphalt as He walked, as they say, on the lake Tiberia's waves.

Jilava Prison, the Prison Cell no. 13

Brought to Gherla Prison in order I to be investigation in the trial started against Nego (his quality as uninvestigated witness in our trial hasn't been of any use to him): in the cell where I am appointed to, there is also Nicolae Balota who has come from Dej Prison. He has been an inmate for more than seven years by now, and he has consummate manners of his double quality: inmate and soul-man. He is not only an inexhaustible source of knowledge but

he is also a skillful story-teller. He knows the Liturgy by heart, word by word. Firstly, he explains the Liturgy to me in its general lines, in its constitutive parts of dramatic action, and then he recited the Liturgy to me with the same patience which is unconceivable and unimaginable to the people from outside. (Titi Pantea: he has learnt English grammar from Johnny Rotarum, with the help of Mose Code, through the wall, during their staying - for a year and a half – in neighboring prison cells having a common wall); he helps me too to learn the Liturgy by heart. The text of the Liturgy – unaccompanied by organ music of by choir, or by incense fragrance, or by hieratic gestures, by light and by colors, by movements and by rhythm – it appears to me in his ascending power of tragedy, of *happening*, which culminates with the sensational moment of the double-calling: take, eat this all of you…; drink this all of you… In the churches the plot of the subject is accompanied by everything that is predisposing, emotional, and overwhelming. I am facing here the text with the whole its extra-pure consistency. The so sober scenery of the prison cell – the grey stone and the black iron – keep the words back and it impeded the impulses of the sentiment and of the imagination. It is a *tight play*, so must have been in the hall of the synedrium; it is the minute of the truth. Christ, crucified; we don't even have the solution of escaping the view by kneeling at the cross foot. Or covering our eyes up. We have to face Him, we have to *look at the* spectacle of the torture, we have to *assist* the crucifixion.

March, the Year 1969

The paradoxical Christian law of the suffering as cause for fruitfulness and as spring of joys is being proven at Pantelimon Hospital, after I had been hit by a car at the end of December.

Floriana comes to visit me almost daily, after crossing the city from an end to another, with the tram no. 14, at rush hour. A trip on the whole line no. 14 at rush hour cannot be qualified as a "small sacrifice". And not only Floriana! I am caught in the next of the friendship gestures and cradled like a little child.

I have a *Bible* copy and a prayers book on my nightstand 0 (ostentatious, I cannot deny it, but it means also confessing Christ: *And he who will be ashamed of Me in front of the people*…) – which one of the physicians laughed at (on the occasion of the collective visit). Do you believe that God loves you? He wanted to know. One can see it! He answers when I affirm that God showed me His love doubtlessly. The *Bible* drew the attention of a nurse who is a serious and attentive girl with the patients, and who whispered me that she is a Pentecostal and she slipped under the Bible notebooks full of religious poetries

manually copied by herself. Out of my conversations with her I was surprised to ascertained that she preferred their little poetries - sincere, emotional, but also very cheesy – to the *Bible*.

After my gypsum cast had been removed, I repeatedly tried to use the crutches, but to no avail. I reached the conclusion that I could never walk again. I fell, and I was engulfed by a despair close to that called as *acedia* by the theologian, and which is a grave form of losing the connection with God. The physicians encouraged me, but they also warn me that it could be possible I not to be able to walk again except by using crutches.

Among the believers who attend the Darvari Hermitage one in particular takes care of me: brother Costica Hr. I am confessing him my despair and he listens to me dreaded. Then he rebukes me like on a stupid one, as on a sinner, as on an apostate. And his fiery worry, his harsh words, his sudden eloquence – a man usually using a poor vocabulary now he is in his element, he must save my soul – all of those suddenly pluck me off the precipice I have been sliding into. Through the window I can see the cross of Alexandru Voda Ghica Church. He shows that cross to me and he urges me to look at it. And I do it. Gradually, I get out of despair, exhausted, but free. I am staring to take small steps, trembling, leaning on my crutches.

The theme of the Indian philosophy seems to be the search for the truth. This truth, *atman*, which is identical to *brahman* who dwells into the depths of the being identified to the whole world. So, it won't suffice only to get out of yourself, because of you not differing from the whole: *tat twam asi*.

The big problem for the man is his relation with the whole and the solution of the spiritual tragedy which the man is in, it should answer the question: how can you get out of an absurd situation, without beginning and endless. The eternities are eternally created and they eternally perish. The eras succeed to one another in an accelerated rhythm. Eternally, the beings are caught in cycles of sufferings and tormenting desires. So that the unique interesting problem is: how and wherethrough can you sneak out of this? How can you evade the existence (which is stretched everywhere in "space" and which lasts endlessly in "time")?

A problem identical to that posed by Gaston Leroux in *The Mystery of the Yellow Chamber*, and whose formulation is short: is there any possibility of escaping a totally closed up space? In the novel by Gaton Leroux (the Dominican father Bruckberger allows us to read detective novels during the theology classes, and Chesterton does nothing else but this) the murder was committed within a room which the detective ascertained that there was no way out of, and maybe nobody could have left that room. The only window is

barred, in front of the only door there was constantly sitting somebody, there were no secret entrances, the walls were perfectly sealed, and the chimney didn't allow anybody to climb through it. The *Yellow Room* is the symbol of a closed system as the universe is. Therefore, how can you reach beyond its edges? Logically and materially, there is no evasion possibility, identically to the situation describe in *The Yellow Room*. (In the last case the solution was shown at the end of a reasoning of impeccable deductive stringency, which was absurd at the beginning; once the assassin couldn't exit the room, and because of not being any assassin in that room, that meant that was no assassin in that room. But how could one explain the wounds on the victim's body. In any other way but not by the presence of an assassin in that room). It turns out that as long as one still uses the material means, the existentialists are fully right and the human condition is despaired and devilish. But the existentialists lose from their sight that itself our despair *isn't sure about itself* and itself our logics *knows* that itself isn't absolute; and they know that there are other ways too. Out of a situation without exit, out of a *yellow chamber*, out of a *closed system*, there still is a road towards freedom (*ein Wegins Freie*), it is that (transcending the matter) indicated by John 3: the second birth.

The second birth (from water and ghost), it is the secret hatch leading to the immaterial attic, the unseen full: of the spirit. This second birth – a Mystery of the repetition – could also wear the name of *immediate reality*, Blecher). The mystery of the closed-up space stalked Mihail Sebastian too. Is it know too by Mircea Elide and very well, that this world if full of mysteries. That there are exist towards another world and that we might be evil he realized very well. But Eliade didn't formulate Christian solutions and he didn't subscribe to the right-faith. Still, he was more Christian than he believed, and he was more Christian than his commentators suspected him of – and he was less partisan of the Hinduism as thought. The key of his position at Eliade is his work: *Nights at Serampore*. The conclusion of this works of his is that this world truly is like the Hinduism and the Buddhism teach us about: a maya, and illusion, a spellbound. But the fakir, occult, tantra, yoga, or magical procedures TOO are working with illusion and magic. These procedures do not lead, by darkening the appearances and by breaking the sensorial connections with the world, to the absolute and essential reality, but they only lead to OTHER ILLUSIONS.

(We don't leave the creation, but we only pass from a system to another, from a swamp to another).

The conclusion of the *Nights at Serampore* compels the reader to ask himself whether the author is among the followers of the Indian schools to whom *Nirvana* and *Samsara* are actually the same thing, and the reader is

forced to ascertain that Eliade was much more skeptical regarding the Indian ecstatic techniques than one believed about him or than himself allowed to be believed because of his writing published abroad. Of course, the ecstatic techniques interpose a veil between the self (the so-called self) and the surrounding world (the so-called surrounding world), and they blur up the so-called reality and they break up the inexorable chain which tie the self to the time (the illusory time). But remains unanswered the question of what will I do with the self after getting it out of the common maya. Well, *Night at Serampore* show as categorically as possible that the self is not carried away in the world of the essence – the gates remain locked up -, but the self is only transplanted in *another* illusions system, which is laxer, *with* simultaneous series of diverse times, with unexpected surprises, but still illusory. We pass into other orders – more interesting, stranger, more attractive to us – but equally unessential, untrue, non-absolute as the order which we have living in when we are awake and submitted to the general conscience.

There are also the words of Dostoyevsky: "The fantastic is the same with the real; without real there is no fantastic".

There is only one fantastic which doesn't delude and which doesn't lead to other realms of the illusion, which isn't a simple setting change: it is the fantastic of the faith. Which doesn't' deny the reality, but it transcends it; which mustn't get out of the yellow chamber in order to leave it; which is neither fantastic because of not entertaining the mind with a procession (a *comedy*) of other possible worlds which are still unessential, but it summons the mind to focus upon the reality; which doesn't stupefy the science, but is transfigures the world and it applies metanoia upon the self.

The Year 1970

"*I am extolling You, Father, Lord of the heavens and of the earth, that You have hidden these from the wise and form the skillful and You unveiled them to the little children*" (Lk. 10: 21).

I have received from my former colleague Alexadnru Cioranescu, who is now a professor at the university from Canary Islands, and who was among the best students of our class – together with Rafael Cristescu - from Spiru Haret High School, the volume of novellas published by Mirca Eliade. That book was printed in Romanian in Madrid.

From *At Gypsy Ladies and Other Stories*, now on sell in Bucharest, after waiting for more than a year in storage, there are missing the stories: *In the Mantuleasa Street* and *An Older Photography by Mani*. And that's no wonder. (How could they have printed *Adio PE*, which is a legionary elegy?!...).

At Gypsy Ladies, *Adio*, *In Mantuleasa Street*: three perfections. But to me, *An Older Photography by Mani* expresses shocking truths, more than any other fantastic novellas of Mircea Elide, and it wins within the universal literature a place for the Romanian and Orthodox vision on life and on the mysteries which surround us. I find in it everything I believe more intensely and which I love more passionately.

At a first glance: it is like a novella by Hemingway or by Aldous Huxley. The setting and the props: and Anglo-Saxon bar. A projector, some old wooden tables, glasses of polished crystal, the clinking of the bottles, the strong drinks, the clear temporary warm brotherhood of the pubs where alcohol is being consumed, and the heartbreakingly vulgar melody of a songstress.

The hero: Dumitru, the Romanian wearing a banal name (the patron saints of the Romanian Church from New York is Saint Dumitru), who is talking to the pastor Dugay-Martin "with his naïve, idolater, and vain faith" and he tries to exorcise the pastor, to prove to the pastor the possibility of the transfiguration and of the salvation. The former crook-pastor, about Dumitru: "He is closer to God than all of us. And he will be the first to see when the true God will show His face again".

The mystery of this novella isn't constituted by the orthography of Tecla – this is a problem of the sort of that of Dorian Grey – but it is about the savior power of the faith which transforms the novella in a *Orthodox and Romanian Confession of Faith*, Chicago, 1959, a confession of faith following to the Orthodox Confession issued by Petru Movila, in the synod from Iasi, in the year 1642, or to the Acyclic from Constantinople issued by the Orthodox patriarchs (in the year 1848).

What does Dumitru reject? He rejects the great discoveries of the Occident (or the great illusions): the universal spirit (Hegel! Noica!), the semiology, the Zen (Asian-ism! Eliade himself!), the television, the universal language (Cioran! who doesn't conceive cultures expressed in peripherical languages), the history, the semantics, and the sociology (the whole structuralism!). And who is Dumitru? A Romanian from Sarmatia. *Le Paysan du Danube*, the simple man, the son of *Mutter Natur*. Not only that, but he is also the true intellectual who doesn't confound the rationality to stupidity, or the culture to *unus liber*. He isn't *homo unius liber*. He is the man believing in God and in miracles, unsophisticated, undeluded by pseudo-sciences bearing sonorous names, who in the Hemingway-Huxley-like bar is confessing the Logos, the embodiment of God, and the salvation.

And all of this with the virulence of the Scripture, but also having something from Creanga, Caragiale, and Bratescu-Voinesti.

When Dugay-Martin affirms (following the graces of the "theologians of God's death": Hamilton, Von Buren, Altizer, Robinson, Cox, or Vahanian) the dead of the withdrawal of God – ("God has withdrawn Himself from the world, He has vanished away. To us, the people, He is like dead. We can say, without any trace of lawlessness, that God simply dies because of no longer being with us, He is no longer accessible to us. He has withdrawn Himself, He has hidden Himself somewhere. That "somewhere" doesn't belong to our world, it is something called as transcendent by the philosophers. But to us, the people, the transcendence is a form of death. God doesn't intervene within the world. I would say something else, but I don't dare to say it: God does good by not intervening, because His long absence, his politics of not intervening in history, can mean something else too: that God has simply withdrawn Himself definitively, namely, ibn a word: *He died*) – what does Dumitru do? Is he starting bringing counterarguments? Is he protesting? Not at all. In the most picturesque and warm and sweet peasant-like style, he is uttering an unexpected: *May God give you luck, doctor Martin. Luck and health!* (Not even Creanga or Bratescu-Voinesti could have found a smarter, a wiser, a fuller of flavor, a more directly going to the heart answer. And he is continuing: *To no avail you try to scare me that God is dying*.

This *to scare me* is worthy of all praise and it tells us more than thousands of words; trying to determine somebody to believe that God doesn't exist or that God died means wanting to "scare him". And the word "to no avail" wonderfully pairs up the word "to scare", to both of these words being added the kicking conditional *would* which ends the phrase with a brio of *opera buffa*. I don't allow anyone to trick me so easily, or to be myself deceived by a nonsense of cray intellectual, it is what Dumitru seems telling us by following his common sense of the peasant or of the townsman whose faith – beyond the cleverness of the answers which he knows how to give – he is tough as a rock (also to him *eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*).

The fact that God doesn't exist – better said He *wouldn't exist*, the modal nuance is of a major importance – cannot be in the eyes of a sane man but a joke, a farse. Lo that the Indianist has brought with him to Chicago the essences of the peasant-like faith which laughs at the theologoumena of the atheistic philosophy and in which the Mioritic wing by a sole strike (as the strong man defeats the bald man, or the dragon) – on the way of the derisory (what are you saying mister?!... Ge out of here!) – the vaticinations of a Nietzscheanism by the dozen. What will be good the semiology, the sociology, the absolute spirit, and the universal language, if the come and tell us that God doesn't exist and that He doesn't commit wonders?

May them be healthy the gentlemen believing those. And to you, doctor Martin, who healed my wife by your faith and by the gift given to you by God, I am telling only this: luck and health may God give you, despite you trying to mock me by saying that God doesn't exist.

The final result: Dugay-Martin cede the victory to Dumitru.

One must notice throughout all the content of the novella the wise and clever simplicity of the style that accentuates the lightly naïve and ridicule character of the hero (apparently naïve and ridicule is Mischin too) in order to be identified to the characters of the Romanian literature who underscore the wisdom, the souly cleanness, and a certain smartness proving a deep understanding and a wisdom avoiding to unveil itself.

When Dumitru repeats: *I have come for the Festival* he evokes the mono-phrase of the drunk citizen, as also of Caragiale-like style are: *But that's like this... Youi see... Allow me to tell you... To no avail are you trying to scare me that God is dying* seems to belong to Neculce, Anton Pan, and Creanga, a peak Creanga, while the reaction of the man who is hard to delude for he know what he knows, and who is connected to ancient and mysterious truths older than the temporary sciences and philosophies, it comes directly from Thracian grounds, from the *Golden Branch*, from *Petrea Dascalu*, from *The Sapience of the Earth*.

The Romanian and Christian values confessed to the Occident: without them any culture and civilization is in a mortal danger.

I can admit: that the demonetized word "smartness" – so widely used in a pejorative sense for characterizing the Romanian people – it is being resurrected in the highest sense. And I would go thus further on, much farther: I would say that only in the state of grace the hero could utter with so much patience, bonhomie, lenience, and wisdom, when he was told that god doesn't exist and that he doesn't work wonders: I don't allow myself be deceived by such trifles; I don't believe that there are only crooks in the world; I don't believe that everything is a farse and blind hazard, *idiota delighi*. When Dumitru answers Dugay-Martin, who doesn't believe that one can do the good and that God defends His creatures, and who doubts about himself and about everything, about good, about hope, and (especially) about wonders, he answers *May God give you luck and health*, the sole conclusion that one can draw is that of citing the text from *Phil*. 1: 4: "Always rejoice yourself into God. And I tell you again: rejoice".

The more Dugay-Martin recuses himself more decisively, more fearfully, the more the despairs is outrageously affirmed as more incurable, the more God's death is presented more desolate and more undeniable, the more

Dumitru's smile - nuanced by a very slight upset – becomes calmer and more benevolent. You are not a crook, Dumitru tells to the former pastor who ended to be a barman (and he addresses him on a paternal-like tone, as to a nescience little child): you are truly a man of God, the world is truly His, God exists, the wonders are real, rejoice yourself! So talks the simple man from the Danube River's banks, one not exceptionally literate, but one who cannot be got out of his faith into good even by the brightest literary formulations and the most conclusive philosophical formulations. He, Dumitru, the Romanian, he knows more than all the nicely dressed Nietzschean and more than the structuralist savants of the Occidental world (they know not only who was the midwife who attended Mohamed's birth, but they even counted all the words from all the books ever written), he know one and only: that God exists and that he can work miracles through any of His creatures, regardless how sinful and wicked would that creature be, if He chooses that creature.

And lo that Dumitru's trust is contagious!

Wise, smart, Dumitru is themselves the Orthodoxy and the Romanian-ism. But we would be fundamentally wrong believing that *An Older Photography…* results out of a geographical exclusivism. Dumitru not only that confesses God but he also reveals Dugay-Martin to himself. Dumitru proves to the despaired D.D. that he is not lost and that he mustn't deny God because – though he, Dugay-Martin doesn't know that – God is with him and God gives him powers and God wants him.

An Older Photography…, therefore, it doesn't mean only that *God is with us* but, and totally opposite to that, God *is with you too*. Only that – at least for now – you don't know it, or you can't believe it.

The optimistic note from the end of the novella urges the reader to see that people from Chicago too, or from other places – Sorbonne, Oxford, Salamanca, Iena – says Sergiu Marinescu, they too are from Danube River, namely from God.

How nicely are matching here the words from *Ephes*. 4: 13-14, to the things from above: "Until all of us will reach the unity of the faith and the knowledge of the Son of God, and the state of the consummate man, the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ. So that we will no longer be children and the toy of the waves, carries here and there by any wind of the teaching, through the deceit of the people, by their cunningness, towards the plotting of the straying".

(I am saying at my turn: "God *exists*", though this expression is as wrong as one can get. In order to affirm our faith, we the people haven't found another term but this, which is the most inappropriate of all. We could eventually say:

God *is*, but *exist* is of an anthropomorphism or, even worse, of a materialness - *choseite, Sachlichkeit, reitate, estime* – that is shocking. But because all the people use this expression, I will conform myself to the general use, and I understated from here also that the poor us, even when we want to come closer to the Creator with benevolence and with beautiful intentions – as rightly Barth, Bultman, and Tillich said – it is impossible to us to do it).

It could be beneficial to the people reading more Dicken, as melodramatic and as romantic he is.

(By reading each year on the afternoon of the 24th of December *The Christmas Carol* I too do a good deed – maybe the only good deed of mine, except the receiving of the Holy Impartations and the encouragement words I told to Noica in the defendants' box. And I don't feel shame for my unavoidable sentimental tears at the end of the reading, but I brag myself with them as with a feat).

Anyone could say that the stupid and the rascals must not be allowed to their own will. The evil one must be stopped from doing the evil, while the stupid must not be allowed to commit stupid things while in leadership positions.

Today, unfortunately, the occident no longer trusts itself as in the XIX Century and it no longer believes in freedom, in Christianity, and in the superiority of its culture, so that it is already lost. There could be many wicked among the white population of the Occident, but the ideas specific to Europe – the freedom, the order, the person, the love, the justice – are noble ideas having a general validity. Those ideas are being compromised by those who no longer want to defend then and who allows to be these ideas replaced for envy, evilness, dementia, tyranny in which – the rascals – they are seeing now the immaculate aurora of the beginning and of the ideal.

On the first day which we were transferred on, from the Secret Police to prison, we were thrown in a prison cell where there were only priests, father archimandrite Benedict Ghius – citing Leon Bloy – told Pastor Wurmbrandt: "If I am upset by something, it is that we are not saints".

And about "not taking the sins tragically". In what sense? In the sense that the devil who mocks us by tempting us with the illusion of tee lusts, we too must mock him by mocking our sins, by unveiling our sins, namely by unmasking our sins, by demystifying our sins, and by openly admitting our sins as they are: some ridiculous nonsenses. (This is also the theme of *The Dream of a Summer Night* by Shakespeare: the ridicule and the stupidity of the bodily sins appear – under the direction of Peter Brook – when Titania falls in love with Bottom transformed into a donkey; the caricaturizing of the obscenity

steals from the devil the tragical and shiny coat of the illusionist, it reduces him to the hypostasis of a risible clown. We too can laugh at Mephisto).

The year 1942

From the hospital in that corner – there are not more than fifty meters to our place – doctor Leopold Brauchfeld come three of four times a day to do injections to my mother; in her terminal phase only the Dilaudid-Atropina, in massive doses, it still is effective.

Rather than Moldavian Jew and physician, Leopold Brauchfeld seems like an Italian condottiere from the XIV Century and a movie hero. We talk, sometimes he comes even at night. Though he is reserved and reticent, I don't find it difficult to believe that the doctor is a communist and he *activate* in a way or another. He doesn't resist his temptation to do a little propaganda with me; he too feels the need for speaking. And how inviting is he speaking!

His wife – who is a physician too, at the same hospital – is of a striking beauty, corpulent, and having a darker skin; she is the Shulamite herself. Both of them work hard, they are full of devotion for the patients, they are modest, they are fearless, and in the street the people stop and look at the beautiful pair which they made: He is tall and she it tall too".

After a while, they no longer shun me, they spend their free time at our place, they come with their violins and they play (they are good musicians too). They start confessing more to me. I am listening to them, and in an instant, it seems to me that… But their "antifascism" - no matter how clean and honest and worthy and beautiful and admirable they are – it still is the mask which something else is hidden under. Doesn't their personal superiority rather justify the fascism? Pay attention, not to allow us to be conquered by the people's qualities in order us to embrace their ideas. The Brauchfeld pair cannot be compared to the people whom I am meeting, but the world they desire is even worser… One if the hero, another is the idea. Another goose in another bag. As a Jew saying says: "Tecuci is Tecuri, and Ramnig is Ramnic".

The Lord told to the Pharisee and to the scribes: neither you have yourselves nor allow others to be saved (Mt. 23: 13; Lk. 11: 12). In the relationship between Dumitru and Dugay-Martin, on the contrary, not only that Dumitru saves himself by his faith and trust, btu he helps also Dugay-Martin to be saved by unveiling him the presence of the divine ghost from within himself. "Don't you know that you are ghost?" (Lk. 9: 55). Dumitru knows; and Dugay-Martin doesn't know but he finds it out.

Christ understood that in order to reveal Himself to the people, God by becoming body will have to sacrifice Himself, and in order His sacrifice to be

authentic and for His good faith to be indisputable, He will be forced to give His life. Only by giving His life – and here is everything, any other thing is a trifle, only this deed brings an absolute proof, only the courage when facing the death isn't equivocal and it cannot be submitted to interpretations – was able to prove that He didn't come into this life for nothing and that His claims were *serious*.

Leon Daudet: The historical époques have their own illnesses. Examples: The Middle Ages – the plague; the XVI Century – the syphilis; the XIX Century – the tuberculosis; our century – the cancer.

I think they have their sins too, their specific vices. Some of them, the debauchery; others the greed, or the thirst for conquests, the cruelty etc.

During the XX Century it seems predominant the angelism's sin, the desire for achieving the absolute perfection. The conviction about owning the unique formula of the happiness leads one to the urge of imposing that happiness by any means.

From where comes: the intolerance and the most abject fallings into the rottenest vices. They pursue the new and the perfection and they repeat the most classical mistakes and they obtain the most banal rottenness.

The sin of angelism, whose unavoidable consequence is the intolerance, it contradicts, it stains the man's essential feature: the freedom, consecrated by Christ Jesus both regarding the freedom being respected by the divinity (I am standing at the door knocking) and also as supreme promise (getting liberated form sin will make you free).

Berdiaev: the antique tragedy is that of the destiny, the Christian tragedy is that of the freedom.

The Year 1965

The abbot (later the cardinal) Danielou: the Christendom mustn't necessarily put on the Greek-Latine forms. The Christianity is not only Mediterranean, it is universal. It belongs to anybody in the world ad we owe to habituate ourselves to the idea that the Christianity could embrace aspects differing from those known to *mare nostrum* basin.

Christ isn't tied to any of our forms, regardless how beautiful and venerable. There have been and there will be other ceremonies, other settings, other customs. There could come things (*Kommende Dingen*) which to be totally different – and it will be inappropriate to us to get scared. The faith, the dogmas, the church are immortal and inalterable, but the colors, the melodies, the languages, the gesture change; there have been and there will be other joys, other modes for celebrating and for enduring; only the Cross will be forever. Why would be wonder about that? Why would he fear of *something*

else? Aren't we the limbs of a church whom a new sky and a new earth have been promised to?

Even the martyrdom – not only the mode of worshipping – can have its diverse styles.

The man can go to death and he can justify himself on own ways, which are equally valid.

Under Henric VIII, John Fisgher didn't hesitate; his style was the style of the rapidness, he perceived the situation on the first moments, he spoke, and he chose the direct path to execution.

Thomas Moore, in exchange, he wanted to live. With the whole his heart, but not at all costs. (Just like Socrates, so summarized Bury the attitude of the illustrious defendant: the life, yes, but only as he understood it). To the last moment, Moore was searching for an honest solution – which not to contravene his convictions – in order him to remain alive. He didn't hurry to pronounce himself; he was to read the paper submitted to his approval and he was to pronounce himself then. Because he knows – and it is a known fact – that he was not to accept *regardless-what*, his waiting hadn't an infamous character. And that was proven when he refused to utter the oath which seemed unacceptable to him and he went to die in cold blood and fully calmly.

Neither the Lord *searched for His death*. He waited for His death, but He *didn't push the things forwards*. So, the Savior doesn't approve the thirst for death, the impatience, the camouflaged suicide. I would say that, on the opposite, the Christian courage supposes the love for life, if living doesn't mean to feel shame of Him and of yourself. The life is the gift from God and it must be preserved as long as possible. But not at all costs: on any moment, without hurry and without hesitation, we must be ready to yield our life for something that exceeds us, for that things which we cannot survive without, and without which we are going to be only our walking cadaver, our *surrendered* shadow. Only by losing our life thus, we will give value to our life. This paradox – a dizzying one – was formulated by the victor himself in *expressis verbis*: he who values his life he will lose his live, and he who loses his life for Me he will find his life. (To be notices that *for Me* means also for those who are less important than He is but who are in suffering and in injustice, or for an idea that is according to his will).

My grievance on Lord Halifax, the Foreign Affairs ministry in Neville Chamberlain govern, and on his pseudo-Christian theory *Who I am to judge?*) implying the total surrender to the evil's forces, it find its (illustrious) confirmation in the observations formulate by Saint-Beuve on Malherbe: "A great and true politician doesn't need to be so kind as a civilian must be, but

he must act and govern in the interest of the good and nice people; lo what the moral is; but for that he must believe that the evil and the evil people exist, to believe that strongly, and to ceaselessly shun himself of them".

Gherla Prison, the Prison Cell no. 87 (after a conversation with father L.P.)

Not to believe in God, I can understand that. Not anyone has enough mind to conceive God or enough soul to know God's love. But not to believe in devil! This is impossible to understand! On the devil, for God's sake, we have enough apperceptive material in order us to always feel the devil around us, always stalking us, rooming around us, *waiting*, as Mr. Micawber *for something to turn up*, maybe something will fall – always at hand for us, using any occasion, ready for any call, an attentive waiter, a tireless beggar, content with whatsoever. Let's not forget that the devil's main tactic – known to Thomas Mann and to Dostoyevsky and to all the people who studied the devil closely – consists of claiming that the devil doesn't exist. Luther, when throwing his ink pot at the devil, he did the most natural – and sapient – thing from **his** life.

Carp, on 12th of Februa5ry, the Year 1901, at Senat:

They are going to vote the trust in government. One can limpidly foresee that the vote is going to be negative if the government's members don't vote themselves too, as customary. Carp forbids the ministers from voting. The government falls. Carp was a gentleman. (Besides, non-sentimental: to the two-faced government declaring that they are willing to put their head at the disposition of the president of the council, he answers glacially: "I don't have any use for it").

I too know that Christ asked us to be king, merciful, and clean, but by the whole His behavior He urged us to have dignity. The dignity isn't the exclusive apanage of the aristocrats or of the followers of Nietzsche, Malraux, Montherlant; It is also a Christian feature and our Lord and God doesn't ask from us less than the chivalry code and us to be brave and noble.

The spectacle of the English man putting on the smoking coat for dinner, despite being sure that he is lost in the neck of woods of some colony, it isn't ridiculous for that gesture give life to the idea formulates by Saint-Exupery and reiterated by J. P. Sartre (who was dreaded of not being able to behave himself if tortured) in his memorable words: "I will be my own witness". (Which constitutes also the most appropriate text for somebody tortured in his prison cell).

The gentleman avoiding to commit lawlessness because of *seeing himself from outside himself* and that watching the spectacle of a desolate scene is unpleasant to him.

Other implications:

indifference to opinion and verbosity, prejudgments and stereotypies, but a detached respect to the traditions and to the customs;

behave to people not as they deserve but according to the degree of distinction (Manole called it honorability) which he craves for (a categorical advice gives by Polonius to Laertes);

understanding the fact that by dignity you cannot replace heroism, but you at least come closer heroism – it is, anyway, *the next best solution* (the best replacement), the will of need being, as Eugenio d'Ors tell us, ennobling by itself.

The Year 1963

The dignity in our century the century of the prisons and of prison camps, it no longer is a theoretical problem. It is very little probable that somebody to slap the cardinal-prince of Rohan when he was asked: what would you do if somebody slapped you?" and he answered: "I know what I should do, but I don't know what I will do". But it is very probable that as European, starting with the third decade of the XX Century to be taken away from home, or arrested in the street, locked up, slapped, tortured, humiliated. Tho such individual, the question of how will he behave, was answered stringently and immediately. One is to have Koch bacilli in your body, and something else is being ill with tuberculosis. It is true that any gentilhomme could be challenged to a duel at any corner of the street for a spit or for a gaze. But the gentilhommes formed a restricted category, if not even a professional category, educated and prepared for such possibilities. Trained. Their childhood and youth unfolded under the sign of creating the instinctive reflex: to insult one must answer by challenging to a duel. The things were different for peasants, for clerks, for professors, for priests, for the freelancers who fill the prisons. To them, until recently, the torture, the beating, the scenery of an unknown and unthought prison cell. Lo why the problem of the dignity is poses to us with the whole sharpness and acuity – hurried, brutal – of everything belonging to the existential rubric.

Sibiu City, the Year 1970

Val. Gl. Offered me a ride in the sidecar of his motorcycle, to Rasinari.

The splendor of this Romanian village entirely built in stone, as the Saxon villages from Romania, having the same huge gates, the same aspect of power, of abundance, of wealth. On 14 of September, the Day of the Cross. We are going to the church, then to the tomb of Andrei Saguna and to the house of poet Octavian Goga. I am photographed in front of Goga's house; I am kissing the house's wall. Am I not ridiculous? And melodramatic? I could be, but I am overwhelmed by the beauty of the place and by love and I am doing what I feel, I don't care what people could say. At least this should be our right as long we live on earth, not to give a dime, when we are happy, on others' opinion.

Then, from Rasinari, we hit to road on Strezii Valley up to Curmatura.

I will send a photography to Paris, top Monica L. and to Virgil I.; will they laugh at it too?

September, the Year 1940

The English people sit an exam and they pass it well.

Showers of bombs fall upon London and they stroll in the streets and they watch from the roof after the alarm has sounded. They don't care. The priests officiate religious services in collapsed churches. The king and the queen have never left the capital city and they don't use the bomb shelters either.

The courage as common trait. As matter-of-course. The stubbornness when facing the danger. *Aristocracy*.

The poetry of the defeat, the respect for death, and they who die by resignation and having the sense of the fulfilled duty. The Japanese, the samurai. *The Miorita*. (This is also withdrawal into nature: it might be that the shepherd didn't take any defensive measure because he was disgusted by the envy and by the lawlessness of the other two shepherds, so that he preferred the merging into nature instead of continuing living together with the other two shepherds). The Codreanu case: the defeat and the tragical death pass him into greatness, they get him out of the world and from time. Victorious, of course he would have get maculated out of the contact with the politics and with the engagement with the reality.

Malraux:

Who is a knight? "Anyone dying for what he has chosen".

Eforie Nord

The meeting with Stefan Teodorescu, now professor at Freiburg University:

That what characterizes the Romanian people if the *amenity*.

He actually cites Alexandru Isaievici: the benevolence among people is the only important thing, nothing else matters. Not the economical or the political system are important, but the tone of the relationships among people. If there is benevolence or amenity, the rest won't count.

And Malraux: "Only the sacrifice can look the torture right in the eyes, and God of Christ wouldn't be God without crucifixion".

Valery: "After all, nobody, before, before Christianity, d9id tell that God is love".

September, the year 1970

Dr. Corneliul Ax. Is telling us enthusiastically about the stronghold-church from Biertani. We are on a trip, his wife (born at Targu Mures, she is the daughter of engineer Nicolae Mares, dead in the Sighet Prison), Paul C., and I.

Our guide is a Saxon woman between two ages, very amiable, who provides us with a lot of details. The Church was Catholic, then it became Lutheran, and for some time it was an episcopal headquarters. Our guide, missis Anna Philp, she is showing us the chapel reserved to the believers who have remained Catholics; I am finding this detail as emotional and noble.

It is a great warm autumn day, with a clear sky, with an immobile air, a day bathed in sweetness and ineffable. The church is situated on a height. Among battlements one can see the empty village; there are no people in the streets. The peace is total. It smells amazingly like recently cut grass. On the old grey walls are climbing vines with red leaves (a red color in countless nuances). I have, for an instant, the impression that I really am in Paradise, that on the road here (a bad road) we had had a car accident and that we would have died and we have entered the Paradise. For an instant, but an instant indescribable long and convincing, the Bliss is total and the illusion is absolute.

We haven't died, we aren't in heavens, but the place is among the most beautiful one can imagine and the spells of the past and of September make this place even more irresistible.

Suddenly, the bells start ringing, rung by missis Philp at fixed hours. The entire vault, of an all-clean blue, it resounds.

Herr, mach uns frei I am writing at the end of the visitors book.

One can formulate numerous excuses to professors M. Ralea, G. Calinescu, and Tudor Vianu, and one can throw his stone easily. Dignity, anyway, one cannot say that they had. One cannot deny the talent of the

masters T. Arghezi and M. Sadoveanu. But they had not proved that they had had dignity.

But they weren't politicians, or public personalities! They weren't, I too I am admitting that. But they could have been, I am saying, and I am referring myself to a saying by Mirabeau: "Any courageous man becomes a public personality during the days of woe".

Two character-traits of cardinal Retz:

He was unable to understand how such an intelligent man as Mazzarini was totally lacked his generosity and his soul, and how he mistrusted anyone (because he suspected anybody would be like him).

Jilava Prison, End of November

Gusts of rain and wind. Screams. One can hear what everything moans outside. Jilava Prison has put on its spectral gown of sinister and solemn place. In the corridor resound long echoes. Unhinged (or plucked off their hooks), the window's planks are collapsing inside the prison cell unveiling a night surrendered to the zombies. We can distinguish the silhouette of the warden controlling the bars sweeping them with an iron rod: grave and lugubrious sounds are being emitted.

It seems that the whole prison is *The Ghost Ship*, or the ship shaken by waves in the first act of *The Storm*, or the house surrounded by blizzard from *Crosswinds*.

The whole this sinister greatness (the walls which are unveiling their thickness only now, the cells unveiling their deepness, and the corridors unveiling their endlessness) are taking my thought – unexpectedly – at the Japanese Knight asking to be initiated in the Zen sect and which is welcomed by the master with a fist-blow in the face. The applicant knows how to endure: he, the fearless, smiles and keeps his silence.

One cannot get it more Christian than that.

Could Nirvana be the not the void but the ontological dignity? But again, there is no doubt that the inferiority of the Asialism compared to the Christian doctrine comes out of two causes: ignoring satan and the incapability of perceiving the tragical senses of the existence.

Gherla, the Prison Cell of the Priests; Bucharest, the Year 1965

Again the "limits" of God's power.

Being almighty means being free to do *anything*, the good or the evil. In this sense God isn't almighty for He doesn't do the evil. But God doesn't do the evil not because of not being able to do it, but because He doesn't want to do it.

What Montesquieu expressed by the saying from Uzbek: "Though God is almighty, He cannot but keep His promise and He neither can deceive the people.

Benjamin Constant in *Course of Constitutional Law* reckoned God limited because of not being able to intervene in the human businesses except for sanctioning the justice. (That's the reason why we must not *tempt* God by asking Him for things which we know that He cannot approve).

Andre Gide didn't like God because He is strange, cynical, gratuitous, because of not laughing; the antique gods are sympathetic because they didn't' know the moral limits and they mocked the mortals.

J. Chevalier: God is the guarantor of the order and of the morals – unlimited power, but moral power.

A. N. Whitehead: The only limit imposed to God is that coming ou6t of His kindness… It is not true that God is infinite in all regards. If it was so, God would be equally kind and evil… God is something decided, and therefore limited.

E. Burger: Not the infinite is deeper than the Person, but the Person is deeper than the infinite is.

We know that the true God – not that of the pantheists -, the whole, the anything and the infinite, He is the God of the order, of the kindness, of the justice.

Anathema is him who says that God has a limited power, but it will be wrong to understand God's power as capricious – as the old gods were.

We are discussing in the prison cell the attributes and the powers of God and we are forgetting about living times of the state's dictatorship. Voltaire saw what the things followed to be like (*On the Necessity of Believing into a Supreme Being*): "May God protect us against an angry and barbarian Tyrant who believing in God would be his own God".

Paul Dim. is right defending Voltaire against the vulg.

The gods envied the happiness of the human beings. The people, in antiquity, they avoided to reckon themselves as happy and all the more they didn't dare to say that they were happy because they feared stirring up the anger of the god and so they to be persecuted.

It is different concerning God: not only that God doesn't envy our happiness, but God even urges us ceaselessly to be happy, He promises us the happiness, He prepares the happiness for us.

So, Saint-Just was right saying that the happiness is a new and modern idea. Regarding the sacrifice, the Christians' Lord is also renewer: He is exclusivist and monopolist, and He reserved all the sacrifice for Himself.

The Year 1971

Monsieur Helder Camarra, the archbishop of Recife City (Also known as Pernambuco), a "red" cleric.

To him is applied Mt. 24: 23-24:

"Then, if somebody tells you: lo, Messiah is here or there, don't believe him. Because liar Christs and liar prophets will rise and they will give big signs and even wonders in order to delude you, if possible".

I also think about the high-cleric who wears a red flower to his buttonhole that he is guilty of that sin whose existence I am perfectly convinced of: the sin of stupidity.

Kipling, the English high schools. The education principles: unheated dorms, cold baths, beating since morning to evening, sufferings, injustice. Especially injustice. In order to prepare them for life? Of course. And, also for God. In order they to learn that the Ghost blows wherever and whenever He wants, that we are on this earth in exile and among sufferings, and among people who do not love us, whom we are uninteresting and who are unwilling to listen to us, to praise us, to comfort us…

27th of November, the Year 1950

At the office, discussing the purity of an expression (I am a translator), female comrade Riana, the section chief, recommended us to listen to the people's voice.

In the tram no. 25, in the evening, I am hearing the people's voice. The ticket seller, a big woman almost totally beige (hair, face, clothes), she is shouting out loud talking to a crone and to a soldier. The crone sits on a bench, holding an enormous package on her lap. The soldier, young and skinny, bows down and whispers his answers. All the three sustain the existence of God or, anyway, of a superior person. I am hearing only what the ticket seller says:

She asked me why I don't bow. But why don't you bow, lady? Listen to her, why don't I bow…

The continuation is being lost in a rumble, but then I am clearly hearing again:

Power… hold the water… he says that is the nature. I felt the need to hit her in her head with something.

Thew crone is intervening, but I am not hearing her. Neither I am hearing the soldier.

But the big woman is continuing:

God must exist. Why are you keep telling me about nature, lady? Could be baby born without God's power? Could have you mother given birth to you?

Now everybody is listening to her. There is on the wagon an attentive silence interrupted only by the deafening noise caused by the metallic parts of the tram, a silence whose character cannot be but dialectic and materialistic, of course.

The ticket seller, after selling some tickets, she is about continuing her discourse, but I am in a hurry and I am forced to get off the tram. I envy Leon Daudet who says that, caught in the charm of the syntax used in the popular conversations, he often was following in the Paris's streets, for big distances, groups of pairs speaking picturesquely and core-like.

Mircea Eliade in *A Ophotography6 Older than 14 Years* (a piece equally important to the Romanian soul and its transformative power as *The Morningstar*, *The Legen of Manole Craftsman*, and *Miorita*):

"You feel that our friend has started to transfigure himself, that he has the universal Spirit within him. But the transfiguration process isn't finished. This is because, you see, he cannot express the mysteries. Then, what is good for all this universal language, this American language, *if it cannot express the mysteries*?".

Heresy is to say as Zola did: if Christ forgives you God the Father won't.

But heresy is also to say as the theologians of God's death: God has died, Christ is no longer.

This is for Christ too takes us to the Father; He is only the gate, He is the only Mediator, but He and we finally reach at the Father too.

The texts, especially those from *Gospel according to John*, are numerous and conclusive (5: 43; 6: 38; 7: 16; and 29: 8; 16: 28; 17: 8): "I have come in My Father's name…"; "For I have descended from heavens not to do My will but the will of Him Who has sent me…"; "My teaching doesn't belong to Me but to Him Who has sent me…"; "For I am from Him and He has sent Me…"; "For I am not alone, but I and the Father Who has sent Me…"; "You will know that I don't do anything from Myself, but as My Father has taught Me I speak so…"; "I am speaking what I has seen at My Father…".

But the essential text remains 10: 9: "I am like this: if somebody enters through Me, he will be saved; and he will enter and he will exit and he will find pasture".

Why the Lord says "and he will exit"? In order Him to show Us that He cannot be isolated from the Father and from the Holy Ghost. We reach at the Holy Trinity only *through* Christ, but we are called to reach at the Holy Trinity in the end.

Those theologians who stop themselves at Christ, they are therefore guilty of heresy, they lose from their sight the existence of the Holy Trinity which they want to divide while knowing very well that is one and undividable.

The Year 1934

Conversation with Manole (Anetta is present too; she is smiling and listening): how can we exit an inextricable dilemma?

He cites Keyserling to me (though he can't stand him): "The survivors were those who know how to take extra risk".

It is the ancient and the profoundly equitable law of the benefit tied to the risk: only by investing more, by risking, you are justified to win. The prudent are the losers. There are laws in all domains. The domain of the tragical dilemmas has its rules too. The main law is that of "extra risk", some sort of plus-value law, or the goat from the chamber, of the wanted adding, of exiting through an act of madness (the only solution according to La Rochefoucauld, for some situations).

Anetta, going to a literary session, during the recess she read a poster: The buffet for the consumer public, she thought at the first glance that she read: for the conservative public – now she is recounting to Manole her confusion. Manole laughs out loud. Anetta bows her head slightly: *She is feeling gratified*.

The Year 1965

With Al. Pal.: Christ came to scandalize, in the first place; to bring fire and division; to praise Mary who stays doing nothing and to rebuke Martha who is overwhelmed with work; to intentionally avoid the undefiled Pharisees and to intentionally search for the company of the thieves and of the whores; to not lose any occasion for transgressing the holiness of the Sunday; to shake us up, to make us dizzy, to make us angry, to get us out of the most honorable and ancestral and impeccable reasonings, to get us out of the most gratified by society customs, to get us out of our most stratified deeps; to burn us with His sword heated in fire. In order Him to be able to wake us up to something new, unexpected, and unsuspected. By getting us our form under the law and sin, He doesn't' call us to a lousy and moralist virtue, but He calls us to the full freedom, to the condition of honor. And, in the same time, as the Blessed Augustine says: kidnapping us from the worry whom Martha ceded herself to, He bring us to Joy. ("Martha was working, and Mary was feasting").

From the condition as slave, we pass to that of a free man. From toil and agitation to peace and feasting.

The Christianity invites us not to the ceremonial honor but to the fearless assumption of the quality as man endowed with divine ghost. *Noblesse oblige*. The fear has nothing to do with the spirit's domain, neither the pettiness.

Drieu La Rochelle: "The idea is craving for blood".

The idea cannot be equally bloodthirsty as the gods of the French Revolution were, from the tile of the book of Anatole France.

Not even the highest and noblest ideas are an exception to this, but right on the opposite. Only the Son according to the body, of the one who said: "Deliver me from the bloodshed, God, God of my salvation" can protect both the intellectuals and the idealists against the logical temptation of using any means for reaching the goal (great, of course) and against the attraction of the blood meant to compensate for their dry life and for their garbage body.

The Year 1945

The Soviet movie *The Train Departs for East*. Dance, songs, humor. To them who believes in the social revolution (and I am thinking at Bellu Z., Siren Rab., Germania D., and Tr. in the first place), there is a sole solution: the suicide.

So many prison years, forced labor, exile, and deportation to Siberia, so many sufferings, sacrifices, and hopes (the princess Alexandrina Kolontay: *let's go to bed early, comrades, tomorrow will start a new world*), but for getting where? To the most abject forms of the American operetta, to the lowest stages of the small-bourgeoise amusement, to the more heartbreaking banalities of musical's repertoire. It is much lower than the level of the spectacles from "Mother": Titi Mihailescu and Violeta Ionescu (these ones, poor them, lacking any world-changing desires).

The communism can socialize all the riches, it can throw anybody in the prison, it can kill whomsoever it wants, but it faces – sturdy, indestructible – the following eternal needs: the circus, the clichés, the international vulgarity of the pub.

Pierre Gaxotte shouted out, at his turn, commenting the advertisements for the state-loan having the interest guaranteed by state: I knew those! This is where you are taking us to? Watch it, people!

I have been expecting everything, but not the apotheosis of the advertisements for the state-bonds with guaranteed interest and for the state-lotteries! Our poor Iulian: pull up the skirts, get down the pants!

Really, it wasn't necessary G.R.U., N.K.W.D., K.G.B., or *Materialism and Empirical Criticism*.

Christ isn't idealist in His sayings. He called the things as they were: whore, adultery… He never edulcorates, He never sweetens, He never resorts to paraphrases, or to euphemisms. The truth in the whole its harshness and virulence. As on the surgical operation table, as at the feet of the gallows. NO veil no illusion, not sparing. This is for only by facing the cruel reality we can get shaken and we can leave that reality by transfiguring it.

The confession of the sins is an example of precise language. The penitent: I have not quite said the truth. The confessor: do you mean that you have lied? The penitent: I didn't behave so correctly. The confessor: Do you mean you have stolen? etc.

To the Christian everything happens as his words, his thoughts, his deeds would be imprinted on an eternal film. The electrical impulses express any form of energy and the matter is submitted to the principle of the humanity. Therefore, that film will probably be one. On it is recorded that movie of whose unfolding, at the end, everything that was hidden it will be exposed, it will come out, it will be shown; that movie will make satan laugh out loud, whether the Lord's lenience doesn't reserve a surprise by erasing everything on that bobbin.

If it was so, it would be surprising that any behavior, regardless how insignificant, or that any example, regardless how unimportant – in the prison cell and under the blinding light of the investigation chamber – not to have an absolute value.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

Preda, Radu, and Stroie… Clothos, Anthropos, and Lacesis… I was sent by Vaida in Portugal to study Salazar's constitution… It is called artemon… It is called cardan shaft… it is called dendrite… it is translated by suing the past conditional…

That the art, unlike what Nego thinks, it isn't a devilish thing it is proven also by the ascertainment that the art too, identically to the faith, it is based on freedom and it has not value except if being a product of the artist's freedom, and it proposes to the listener or to the reader a case of freedom. Especially the theater, it cannot live but by being fueled by freedom; built up only in the light of the determinism, on the epical objective (Brecht), or on physiological fatalities, it will be dead. The physiological fatalities (the frigidity, the sterility, the impotence, the inversion) – exactly as the chronical illnesses – they stir up the compassion, but not the artistic interest. A match coming to an end because one of the players has got sick, it won't be a passionate match; a meeting with a totalitarian parliamentary, where the people know from before that they are going to vote

unanimously, it can be a ceremony, but it won't ever have a dramatic character of a debate. The secret of any drama is the absolute freedom of the person. The most captivating suspense come out of the discretionary freedom of the individual – his culminant form being. of course, concretized in the play which we are acting in, withing our souls.

Woe to us if there wasn't in the *Gospel* the parable of the unjust judge. That parable offers us the solution – difficult, burdening, desperate – of the perseveration.

And the fact that we do not deal with an unjust judge, not even with a just judge, but with a generous boyar it is shown to us by another parable, that of the hirelings working the vineyard. Pay attention though: we are tempted to prefer to renounce to our payment rather than them who have been hired on the eleventh hour to be paid equally much as we get.

It makes us feel revolt, as did the older son in the parable of the profligate son, the injustice of God towards the just ones. For the sapient son his father never slaughtered a fattened calf; to his sapient son's friends his father never threw a feast for drinking and for dancing. All the good things are only for the profligate son.

The righteous ones, by protesting, they prove not to having read the text attentively. It is true that for them there wasn't any calf, neither feast, nor dance, neither a ring on the finger… But was and there is something else, something mentioned by the verse number 31 from the chapter no. 15 from Lk: *All my things belong to you.*

Consequently, the righteous ones have something too, something which they cannot complain about: *all the things* of the Father.

Father Paul Lecca (from Cozia Monastery) divides the world in four categories:

The one of the profligate sons, who no longer come back to their Father. There are such people too who remain among carobs and pigs.

The of the profligate son coming back and entering the imperial banquet.

That one – the most numerous one – of the good son, who is just and sapient, but he is lukewarm and haughty and, despite being just, he doesn't enter the dinner!

That one – woe, rare – of the just son who is not only sapient but he is also ardent and who will be partaker to the imperial dinner.

Examples: the Holy Virgin, Saint John the Evangelist. They represent the ideal.

(According to the Nemo-Balota theory on Doctor Faustus).

"The song of the man".

In the *Old Testament* the man manifests his supremacy towards the rest of the creation and the faculty of elevating himself, by answering – together with the Moses, with the patriarchs, with the righteous ones, and with the prophets – when called by God, with the words: "Here I am, Lord!".

Present, *standing*, ready for receiving orders, anytime available, unhesitating, prompt. The man is getting spiritually fulfilled and he gets deified by fulfilling his Creator's will.

In the *New Testament* the highest stage which the creature can reach on is indicated by the Lord through the words uttered by Thomas the Unbeliever: blessed are those who saw and believed; but more blessed are those who have believed without seeing.

Believing without palpable proof and without documents. Without scrolls and books. The less mercantile thing ever. The noblest. To trust. To not doubt. To receive the truth- just like the artistical emotion of N. Schoffer – without crossing through the meandrous way of the cortex. Believing on *by word*, the word of Lord Christ Who Himself is but the Word.

The Year 1971

"*Until when, you stupid, are you going to still love the stupidity*?" (*Proverbs* 1: 22).

The young people today, they are searching for purification, for exorcizing, for getting free of horrors, on the threefold path: of the sexuality, of the music, and of the drugs. But the horrors which they are disgusted about are truly horrible: the war, the hypocrisy, the lie, and the hatred.

We'll see whether the ideal they crave for will offer them something else.

We'll see whether the means chosen by them will be proven as efficient.

I would draw their attention on the following points:

a) if they aren't totally stupid, they shouldn't lose from sight that there is a force – two faced force – looking at them and which is capable of healing them of any longing by stealing any means of evasion from them. The force is one, the faces are two: Brezhnev and Mao;

b) the means which they resort to are random. The totalitarian regimes make all of them being difficult to get: not only the drugs, but also the sex and the music. In order to sweeten their bitterness and to heal their despair there still remain more accessible the faith. Especially because the faith too became inaccessible under the much craved for regimes, it still has the advantage of being accessible in places which are difficult to be controlled by state.

Don Quixote…

We too can – from one moment to another – by our will and by our capacity of happiness, if we restrain our individual imperialism (only I am right, only I am not crazy, only I deserve it), if we learn at least a little about the relativity and about the ridicule of the quarrels, or the ambitions, of the resentments; if we persevere upon the definition given to Jesus Christ by pastor Dietrich Bonhoffer: The One Who exists only for others - *nur fiir andere da ist* -; if we understand even a little the whole misery of the envy and of the anger, the shame, the heartbreaking and the petty ridicule of the jealousy, of the envy, and of the evilness as they should be seen from on the cross, and of course as they seem to be when seen from prison or from the death bed, we can, I say, to instantly transform the pub into a castle, the prison cell, the hospital, the street, the outskirt of the city, in a saloon of a French marquis form the XVIII Century, of a Renaissance prince, of an English manor situated in the middle of a centennial turf park; or even in a Paradise corner, or in the feast chamber from that house from Betany.

The *Scripture* shows to us that the cross too – a torment instrument, a mockery instrument, and a curse – it can instantaneously become to him who know how to bear himself on it – a promise of salvation and a threshold of Paradise.

According to the way which we are talking and behaving in, one could say that we are radio stations determined to ceaselessly emit and to jam any other radio posts.

The Year 1971

Nemo – being present there Andrei Brz. too – condemns the sentence *Amicus Plato sed magis amica veritas*, he reckons it as proving evilness and mind-narrowness. It is more precious to us our friend or our neighbor than the so-called truth which we don't not whether is valid and for how long. The love for our neighbor truly is our duty, and we ought to help our neighbor; while, in the name of some uncertain and temporary truths, the zealous ones are always ready to persecute and denounce their fellow humans. The true *veritas* is called *caritas*.

The Romanian people have always been proceeding like this, by putting the charity above the momentary "truths", and by holding their neighbor higher than the glacial objectivity.

(It is thus confirmed to me the secret of the *Lost Letter* – what the people give to God when God is thirsty? Vinegar and gall).

Paris, July, the Year 1936

Place de la Concorde. A magical and privileged place of the beauty. The center or Europe. The pavilion from the left (facing the Triumph Arch) of the Tuileries gardens. A hot summer day, the sky vibrated because of the heat. But the pavilion is chill and empty. I am strolling among Monet's waterlilies for a long time. I feel the heat, the aquatic depths and the high pressures, I hear the murmur of the fountain which Mélisande if bowing over, in which the emperor daughter mirrors herself in.

The uninterrupted charm of the impressionist painting, the most productive of evanescence. *Verweile doch, du bist so schon*. Sensation of colored shadows, of glittering and of waves.

Leon Daudet is the one underscoring the colored shadows of the impressionists. How much my mother loved him! Ane because he was a gourmand, she wrote about one of his aunts: "for twenty years she experienced the unparalleled happiness of being the patron of the greatest cook from France, a woman who was for cooking what Baudelaire was for poetry, Rembrandt for painting, and Wagner for music.

Beyond the water, on Bourbon pier, a coffeeshop having small tables on the sidewalk, under a blue tarpaulin.

Acute sensation of happiness.

Quickly torn apart by the thought at Blum government, pompously inaugurated, a huge ministry divided in sections, assuming the task of making everybody happy in the cleanest mister Leonida style: law for pickles and the pension according to the old law, let the state pay because that's the state's duty. And the right for all the French people to stick their heads in the sand. *Et un Pernod pour Arthur ?*

Ah! the explanation of the history isn't given either by materialism or by the providential theory, by nothing else. The only rational explanation for the falling of the states and of the collapses the civilizations is that given by Romans: *Quos Jupiter perdere vuit…*

Durkheim is the big culprit. He is the theoretician of the State-God. Any form of fenced state isn't possible except in a society which believes in God. If not, the state will take the shape of the divinity and it will no longer be possible to limit it.

The power of King Louis XIV was absolute – and of course he abused his power. (By revoking the edict from Nantes etc.). But his power still was limited by the provincial parliaments, those parliaments had the right to criticize him, and there was also the church, the traditional right of the provinces, of the "states", or the "social states" – namely the "constitution of the kingdom". The

king feared the divine power, his confessors, and what the people could say about him. And regarding the literature he declared that "mister Depreux is better than me".

The absolute power of the King Sun seems to be null in comparison to the power of the contemporary atheist dictator whom truly is applied to the saying of Lord Acton: the absolute power corrupts in an absolute manner. And I would add to that:" the absolute power will necessarily become demented.

Against the theory (of Sartre and others) according to which the signs cannot be interpreted (*There are not signs!*) and nothing is the world guarantees God, there comes these words of Tocqueville: "There is no need for God to talks Himself to us, in order us to discover sure signs of His will".

Any attempt of Cartesian departure from a supposedly possible *tabula rasa* is hypocrisy because we cannot pretend that we don't know.

Two specifications regarding the crucifixion:

a) The culprits

Not only the Sadducees, the Pharisees, and the Roman authorities, but each of us.

The prayer of the Friday: "I am confessing in front of You that on this day of Your crucifixion, when you suffered and took death, for our sins, on the cross, I am the one who crucified you with my many sins and with my evil lawlessness".

b) It isn't a historical fact that happened two thousand years ago, but it is an event repeated forever, and on each hour, it is ceaselessly repeating, and if our eyes knew how to see they could always have in front of them the dreadful show endowed with perennity and ubiquity.

What Valery Larbaud imagined in *La Mort d'Atahualpa*, regarding the execution of the great Inka – it takes place without interruption in a room blindly illuminated of the Sonora Place Hotel (*if only somebody won't mistake the door*) – it is true for the Lord's crucifixion which we renew it eternally.

The Year 1969

The house of engineer I. Petre – situated in the so respectable street "Dimitrie Onciul" – it is not too big, but it certainly provides a sensation of solidness, having the front yard well kept, having diverse facilities in the back, having shiny curved windows and pleated curtains of a consummate white color.

Inside, the family of the one who was ceding to me his little piece of bread when I was in a crisis, and who never yelled at anyone, it is composed of people whom you cannot but like them: all of them work or study, they respect

on one another, they behave nicely to the housemaid (due to working, they afford to keep a housemaid), and they are happy of having me as guest: nothing forced, no trick, nothing distorted or strange. Honor, unostentatious virtue, moderate faith, natural kindness, plentiful gentleness.

The silent majority. I am reseeing my old ideal, the Armenesca Street and the Seteanu House and the Boerescu House and all that world which the reckless and the imbecile hurried up to tear it down and then (but also Galsworthy in *Forsythe Saga* had the same unpleasant experience, and in the end he rehabilitated owner Soames) to crave for it and to try and restore it in their apartments of two of three rooms in the apartments blocks build up according the norm, or to go and search for it with 70 kilograms of luggage – as the Jew migrants did by leaving for Israel.

Interview with the dramaturgist Franz Molnar: "It seems to me that the principled which were determining a quarter of a century ago the success of the theater play are today totally changed. Back then the life was peaceful. The society was rich, the people lived well and without annoyances, it was almost boring".

(To the criminal doctrine of the boredom, exposed by Lamartine during the reigning of Louis-Philippe – *France is getting bored, milords* – people brought to much praises and they offered it so much satisfactions than the flattest and smallest bourgeoise ideals reached to be conferred an aura of nostalgia and surrounded by shiny light. All of them die for those, all of them search with their tongue out for those simple components of the bourgeoise life from before. How much they crave for a house, for food, and for a little peace!).

The ritual of the prayer.

The custom of using the texts of the common prayers is criticized as a proof of formalism and insincerity.

Sincere is only that prayer springing out of one's thought and heart, and not the ready-formulated text which we read as a recipe. (At the end of the danger there is the prayers mill of the Tibetans).

The most appropriate solution might be: a) reciting the general prayers in order to be created an atmosphere of peace and recollection, this meaning the preparation phase of *setting up into the oratory atmosphere*; b) the properly-said prayer, done by each individual, the hymn of glory and to thanksgiving, and then (or before, as felt naturally, with no offense) the telling of the thought – the poured-out heart; c) and after than it might be suitable to follow there the most important phase, the phase of the *listening*, which follows to that of the speaking and in which – and was it needed to tell what it pains us as it

wouldn't be a known fact? – we pay attention to understand the urges and advices given to us; now the heart is *on receiving*.

Discussion in Jilava Prison (in the year 1961, I think) with professor Vasiel Barbu and with the young Gheorghe M., a fiery admirer of the Legion (though he was too young to be part of the Legionary Movement). I am invoking them the Stelescu case.

The legionaries, that's right, they were killing people. But the executors (appointed after the sentence of a Legionary tribunal had been issued) they too went to sure death, because they were compelled to surrender themselves to the police. They didn't run after killing, they knew they too were to die, so that they were framed by the Camus's definition: an authentic rebel and not him who sends to death by sitting in his office and at his desk; authentic rebel is "the righteous" dying together with his victim.

The micro-signals.

The horrors of the totalitarian regimes cannot be generally detected except the respective regime practices a simplistic brutality (examples: the tyrants from old and form the Middle Ages, the Mongols, Timur Lenk, the Nazism…). But immediately as we deal with subtle and careful systems of saving the appearances – which they work systematically and scholarly to – the detection will become incomparably harder and the historian will face the problem of the *perfect crime*. The historian or the researcher, now, they must have unusual aptitudes and they mustn't hesitate to refer themselves to methods apparently stranger to the history's science and to the politics discipline. They mustn't avoid using methods characteristic to detectives and to physicians. I am intending to speak about the *micro-signals* which, usually alone, they allow one to penetrate the void-layer behind which there is isolated the perfect crime.

The totalitarian regimes take care of taking all necessary measures going very far in order to cover up the truth. So, one cannot solve the mystery by examining symptoms available to anyone. Only the micro-signals – whose infima details or secondary effects or unpredictable consequences due to the creator evolution which not even the most prudent criminal or the most organized criminal can foresee – they can cast light upon these "tenebrous affairs". (Only the absurd and gratuitous crime – committed, for instance, by maniacs – could seem as endowed with an absolutely defiant force. But the absurd is absurd at its turn, it is not predictable – and on the moment which you trust the absurd and the hazard you prove to be have a *rational* faith in absurd and in hazard, an inconsequent and absurd faith!).

The clinician's intuition is, at its turn, based on such micro-signals, which only the skillfulness of the practitioner in good faith and intelligent can perceive, sometimes. These ones are those which cannot let him down, regardless how complicated and confusing would the symptoms be. The illness and the lie (the illnesses *lie* at their turn, they camouflage themselves) are detected by the lightning sensitivity of the specialist or of the honest researcher who doesn't limit himself to analyze what the culprit – the illness or the tyrant – present him with hypocrite objectivity to study.

The specialist doctor or the serious researcher, they wipe away all the dust-words methodically piled up upon the truth, and they will choose the path to the truth by stopping upon those details springing out form the life's complexity – which is too fertile and entangled for being entirely foreseen and controlled by the director of a perfect crime.

In Balzac's *l'Interdiction*, the name of the judge Jean-Jules Popinot has obvious ironical intentions. The Popinot family belongs to the party hostile to the author's convictions. A cousin of the judge reached to be minister of commerce and earl under the hated monarchy form July. But Balzac is a too authentic writer and a too honest man not to be able to see good traits even into the characters he disliked; and he presented the mentioned judge Popinot as an integer and intelligent judge whom a too well-crafted dossier doesn't have the expected influence upon. Popinot was a judge taking heed at the micro-signals and he found unexpected things. Popinot wouldn't have been fooled by the imposing volumes published by the Ministry of Justice of the Soviet Union under the title *The Process of the Trotskyists and of the Far-Right*, where, under a perfect mechanics are hidden the prestidigitation and the masquerade.

August, the Year 1964

Christ offers us the quality of free people, namely of nobles. But He asks us for the effort of preserving our new state – as the existentialists would say – *of being what we are now*. *Gal*. 5: 1: "Stay therefore strong in the freedom which Christ has made us free with".

One can identify the slave immediately and from distance, because of being betrayed by the following details: the restlessness, the lust, the hand's tremor, his susceptibility… and all the more the slave is known to God Who – the same *Gal.*, but 6" 7: ""do not delude yourself, He doesn't allow to be mocked".

Dostoyevsky in *Kamarazov Brothers* reiterates the theme from Cervantes, Markel (the brother of Zossimus) saying, at his turn, that the life is Paradise,

but we don't want to know that (that we are in heavens) because, if we wanted to know that, even on tomorrow the Paradise would stretch over all the people.

The happiness moments whose presence we keep it alive are submitted to a selection which totally escapes our control and which uses strange criteria. One would think that remain to us the moments of intense joy, or related to memorable events. No. There survive those moments lacking any significance.

To me, for instance, as an inexhaustible spring of ineffable happiness remain the images of the strolling undertook together with my mother, on foot, all the way to the main road, towards the end of the winter. The sidewalks clean again. The harsh air, the sky usually blue. At the beginning of the afternoon, a few people in the street. We walked far, we turned back a little tired, by taking on the Victory Avenue. A stop to Nestor Confectioanry: a compact cake, a glass of cold water.

Why is there so much clear sky?

During the thirst days, during the heat days, during the blizzard days, in the prison, out of the memory of those banal moments I was pulling out – as form an enchanted fountain – powers and consolations. As especially the power for focusing on the prayer.

The personal virtue of the Tyrant, regardless how undeniable, it doesn't justify the tyranny. Their personal qualities are worthless in this sort of people, because of their shouting-out-to-heavens sin of abolishing the man's freedom; the people become beats, of course, once their main feature of their ghost is stolen from them: their freedom. Pharisees too can have personal virtues, and even a lot of virtues; they were not only nice people but they were rigorous too. Calvin likewise. And I's sure that Caiaphas too was a man of beautiful behaviors and he lived a role-model life.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… only the Scots and the Romanians, could the blowpipes have been carried by a Roman legion form a place to another?... Jakob Fallmerayer… the Hoplites… because they were but slaves, not trace of Greek blood… the wooden planks of the beehives must be… Heliopolis… at Grusin and at Basks… this is the art, milord… Demetrius tells it to Marcellus…

A strange contradiction between the *Old* and the *New Testament*.

In the *Old Testament* the Almighty presents Himself as a harsh, avenger God, up to the seventh generation, and a lawmaker of the talion, after permitting to the devil to tempt Job in all ways, and He intervened at the end and He restores the justice. The much-suffering Job regains his health, his wealth, and he dies surrounded by abundance and bored with so long living.

When Abraham, by obeying the divine commandment, he raised the knife in order to kill his son, there appears the angels and stops the father's arm and he spares the victim.

The God of the law proved Himself to be merciful after all.

But it isn't the same in the *New Testament*. Here Christ is not only tried, but He is allowed to die on the cross and the angels do didn't descend to save Him as in Isaac case. The martyrs die too, all of them, in torments, like their Teacher did. God Whose mercy was unveiled to the people and Who passes the people from under the curse of the law to grace, in a totally unexpected manner, He behaves unspeakably tougher.

There seems to be only one explanation: before embodiment the souls couldn't be saved, all the souls went to hell, even of the righteous ones. So, the divinity owed to reward their good at least here on earth. After Christ descended with His soul to hell, the situation has changed; the heavens have been opened to the people and the people can know the eternal happiness. It is no longer necessary for the reward to take place on the material plan, and the awful reality of the earth - where everything is pain, injustice, suffering – can be unveiled in the whole its fulness and allowed to unfold until the end, *to the end of the death*.

(And there is another motif as well: Once the Lord has come, we have passed from childhood to matureness. *We can be told the truth*. We can be spoken openly. We can be given to eat meat, and not only milk).

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… Histories of the Ottoman Empire?... The ship of captain Ahab was called Pequod, p, e, q, u, o, d, well… The best belongs to the Suede who became a Turk, Mouradja d'Ohsson, and there is also that belonging to Hammer comprising thirty-two volumes, and then that belonging to Dimitrie Cantemir wrote in Latin… "To you all the hairs of your head are counted" it is at Matthew, after he says that two sparrows are sold for a penny… Iorga's in written in German and it has been published at Gotha… She grabbed Milady Winter by hair…

The Year 1955

The documentary *Nacht und Nebel. Night and Fog* was the title given by Hitler to the plan of destruction by using the death camps.

Sad and awful.

Tr., Paul Dim., Al. Pal., Mih. Rad. watched that movie too. I am drawing their attention that sad and awful is not only that what happened, and that, after the authors of the plan were destroyed at the cost of tens of millions of

people, of countless sufferings and destruction of an immense number of material goods, it still is allowed to the build other camps, prisons, namely to be repeated the injustice and the cruelties in an even bigger number.

Isn't it only now suited the name *Night and Fog*? Isn't it the merciless irony of the history gives to that title an even bigger power of darkening and mystifying?

When people imagine Gid, it is like in *Bhagavat Gita*. Krishna is the master, the lightning, the powerful, the bull…

When God addresses the people, He washes their feet.

The Lord's lordship: He gives the Ghost without measure.

God know also how to recognize. To hiem who has (faith and good deeds) it will be given. (Plentifully). It will be restituted to him more than he has come to ask for. And also, the vice versa: to him who doesn't have (faith and good deeds) it will be taken away from him even the little he thought he had.

The only slogan reconciling the freedom with the aristocracy it belongs to the Junimea Literary Circle; and also, to any Christian church: enter anyone who wants it, remains those who can stay.

A proof that the clerk cannot defend himself by saying: I have been executing the orders, and that the clerk bears a responsibility, it is the fact that in the *Creed* we say "during the days of Pontius Pilates", and we don't' say "during the days of Tiberius Claudius Nero Caesar". Not only the agitation and the hurry are enemies to freedom, but also itself the speed.

Denis Rougemont: the greatest spectacles of the nature are spectacles of the slowness or of the immobility. The rapidity cannot be the feat of an *embodied* spirit, but it can be only the feat of one's perverted imagination. The effects of the speed belong to the domain of the matter loosen in the will of its mania to continue falling. Immediately the spirit enters the game, the spirit causes slowing down and delays, from where come also the waste of time. The inventions meant to fill those up, they always go past the target. And such an era of the speed becomes an era which the matter predominates in. Temporarily: for there will happen something curious. At some very high speeds the matter starts becoming spiritual.

Gherla Prison, the Year 1964

During the last weeks, unexpectedly, the atmosphere has been getting more relaxed. We are allowed when taking showers to actually wash ourselves; we are no longer commanded to put on our clothes immediately after soaping ourselves. The more important detainees are called to long discussions with the administrative organs and with the officers of the Secret Police coming from the

capital Bucharest and from Cluj City. Theya re asked, as a proof for their reeducation, to write down declarations of admitting their guilt, or promising a better behavior in the future, of affirming their attachment to the communist regime. On an improvise screen in the big hall form the ground floor are posted huge banners showing apartments blocks neighborhoods in diverse cities. “Do you recognize those? Do you? You don’t, do you? Exults the prison’s chief warden. Some inmates, especially those form Botosani City, form the so-called lords’ chamber – only “historians”, fine cigarettes, expensive magazines, all sorts of whims – are taken by car and carries through the country to see the communist achievements. Many inmates don’t know how to position themselves relatedly to the required declarations: should they write those? Should they not? Should they write down long autobiographies – and lo, there are falling as from the sky piles of paper sheets and ink and pens – which they to renegade their social origin, their parents, their youth, their friends?

I am advising all of those who ask for my opinion to not write anything; it is clear to me that the oppressive organs are preparing our liberation; with or without declarations, we will still be gone on a given moment. But whether the things won’t be so? Whether that decree won’t come? But some of the inmates write their statements, they reject their dearest ideas, they reject themselves, they are feverishly writing. You could think that they want to write down a short and comprising report. (Of that they would refer themselves to generalities: patriotism, people). But no: people who had difficulties to express themselves in writing they achieve now the cursiveness and the gift of telling stories. Theya re like some patients lying on the psychoanalyst couch triggered to long confessions.

There are organized meetings. During one meeting for combating the sectarians, the Lutheran pastor Wurmbrandt rebukes the Jehovah’s Witnesses. (Ugly. I don’t like it. Regardless how the Jehovah’s Witnesses are, for now we are comrades in suffering. Isn’t true what Wurmbrandt says? It is, but it is not appropriate to tell the truth anytime and anywhere. The truth isn’t the absolute value. In the prison’s courtyard and in the presence of the prison’s administration, the truth isn’t that the Jehovah’s Witnesses are some poor stupid people, but the truth is that they are victims and martyrs). I am the more bewildered as I have known and I have found out only good things about Wurmbrandt.

I am suddenly taken away and forced to attend a Marxist meeting having as theme the gradual disappearance of the state. (Not to mention that so far, the State seems doing it very well). There are only detainees, nor warden, no

politician, nobody. But the things are going swimmingly. *Ça vous donne un avant-gout* of what is going to be outside prison.

They don't grab me, and they don't force me to participate to the next meeting; I am taken and ordered to wash and scrub the stairs on all the three floors of Gherla Prison. I draw the water from the fountain that is in the prison yard. It is not easy to scrub those cracked and fitly stones. But I don't care, really, because nothing can be compared to the desolation and to the emetic power of a reeducation and lecturing meeting. The foretelling image is clear: the engine is going to function by itself, alone, and very smoothly.

I will be forced to talk, at least a little. The Lord, after healing the ill people, the devilled people, and the whores, He tells them go in peace and keep their silence. They went in peace but they didn't keep their silence! And how could they be silent instead of shouting out about the thing done to them?!...

The *Psalm* XXXIII: God is the Lord, taste and see.

The Year 1967

Towards evening, at the beginning of the autumn, Camil Demetrescu rings my doorbell. I am inviting him inside, joyfully. I am in a hurry, he tells me, I have only come to say hello and see what you are doing! But come in, just for a little! He hesitates, he steps in embarrassed, and one could say that he is staying if not as on burning coals, at least on hot coals. I don't understand why's that.

Finally, he is explaining me. He is not alone, he is accompanied by somebody, a man waiting down in front of my house. Show him in, immediately. He tells me that he doesn't dare to do that. What do you mean?... It is Bellu Zilber, he doesn't dare to come, he doesn't know if you…

I am wearing my pajamas, a dressing gown, and I have flipflops in my feet. I am grabbing my coat and, without letting Camil to finish what he is saying I am rushing down; I saw Bellu Z. staying in the frame of the door. I am grabbing his hand I am pulling him inside, and I am embracing him. We both are very emotional.

The mysteries of the time. The farses played to us by our life, surprising us all the time. "On the other side of the barricade" … How far and how exterior that scene seems to be: the tea parties, in the '30, where he was jousting with Manole? The *circumstance*. Oh huh! *Uselessness of*... Who could have suspected back then, among tea cups, sandwiches, glasses, and quoted, that both of us were to become (he is much faithful) clients of the communist prisons and that we were to find ourselves, I strengthened in anticommunism and he healed of communism?

We are having a long discussion in my room. He proves to be more "reactionary" that I am, and he is very embarrassed and vey humble about his past communist views… and that steals from the dialectics much of its irony and it colors the dialectics an openly expressed human gentleness.

July, the Year 1964

Until the end everything becomes entangled: the positions get mirky, the prison years gather up in geometrical progression, everybody gets dizzy because of the rollercoaster. The two secret are getting slowly unveiled: 1) everybody is slightly right and 2) anyone is crazy, though he thinks only the others are crazy.

At the beginning, the Zionists and the legionaries, the peasants and the intellectuals, the liberals and the Cuza's followers, the communists and the social-democrats, the Cartists and Antonescu's followers, they were sniffing on one another in disbelief and they were looking at one another, amazed. *How can you be a Persian?* But then the getting accustomed to the living together it will remove the colored glasses and you will start ascertaining that a certain dose of truth is in everyone and you can very well be a Persian.

The theoretical explanation of Pierre Lasserre: the world is much too complex to be comprised in a sole systematization, regardless how grandiose that systematization would be. There is not doctrine capable of providing all the answers.

That doesn't mean that you have not the right to form convictions and you to hold up those convictions of yours. Chesterton: once it is my opinion, I surely reckon it as right and I believe in it, otherwise I would be dishonest.

I still know that by itself the human condition you cannot believe and claim that you have found an absolutely complete formula. Light and darkness are for all people and the rains falls upon good and evil.

Crazy, crazy. Look t him how he is eating his boiled oat, he let it cool down and he eat it cold. Crazy, totally crazy. Look at him how he is eating his boiled oat hot, as he couldn't allow it to cool down a little. And then he wonders why he has diarrhea. He is crazy, mister, he is totally crazy, he holds the little cup with his left hand and he washed himself with his right hand. That's abnormal, you know, abnormal. Demented, really demented, what could you expect from such a man washing his ass while holding the little cup with his right hand and washing with his left hand. He is crazy, whenever you look for him, he is washing himself, and that's why we don't have enough water. He is insane and stinky, he doesn't wash himself in weeks, have you even seen him getting close to the washing barrel? I told you that he is crazy, he is sleeping on

his back with his face up and covered with his handkerchief. Am I crazy because of not sleeping as he usually does, on one side, and not coverings his eyes so that the too strong light will affect his sight? Crazy, only a crazy can admire the writers Sadoveanu and Arghezi. You must have been crazy, no matter what the worthlessness of your political attitude had been, in order not to realize the unperishable literary value of Sadoveanu or Arghezi. That man is crazy and you can't help him; he learns by heart verses from dawn to dusk. Having the occasion to learn by heart so beautiful poetries and not to use it, it would be pure insanity. Can't you see that he is crazy? He gets immediately up after sitting on the toilet only for a very short time? He is crazy, he seems sleeping on toilet; you know, such people deserve to be punished.

It is not only about the war waged by everybody against anyone, but it is also a general and reciprocal ascertainment of the state of madness. After a short while you get to understand than nobody is crazy or, even better, that everybody is a little crazy. Our emission-reception apparatus is usually tunned on a sole wave length and it seems to us, - by audio-visual illusion – that any other wave length is aberrant.

Out of his custom, of his mania, of his caprice, or of his preference, each man makes a principial rule which reckoned it to be universally valid, identically to the Kant's moral principle. Kant tells us to behave so that we could become an example to all people, but we have translated that as a lousy automatic translator: anyone who doesn't do exactly as I do – washing, sleeping, holding the little cup, drinking, shitting and pissing -, he is an insane man and he is worthy of any punishment.

Everybody is a little right. Even the sectarians show shortcoming of the big cults, and they don't say only childish things. Even the social-democrats utter wise things on occasions. Even… Lo, for instance, Iorga. Wickedly assassinated, the nation's apostle, the savant, the writer, the great journalist, the phenomenal worker, the genius. He appeared pushing a corpse of a legionary, with his boot, in the film presenting the legionaries corpses laid down on the pavement from Cotroceni, after the legionaries killed Armand Calinescu, the prime minister. That fil shows Iorga and Argentoianu attending the gruesome spectacle. With the tip of his boot Iorga pushed a corpse. At least this is the version of the legionaries. There are also his avenges on anyone who criticized him: throwing them out of their jobs, leaving them without a living… His unforgiving behavior, to the very end, against Eugen Lovinescu and Mircea Eliade who formulated moderate, respectful observations, regarding his works.

But the turpitude of the victim doesn't excuse the killer. So, there is no excuse for the mode Iorga was killed and chopped up in the forest from Stalpnicul.

From here comes the ascertainment that the light and the darkness, the good and the evil, are distributed in a more complicated manner than we could expect.

To Iorga, besides, it can be applied the words of Bossuet about Abbot from Rance: *c'est un homme contre lequel on ne saurait avoir raison*. He is so great that you cannot be right against him.

Anyway, each time I hear *he is insane*, I smile and I shake that word of, despite seeing that there is no other conviction better anchored that his one: all the others are crazy, only I am normal. The superior man, says dr. Al-G., is him who consolidates the range of his personal emission waves while, in the same time, ceaselessly widening the range of his reception waves.

On insanity I have learnt something: that the principle – in prison or in other limit situations – is that of not getting crazy. George Orwell (1984): not by succeeding to make yourself heard, but by remaining sane in your mind, you were taking further the man's inheritance.

Why's that? Because the insanity if contagious, and because any totalitarian regime is crazy too.

It is so. But, on the other hand, many stood strong only for they were crazy. The insanity founded many cases of preserving one's dignity. It could be that the monomaniac individual can despise more easily the temptation of the material goods.

Crazy. I too have a well-established reputation of being crazy, especially among my Jew friends. How handy was this insanity during the last twenty-five years! What could have done is I wasn't crazy? I would have got crazy! my reason is telling me.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… The only one directly descending form Bessarabia, Bradesti… Marcellus tells it to Demetrious

What remains in the end? There will remain the verse cites to us by engineer Radu Rosetti, a good teller of novels, and especially of the Kipling's novellas, and who provides us with interesting about the mission undertook in the year 1918, at the order of the royal pair and of the government from Iasi, by his grandfather, colonel Radu Rosetti, in order to explain the allied power in London why the peace from Bucharest was signed with Germany. The verses are simple:

Life is mostly froth and bubble. To things stand like stone:
Kindness in another's trouble; courage in your own.

These verses are simple but their ideal -w the gentleness regarding another's trouble and the courage when you are in your trouble – it is less modest than it seems.

Something resembling at Henry James: "Three are the important things in the human life. The first is to be kind. The second is to be kind. The third is to be kind".

James uses the word *kind*, meaning not only amiable, but also obliging, full of benevolence, nice, taking care of another's good, good, and gentle.

While the love for our neighbor is inaccessible to us in its essence, let's at least manifesting it in our relationships as amiability.

With Floriana, that what is called as Marmeladov's eschatology.

God, in the end, he will call in heavens all the sinners: Come, get in you too, pigs, and you too, drunkards. Because they weren't haughty.

That what is irremediably antipathetic and rejecting at Pharisees, it is the ceaseless conscience of the self-value and righteousness; the temptation of getting haughty of the righteous man.

The non-Christians are offended just by the forgiveness granted to the sinners and to the drunkards (it is a mistake somewhere in the accounting, the total isn't right). But the Christians know more: that the sin of the haughtiness is graver that that of the drunkenness.

(He says: pigs, but he doesn't say: sadistic, torturers, informants…).

The Year 1932

Up on Traian Street, at a big number, there is a simple but still comfortable house: a garden adorned with glass balls, four spacious rooms around a hall, with old furniture; only in the room of the girls are two modern couches, upholstered in blue fabric. In this home that is reckoned by Manole – as position, construction, and division – totally conform to the honorability, there live the family of engineer Sorin, a united and happy family. The parents live only for fulfilling all their daughters' desires. And the girls are good students, both of them not missing any course, seminary, theater play, of movie. They read all the new books, they are always busy, and everybody come to visit them: students, cousins from province and capital city, debuting writers, modernist poets, leftist intellectuals. The last ones are predominant.

In one of the rooms there is a big library having many volumes bond in leather; in the hall there is the gramophone; in the dining-room madame Sorin is preparing some treats for the guests.

Sevastia and Silvia write sometimes small articles in the far-left magazines, Silvia had for a while a cinematographic chronicle, but not they are the center of the literary preoccupations in Traian Street, but some very avant-gardist young people and a few journalists specialized in reports. The female cousin of the Sorin Girls, Sirena Rabonivici, it is the soul of this literary and political saloon; she is a girl wearing a big, black, and curly hair; she is a former student to the medical school (now studying philosophy), she is kind, she is gentle to the people she supports, and who prove to be activists (this is the very word she uses), but she is also capable of throwing killer looks and sharp words to the others.

Despite the fact that mister Sorin, who is an engineer, he wakes up early, the reunions dure until late in the night, in an ambience of a great animation.

I am being surprised when entering (it is a day of beginning of November) the fact that Sevastia wears black half-gloves which do not cover her fingers entirely, made of *something très fine de séide*. Silvia, joyful for everything that regards her sister is noticed and it causes sensation, tells me that her sister wears those half-gloves for she has read in a book about Andre Gide that the great writer wore in his youth such gloves. Silvia, having her eyes moisturized with tears, she is smiling to me: “She has an intellectual taste, doesn’t she?”.

While in the girls room Sevastia is sitting on the couch holding her knees with her hands, and she is reciting poetries, and then all the present people discuss the political circumstances and there are being sneaked in allusions to the party of the working class, and a few young people are extolled for getting themselves photographed naked and sending their picture to Iorga, I am passing in the Sorin husbands dormitory, where there is nobody. It is an old fashion dormitory having two wooden beds loaded with many adornments, the pillows and the blankets are gathered in the middle, and there is also a big cupboard with a mirror, and on all the walls are family pictures. Above the beds there are the pictures of an old pair, probably the parent of Mister Sorin. The old Silberhertz wears long sideburns and glasses. In the room of the girls the discussions are fiery. Around Sevastia, on the couch, there are gathered boys and girls together. The theme of the discussions is the future, a bright future which they are happy to foretell and promise to freely distribute to everyone, without exception, and even to the wide world. I am having the impression not of seeing them gathered together but as aligned on a shelf and submitted to the smiling and condescended gaze of Manole.

What will remain form the letters (they write a lot to one another), little articles, and discussions, of theirs? Maybe, in some libraries, at the journals section, some stray copies of some forgotten journals, mentioned only in the

bibliography of some research works, where odd, ostentatious, and frisky names, will cause to the reader from later some nostalgic feelings.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… The Tiger, the Euphrates, the Pison, and the Gihon… Sadrac, Mesacsi Abed-Nego…

December, the Year 1971

An evening spent in a small circle, at Magdalena S. I am finding out from one of the guests details about the Sorin sisters and the usual guests and about other literary saloons – or, at least having similar preoccupations – from the old times – especially that of Rudich family.

I was so wrong. From the guests attending the houses of merchants or of self-employed Jews situated in the semi-central neighborhoods, there haven't remained only a few footnotes in the books treating on literary history; there have remained more palpable memories.

Mot of those guests, by listening - as the descendants of Goethe from the acceptance discourse of Ollanescu-Ascanio listening to the urges of the Rabinovici Sirens activated after the 23rd of August and they haven't remained unknown: they succeeded, some of them, to affirm get noticed and also, I am thinking, to confirm some the theories of their adversaries, not only of the moderates but also of the extremists. Some of the guests of the Sorin family ascended high on the social ladder. (One of them, poor him, he committed suicide while in full ascension). And among the authors photographed naked one is well known now under the name Aurel Baranga.

After a period of intransigent consciousness (Felica Brey, a daughter of a big banker, a former student of the Regina Maria highschooler, she was asked in the year 1948 by a classmate, to write a recommendation for a job of worker, that classmate denounced her benefactor as a daughter of a landowner, a fascist, a racist, an exploiter, and Felicia's husband, dressed in the uniform of the Secret Police, with the quickness of a turning table, proved to be a fiery defender of the conquers of the same working class yore extolled in the house of engineer Sorin). It followed a total disappointment. The husband of Felica Brey – father of two children called Vladimir and Lenina – no longer wears his uniform of major of the Secret Police. A multitude of former leadership members couldn't stand a series of successive demotions. So that the picture has changed again. They are no longer zealous. Noe, most of them have flown abroad (to New Zealand, to Baril, to Netherlands, to Spain, to Canada – and even to Israel).

Sevastia Sorin is in Argentina, Silvia died in Australia after being married to a big merchant of diamonds. Other, who have remained in Romania, they strive for obtaining as big as possible state pensions and special allowances, as old illegalists fighting for installing the communist regime. They experience difficulties with the new human resourced employees – ah! I am understanding that so well! – and with the new state apparatus whichm, inexplicably, they look at them with indifference and even with lack of sympathy.

Our host form tonight is no longer president of the Supreme Tribunal: after being demoted as a simple judge to a country tribunal now she is retired.

Their main fun is telling anecdotes (against the regime), which they know plenty of them – but not so many in order not to be forced to repeat them. I too am, mute, caught in an avalanche of jokes intentionally recounted – oh, surprise! – with a slight Jewish accent. The conversation reaches to be some sort of oratory composes of quotes, where each joke teller, at their turn, brings its contribution of bitterness by uttering an anecdote, and after that they ask – mimicking their fear with a dubitative gesture of their hand and by frowning their eyebrows: is that joke already known? It is (because the multitude of the anecdotes doesn't compose a series tending to infinite), but on the ground of applying a tacit convention (of reciprocal help and collective lenience) all the present people declare themselves as not knowing that joke and ready to hear it again. The effect is of a ritualistic monotony, quasi-totemic.

So, Sainte-Beuve was right saying: *Il n'y a que de vivre; on voit tout et le contraire de tout.*

Lo that now the guests of Soring and Rudich families are offended and disappointed. The mystique has been transformed in politics and the politics in resentment.

BUGHI MAMBO RAG

… make sure you pour the chocolate sauce hot on the semolina that must be cold by now…

"And lo that from now on you see yourself condemned to shout out: "Me, me, me", in a void, and to that there is no answer" (Saint Exupéry)

But not only the former guests of the Sorin, Rudich, and other families. The resentment is general. The anecdotes are everywhere. All of them are disappointed, by themselves and by one another, as they were the heralders of the happy world. They are soured by the passports-services, by the new papers they are forced to fill in, by their reentrance among the masses. Resigned, pensioned, transferred, tired, bored, having enough of envy and ambition, they no longer crave but for big capacity refrigerators, apartments in the down town,

import cars, counts to the CEC Bank, fresh Praga ham, beef tenderloin, and individual trips.

The enthusiastic and generous time from around the year 1946 has passed; at that time madam Neuman, a wife of a big merchant and rich man, while playing canasta on golden coins – as if the money still has value? – tears up in full game (though she doesn't lose and in front of her, on the game table, are piled up heaps of gold) and answers the discrete question of the other female players: no, my head doesn't hurt, but I am thinking at the poor Vietnamese children.

Since then, she has been experiencing other worries, closer to her: her son in law, the communist party cashier himself, he has crossed through prison; in Vietnam the peace has been concludes, there were also the Coreean children, there has been concluded an armistice between the two Coreas, Calmanovici had been shot, Steluti committed suicide after her boy had been arrested, and so other and other things.

They all have had enough of one another – lo, all of them -, their friends and colleagues have disappointed them, nobody is grateful, everything is ugliness, boredom, void. The upsurge, the hope in the wonderful tomorrow, the faith into the communist party, all of those have been replaced for the sour old age.

But isn't it the same among the former political detainees? The memory of the prison years is gone. I am almost regretting it. (As Gambetta too was longing for the National Assembly where he was in minority and attacked but he was living among the most distinguished and educated people of the country).

The ascertainment from *Imitatio Christi* regarding the unavoidable character of the deception towards the end of each life, of each adventure, of any happening, regarding the feeling of the total void and of the unhealable bitterness it is valid for all the people, regardless on which political side would they be. The former political detainees too have disappointed on one another: some of them showed themselves as being dishonest, other victorious, other ingrates, others resentful, other careerists… The people who haven't been imprisoned, when one mentions to them about the prison, they shrug, they reckon you are pesky, decrepit, whining.

Trixi was liberated from prison in the year '62, and she found a job as a very low position clerk. Then she was a professor of foreign languages to a popular-democratic legation. Now she has a little better job, but not a great one; lucky her that he inherited some wealth in Occident and so she is allowed to travel there quite often.

After 23rd of August – the day of the changing sides by Romanians and turning their arms against the German occupiers and former allies – Petre Iosif (dr. L. Brauchefeld) was appointed director of the Opera (he only played the violin); then he worked at the Communist Party Central Committee; his disappointment determined him to ask for an "ideal job": he is not the cultural Romanian attaché to Rome.

They tell jokes, they tell anecdotes, they abjure. And they think they are expiated.

Not only that it is more complicated. Not any sinner has the right to climb the cross, as Ion Caraion is telling me, and then he is explaining me:

In the first place, in order you to repent, you must confess your guilt publicly, you must self-denounce yourself, and to admit: I was wrong! I was a pig!

Secondly, you must clean yourself by a self-imposed suffering, crossing over the phase of the desert, of the ascesis, of the purifying fire.

Only after that can follow the third stage too, only after that you will achieve the *right*, the privilege of climbing the cross. You cannot climb the cross without preparation, by saying an anecdote and immediately crossing the custom offices.

After having become so visibly decomposed they who are burdened only with remorse or political disillusions, or soured by investigations and interrogatories (they denounced on one another), by collocation (they exasperated and became enemies to one another), by the human resources workers, by the changes in the communist party line, how could I show my mud, or my life transformed in a pigsty" If I wasn't Christian!

But, lo, I am a Christian. The bells are calling me too, friendly, familiarly. In a certain way, I too can unveil myself as in *The Caravan* by Hauff: *Ich bin der Räuber Orbazan*. The Christianity preserves me with something youngish within me, unbored, non-disappointed, non-disgusted, non-upset. I owe it to the eternal presence of Christ the fact that I don't leaven and I don't ferment my upset with others within me. This is my luck, unnatural, unthought: I to be given to believe in God and in Christ; besides, I know what Unamuno said: believing in God means desiring as He does and to believe as He would exist.

Only for I am Christian I am being *visited* – against any rationality – by happiness, a strange delirium. Only due to Christianity I do not walk – strained, offended, in the daily and nocturnal streets of the city – the Proustian space decomposed by time – and I do not reach to be – as Francois Mauriac says – me too one of those cadavers carried away, alive, by the flowing water of

the life, and I am able not to get upset with those who haven't yet understood – *Acts* 20: 35 – that it is better to give than to take.

Brief Biography and Bibliography of Nicolae Steinhardt.

Nicolae Aurelian Steinhardt, born on 29th of July 1912, in Pantelimon commune, Ilfov Country, Romania, deceased on 30th of March 1989, in Baia Mare City, Romania. He was a Romanian writer, a literary critic, essayist, lawyer, and publicist. He was born as Jew, he converted himself to the Orthodox Christianity while he was inmate in Jilava Prison, he was tonsured a monk after being released from prison, his monastic name being Nicolae. He is the author of a writing that is unique in the Romanian literature. He had a PhD in constitutional law.

His father, Oscar Steinhardt, was an active participant to the WWI, he was wounded at Marasesti and he was granted the Military Virtue Order.

Nicolae Steinhardt published his first literary creations under the pseudonym Antihistus which was inspired by the name of a characters created by Jean de La Bruyère.

Nicola Steinhardt published (we are going to give the translation of the titles, because our project is destined to make Steinhardt known to the English speaker readers):

1934. *In the genre of… young people*. Bucharest: People's Culture Publishing House.

1935. *Essai sur la conception catholique du Judaïsme*. Bucharest: Romanian Culture Literature.

1937. *Illusion et réalités juives*. Paris: Librairie Lipschutz.

He undertook an intense journalistic activity. In the year 1940 he is sacked from his job as journalist during the actions of "ethnical purification", and between the year 1940-1944 was submitted to ethnical persecutions because of being a Jew. In the year 1944 is rehired as journalist, but in the year 1947 is sacked again because of a denouncement formulate by one of the greatest Romanian literary critics of all times: George Calinescu. The communist persecution had started and all the important intellectuals of the former capitalist regime started to be persecuted.

In the year 1947 he is also disbarred as lawyer, his texts are refused from being published, and between the years 1948-1959 he suffered of political persecution, while still not in prison.

In the year 1958 Steinhardt was arrested because of having been sympathizer of the Romanian fascist organization called The Iron Guard or The Legion, together with other defendants called as "mystic-legionaries". After a mockery of a trial, he was condemned to twelve years of forced labor, seven years of civil demotion, and total confiscation of his wealth, the legal accusation being: "crime of plotting against the social order".

He was Baptized as Orthodox Christian on 15th of March, the year 1960, while he was in Jilava Prison.

After being release from prison as a consequence of a general amnesty of all political prisoners, Steinhard published:

1980. *Literary Incertitudes*. Cluj-Napoca: Dacia Publishing House.

1982. *Geo Bogza, a Poet of the Effects, of the Exaltation, of the Grandiose, of the Solemnity, of the Exuberacne, and of the Pathetic*. Bucharest: Albatross Publishing House.

1983. *Critique at First Person*. Cluj-Napoca: Dacia Publishing House.

1987. *Layovers in Time and Space, or Beyond the Texts*. Bucharest: The Romanian Book Publishing house.

1988. *Through Others towards Yourself. New and Old Essays*. Bucharest: Eminescu Publishing House.

His posthumously published books are:

1991. *Journal of the Happiness*. Cluj-Napoca: Dacia Publishing House.

1991. *The Polyphonic Monologue*. Cluj-Napoca: Dacia Publishing House.

1992. *Bestowing You Will Achieve*. Baia Mare: The Publishing House of the Romanian Orthodox Bishopric of Maramures and Satmar.

1994. *Between Worlds*. (Dialogued with Nicolae Baciut). Targu-Mures. Tipomur Publishing House.

1995. *The Book of the Impartation*. Cluj-Napoca: Apostrophe Publishing House.

1995. *The Trip of a Profligate Son*. Adonai Publishing House.

1996. *In the Style of Cioran, Noica, Eliade…* Bucharest: Humanitas Publishing House.

1998. *The Monk from Rohia Monastery Answers 365 Questions*. (Interview with Steinhardt by Zaharia Sangeaorzan). Bucharest: Humanitas Publishing House.

2000. *The Temptation of the Reading*. Cluj-Napoca: Dacia Publishing House.

2000. *The Danger of the Confession*. (A dialogue with Ioan Pintea). Cluj-Napoca: Dacia Publishing House.

2000. *The Road to Hesychia*. Cluj-Napoca: Dacia Publishing House.

2000. *God Whom You Tell Me You Do Not Believe In*. Bucharest: Humanitas Publishing House.

2001. *Myself and A Few Others*. Cluj-Napoca: Dacia Publishing House.

2003. *Romanced Essay on Non-Success*. Iasi: The Time Publishing House.

Steinhardt had a prolific activity as translator. He translated from English to Romanian, from Romanian to French.

His works have been translated in several languages (French, Spanish, Portuguese, Hebrew), but not in English, until the present translation, this translation in the English language of Steinhardt's works being the first of its kind.

Translator's Foreword

Why have I translated this book? I have done it for I am in a period of my life searching for truth more than ever and I have discovered that the truth cannot be found in a scholar definition or in a doctrine, but it is the way the human condition manifests in contact with the real life. Another reason why is that jewelries like this book are imprisoned in the vernacular languages which they have been written in, and I reckoned as my duty offering Romanian texts translated in a planetary language, namely, in this case too, setting this book free.

I am putting this manuscript, for free, at hand of any interested reader, in consistency with my long-followed principle that the culture must be free for everybody. For instance, any book should be freely available in an electronic version on internet.

The present book isn't a literary masterpiece. It is inconsistent. It is contradictory. It is tedious to read. So, why one would be interested in reading this book? I have only one answer: Steinhardt openly and truthfully describes his view and experience on the human condition, his and of others.

How could one summarize the contradictory life live by Steinhardt?: a Jew madly in love with the Romanian people and with Romania – his birth place – sympathizing with Christianity, sympathizing with the Romanian fascism represented by the Iron Guard, thrown in prison by the very people he loved, baptized as Orthodox Christian, and becoming a monk after being released from prison.

I haven't intended to write a Foreword to this book, in the first place because of seeming to me a daring act, far beyond my status. But then, as I progressed translating it, I have been writing down my observations, my admiration, my criticism as well… And finally, I've come to the conclusion of providing the reader with my perspective on the book, bearing in mind that translating something means reading that something at least for four time, if not more, so that the translator is supposed to getting to know the source text sometimes even better than the author of that source text know it.

In the following I am going to give my notes without editing them, as they occurred during translation.

…

A fair and honest book, non-edulcorated writing describing a real-personal life-experience!

Supposes the reader knowing what the reality was, supposes the reader to be a Romanian, sometimes seems to be unfinished, sometimes seems to be confuse

But it has genius sparks

It is genuine

It has no happy end

Difficult to put a *Content* to it; it wasn't intended; it has an original structure

A Jew searching for the truth! Did he find it?!... I cannot tell you that with certitude! Despite the author claims it so strongly... It rather was a struggle to find out the truth, a life and death battle!

And how much it was about searching for the truth or about convincing himself that he found the truth?!...

Is this book a jewelry?!... Yes, it is!

It opens a horizon upon the terrible things inflicted by people shepherded by a doctrine upon their fellow humans

It is a dive into the so easily dehumanizing process applied by power to the defenseless human being

The author seems to have made of Christianity that what fitted his own personality. But don't all of us do the same?!... Each Christian has her/his faith, adapted to his personality, and perceived through her/his own lenses.

The author himself has some very striking and daring sayings about Christianity which could offend or embarrass the so called "defenders of the right-faith", namely the fanatics.

The author struggles existentially to find an explanation to his horrifying and almost deadly experience into the communist prisons. He found that explanation in Christianity. He ended his life as a monk.

Some paragraphs are cryptic even to Romanians familiarized with the context back then. I don't think that current Romanians - who didn't life under communist regime, or who aren't history knowers – could understand a part of this book's content.

Some paragraphs seem to be written down ideas in order to be developed later on, but they have never been fully developed. Or, this is a possibility too, the author wanted them precisely to be like that. One could describe the book as unfinished; but then, wasn't this impression a goal of the author?!... Or, fearing for his book to be confiscated, the author wrote it under a tremendous pressure so that he rushed to finish it and to put in in a safe place, wanting not his experience to be lost, but also fearing the worst to come if the Secret Police caught him writing such a dissident book.

The fact that the book didn't benefit of the help of an editor makes it even more authentic. Editorships can be manipulative.

The author described diverse human types as reacting to and surviving under an extermination prison regime.

The Romanian soul seen from outside, objectively, by a naturalized and Christianized Jew?!...

Some paragraphs are genius, some are hallucination, some are ballast, some are childish, some are simply nonsensical. This book gravitates between genius and nonsense.

Some affirmations were upheld by the science's level back then, in the 20th century and in the second millennium, but they are no longer valid (AD 2025).

This is a true book: and a book cannot be true except it is in the same time genius and childish. And this is both genius and childish.

The general picture is that of a conscience striving to convince himself that he was right converting himself.

There is no happy end: the things didn't go well.

Some paragraphs are confusing.

This book has never benefited of a professional editing – and I think that's the best that could happen to it, because it remained sincerely Steinhardt-ian, without experiencing alterations expressing the personal view of the editor, once the author is no longer alive and able to negotiate a middle path with a possible editor.

I am keenly aware of the fact that translating this book the entropy of content is inevitable. My overall intention is that of preserving the style, the freshness, the sincerity of the book – meaning its trueness – and therefore we have limited our intervention to the minimum possible.

I recommend the reader to explore this book in searching for those genius diamonds Steinhardt – consciously or not – gave birth to.

It is a partial radiography of the life of some of the members of the numerous Jewish communities living all over Romania.

It is an anti-communist and anti-totalitarianism manifesto written with the sufferings of an idealistic person.

Although describing harsh personal sufferings endured while in diverse communist prisons, Steinhardt doesn't seem to complain, in this book, or feeling unjustly submitted to such a grueling experience. He seems to had accepted the situation.

The author intuits some of the big and still unanswered questions regarding the Christianity, but he fearfully and zealously resorts to use even a weak and childish logics in order to provide – actually himself with – and answer fitting and not-contradicting the official hypocrisy regarding the claim of having answered those questions clearly answered.

The science invoked by the author is outdated (previous century and previous millennium) and since then huge progress has changed most of the knowledge paradigms, but something remained: the human condition.

Any convert is affected by the *impostor syndrome*, so that she/he constantly tries for prove herself/himself to herself/himself and to others, by a plus of zeal. The convert tries to convince herself/himself of having done the right thing by converting herself/himself and she/he is dread by the possibility of being proven wrong.

I for one, I think converting one to a different religion is like openly criticizing God because of not having been right by giving her/him birth in her/his initial religion. Even the atheists have their own destiny. But in their case conversion is not so drastically an affront brought to God.

The huge culture and knowledge Steinhardt possessed is both an asset and a liability of the present book. On one hand this book is a treasure trove of processed culture magnificently used in upholding arguments and in describing the traits of the human condition. On the other hand, the author usually supposes his interlocutor having the same vast culture, but I think that such a reader only rarely can be found, and that could close up the access of the average reader to perceiving the book in its integral value.

The author's intention to cypher the names in order to protect the persons whom he is speaking about in the book is that of using their initials instead of their full names. Ridiculous.

The author attempted to answer some unanswerable questions regarding Christianity but he failed lamentably, because of using sophisms and because of exposing an obvious bias. But this is another characteristic of the human condition.

This book is impossible to be framed in a strict genre. Though called by its author as *diary*, it is also a wisdom sayings collection, an incursion in the then state of the sciences etc. I would call it a complete book, a true book, a sincere book. The author communicates himself totally as an exponent of the human condition. So, rather than belonging to a distinct genre this book is illustrative for a human individual who is aware of his experience within the limits and consequences of the human condition. The book seems to be a general-knowledge book, but it isn't. It is rather a general-human-condition book.

The author asked some of the fundamental questions related to the human condition. He attempted to answer them without success, in my view. But the very fact that those questions have been formulated by the author make this book interesting. We can try to related ourselves to those questions and then to try and answer them as we can and as we reckon as true.

Before all, this book is surprising! And that's, in my view, a guarantee of truthiness. And it is surprising because how could one expect the unexpectedness of the uniqueness?

Some affirmations are later on contradicted as the writing flows. The author didn't notice them or he hadn't the time for correcting and harmonizing his book. The later editors and publishers overlooked or missed those affirmations. Faithful to our principle of altering as little as possible the source text, we have left those affirmations intact, but we reckon as our duty to mention here this fact. For instance: "There is only one possible explanation"… and in parenthesis to the very paragraph: "there is another reason too"… Sometimes the contradiction is in the same sentence: "repeating other injustice and cruelties" – if those are others, how can they be repeated?!... "during the last few weeks, suddenly"…

I disagree many of author's affirmations; but I have been still translating his book just because of that! Otherwise, I would have been contributing to the general restriction of the free speech and of the freedom!

The perspective upon the human condition as described in this book is the more real as the author lived ultimate and near-death experiences. Stripped off all his personality and sanity elements and social status and normal life and forever marked with a stigma, the author was able to sincerely and unbiasedly describe his perspective on the human condition, one that holds truth.

The author lived his life as presented in this book in constant questioning about and searching for God.

I have had quite a struggle conceiving a *Content* for the present book. Any book must have a *Content* for scientific purposes and citations. So, for instance, because the Bughi Mamo Rag kept repeating, I have chosen to number them so that somebody to be able to mention what Bughi Mambo Rag he is referring to, at one point.

The author presents the same tendency to denying any contrary opinion as most of the theologians have, and he even urges one to fight for an already lost cause: the fight counts and not the victory. It actually affirms that he doesn't take in account any argument contrary to his beliefs. And, in my opinion, his assertions are directed to a twofold target: the reader, but also the author himself, attempting to convince himself that he is right and denying to himself any doubt – which is a general doubt in itself. Thet author forces himself to not doubt about his beliefs.

The affirmation from above doesn't claim to be the absolute truth. All my affirmation in this *Foreword / Epilogue* are reckon by myself as relative, as personal perceptions, so I will be glad to further develop and nuance any of them in a later dialogue with the readers. If provided with worthy arguments, I would gladly change my view in favor of the author!

The author used the frame storytelling as writing process, and I think it has provided the reader of his book with a lack of boredom. But, on the other hand, at least regarding how myself have perceived the story, it is too fragmented and it makes it difficult to the reader to follow, for instance, a chronological thread of the author's imprisonment. But, again, this is an only a personal perception.

A big part of the content is dedicated to the "impostor syndrome" making people born in different cultures and nationalities spend more efforts to be good citizens and to love the country and the culture where or in they have been born, than the very natural citizens of that country or culture. The author confesses his deep love for Romania, but sometimes he seems to declare it – again – not only to convince the reader but to convince himself too. He cannot admit the possibility he was wrong in his actions: that is totally forbidden, that would have been a total disaster impossible to endure by him. He never asked: was I wrong?... though the finding of the personal truth supposed at least taking in consideration the possibility of being wrong!... And I use the expression "persona truth" because there is no such thing as an impersonal-absolute-identical to everybody: truth! Each human being filters any postulate through her/his mind, through her/his experience, through her/his education

and her/his cognitive web determines her/his cognitive processes, affects, and behavior. I think that there are as many faiths as many people there are.

Some paragraphs of the book seem unfinished, or wanting to say something else, or even being making no sense. It seems that the author didn't review his work. If seem that this book would have been written by using the "automatic dictation" as rhetorical means.

Tough obviously biased in his exploration on the faith's realm, we still admit that the author sincerely struggled to clarify his questions to himself in the first place, and only then to make Christian Orthodox mission.

The present book is unequally written. For instance, at about it half the author starts giving a series of quotes which be barely comments, some of those seemingly having no connection with the treated ideas.

The author didn't tempter or edulcorate the influence of his mood upon his writing. The reader can clearly see that sometimes the author is enthusiastic, sometimes he is bored, sometimes he is melancholic, and sometimes he is tired.

This book actually has no structure. It is *human condition* lived.

I think the critique/description made by Steinhardt (in the subchapter *Bucharest, the Year 1964*) to "*The Citadel"* by Saint-Exupery, it fits Steinhardt's book too: "The printed book doesn't present the final version: the author wasn't able to establish it. There are also contradiction and a pseudo-Nietzschean atmosphere, which embarrasses: but there are wonderful things too".

The author relativizes the truth, deems the logics as devilish, but in the same time issues speaks only in postulates.

He openly and repeatedly expressed his hate on logics, and I think that that came from the fact that his logics led him to no answer to the question why he suffered so much… He desperately needed an answer, something heroic that to valuate him, something like being himself a sacrifice brought to God on some higher reasons. But he didn't find a logical explanation so that, instead of admitting that he had not explanation, he chose to hate the logics itself.

Sometimes the contradiction lies even in consecutive phrases: "For ourselves nothing would be too expensive, but we reckon everything too expensive to others. And we don't even dare to spoil ourselves!".

The author situated himself on the position of a teacher who knows everything better and his sayings are postulates. Especially when lecturing us he proves himself feeling superior to us. He affirms that he has lost his haughtiness in prison, but his writing proves that be rather a wishful thinking. He rarely doubts his own opinion and he seems to think about himself as being right on all occasions. He almost never expresses any doubt.

The author had a clearly racist part of his writing when referring to gypsies. I have translated that by omission. And, what racism has to do with such a great Christian zeal?!… In this case too, the author proved not to be able to structure his opinions in a coherent discourse permanently aware of itself.

Sometimes the author invokes arguments constituting speculations or even pure pseudoscience, in order to uphold his beliefs. See, for instance, the paragraph where he affirms that the word comes first and it determines the creation of the material object that word names. While in reality the words are created in order to name new realities which have to be ascertained, described, and communicated (see semantic and linguistic void at Nida, for instance; or CMT). The author seems adopting a dilettante and half-learnt stance when it comes about science and, despite him criticizing other because of doing the same thing, he claims knowing better and knowing everything.

The fact that the author recounts the books he read doesn't add real value to this particular writing of his. On the opposite, I think it dilutes its real message.

We have translated this book in order to provide the reader with a view on the human condition. But we kindly warn the reader that, despite our human tendency of generalizing particular experiences, this book remains only the record of an individual – though extraordinary – life experience. Reading this book can widen ones' conception on the human condition, but we think that taking this book as a postulate would be wrong.

The author even brags with his superior understanding of the human condition by affirming that the period he spent in prison gives him the right to speaks in postulates. (This seems a little too preaching, but I owe this understanding to the exceptional circumstances which offered me the occasion to know the fulness of the verb *to be*; and I may have this right – if not the duty too – to speak in postulates what I know.).

Some reasonings led the author into contradictions, which he noticed but he though that mentioning the fact of noticing them would exonerate him from being incoherent: "If *here* in the prison cell where you happen to be alone, the time is so hard to endure, if here "to be" can be superimposed to the torment, all the more dreadful must seem to us the eternal existence, absolutely pore, disrobed of any sweetening, and becoming – by the simple fact of its existence – ***increasingly*** (**despite escaping from under becoming**) ***burdening***".

This book seems an incomplete jigsaw with its pieces placed randomly. The unification element is the human condition which it speaks about with so strong truth, realism, and sincerity. And all the individual pieces contain the same background of a lived experience.

For the cover: an image of a jigsaw thrown out of the box, even having some pieces in tope of others.

I think that in this book the author actually tried to understand himself and his reasons and his acts, namely his life and his human condition. I don't think that he actually succeeded, despite claiming it. His so pervasively and so loudly claimed success, in my view, it is an attempt to convince himself that he did the right thing, that he actually understood the truth, and that he found out the ultimate essence which was his human condition in the end. And his

proclaimed victory actually hid his dread of having been wrong and of having not understood anything.

Reading and translating this book I have been constantly feeling the author's missionary work and the plainly expressed supremacy of the Christian Orthodox upon everything else called religion, Christian or whatever.

I think that one more thing that one can notice by reading this book is the constantly present trait of the author's personality: he was a *zealot*, whatever his cause was.

Another impression conveyed to me by this book is that the author tries to show that he resisted during the prison and that he left the prison actually unharmed psychically or souly, but even improved.

The author also parades his rich literacy but, on occasions, this proves to be superfluous to the subject of this book and bringing disbalance to the general architecture of the book. Sometimes it even bored me as an unnecessarily added ballast that rather sunk the ship too much making is slowly progressing and bringing the danger of losing reader's interest in the book.

This book seems not having a plan but the author wrote whatever crossed through his ming on a given moment.

Example of contradiction on the same page: "God even urges us ceaselessly to be happy, He promises us the happiness, He prepares the happiness for us" … "we are on this earth in exile and among sufferings". The authors opinions on something are circumstantial, arguing a position according to the context, but he is by no means coherent in his sayings as seen in a general perspective of a coherent conception on life. The author unfolds his reasonings in accordance to the matter or circumstance he treats at a given moment.

The author theologized often in this book. His theology sometimes plays on the fringes of the heresy in what concerns the official Christian Orthodox doctrine, while on other occasions, thought correct, it is a medium level theology, having nothing spectacular in it. I personally felt as annoying the fact of giving whole paragraphs from the Holy Scripture – as also annoying and boring where the pages of other books are entirely cites in the present book.

The author combined all these diverse styles but without succeeding in combining them in an own style. Sao, literarily speaking, this book is a hotchpotch.

The author's intention of making Orthodox Christian mission is obvious. But he didn't limit himself only to persuade the reader; on occasions I perceived him as giving orders to the reader and menacing the reader with the hell if not converting to Christian Orrhodoxy. Though, neither in this affirmation of the sheer superiority of the Christian Orthodoxy the author is constant and coherent.

The author had the genius intuition that between communism and capitalism the similarities are striking in some regards, because of being

determined by the same human condition; and he expressed that so strikingly by citing: “pull up the skirt, pull down the pants”.

Forword… p. 357

I didn’t intend to write a *Foreword*, because my intention is only that of making known the important books and writers imprisoned into the Romanian language. But as I have been translating this book, I have started feeling increasingly more the need for expressing my personal stance on it. But, again, because I think that I don’t deserve the honor of placing my *Foreword* before the book’s text.

The author fell in the same mistake as all the members of older generation do: he reckoned the young people as inferior to the people of the generation he belonged to, and therefore inferior to himself. This is but haughtiness and stereotypic.

The author tends to lecture the reader, to preach to the reader.

This book offers no general answer about life, or about the human condition, but only partial nuances and views and concrete happenings. But it actually adds more questions to the already suffering mind of the poor reader, questions which are unanswerable for now. And I think it cannot be otherwise: the main preoccupation of the author if that of understanding his human condition in relationship with God, and no theology and no man have succeeded yet (AD 2025) in explaining that.

This book can constitute also an open window towards the Romanian way of being. Still, a limited one. One man’s view on life remains one man’s view on life and nothing more.

The author is dismissive and he openly manifests his superiority and haughtiness of being an Orhtodox Christian, relatedly to all other religions, Christin or not. For instance, he mocks the Tibetan Buddhist by this expression: “the prayers-mill of the Tibetans”. The same author, in this present book, approached – quite unclearly though – the unsolvable matters of the ecumenism.

The author doesn’t express any regret of having been – at least – in good relationships with the Romanian Iron Guard; he could have been called an unrepented legionary admirer. And I have noticed that he condemns the fascism while cushioning the Romanian legionaries as if they wouldn’t have been a movement of fascist inspiration and origins.

The backbone of the value of the present book are the author’s sharp and true observations and considerations on the human condition. And that’s why I have continued translating it despite the other parts which I found uninteresting and even ballast. But even the ballast is an indicator of the author’s human condition.

I have bene having the impression that the author wrote some part of this book as in a dreaming, sometimes having nightmares, something hallucinating, sometimes bored… but then, on occasions, becoming sharply focused and genius when speaking about the human condition! The diamonds of this mine, hidden in the charcoal of the fatic discourse, of the Christian

mission, of the lecturing tendencies, are the author's observations, analyses, and conclusions on the human condition so cruelly and unfortunately experienced by himself, while doing time in the communist prisons.

I can't tell whether the author presented enough or not, the regime from the communist political prisons. To me, as personal impression, it seems that the gravity and the awfulness and the ostracization from the Romanian communist prisons has faded in this book, as the reader would expect to be the main part of the content. By adding all sorts of distractions, the author maybe wanted to show that he wasn't too much affected by the prison, especially because he converted himself to Christendom. But that could be an injustice done to other political prisoners form the communist prisons whose sufferings are thus minimalized and edulcorated. What about the inmates who were already Christians so that the didn't benefit of such a great event as a baptism in prison, so that their psychic to have something to cling on?!...

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Arad, 08.24.2025